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United States Catholic Historical Society.
Monograph Series—II.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY

(1807 TO 1882):

A Retrospect.

WRITTEN FROM DOCUMENTS AND MEMORY IN 1882 AND THE FOLLOWING YEARS.

BY THE LATE
REV. AUGUSTUS J. THÉBAUD, S.J.

VOL. III.

FORTY YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
1904.

Aug. J. Thébaud, S.J.

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FORTY YEARS

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

(1839–1885.)

BY THE LATE

Rev. AUGUSTUS J. THÉBAUD, S.J.

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY

Rev. THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

EUROPEAN publicists of many nations and of various callings in life, princes, statesmen, novelists, financiers, even ladies, have given us their impressions of the United States, its institutions, and its people. In presenting to the members of the Catholic Historical Society the present volume, we offer to them the judgment of a French Jesuit Father. Our volume has, therefore, the merit of novelty. It offers us the conclusions of a man who, instead of looking on the world from the inside, observes it from the retirement of the cloister, whose standard of opinion is not that of success and experience, but rather that of principle and right. Not that Father Thébaud was a dreamer and a theorist; his own pages, as well as Father Campbell's testimony, prove the contrary. He was an open-minded gentleman, interested in all that interests the cultured man—science, art, politics, literature, commerce. His book suggests the picture of a man of sympathy for his fellow men, especially for the humble and the suffering; of one who appreciates justice, fairness, kindness, charity, wherever he meets them. While, like all his brethren, a doughty, militant champion of Mother Church, he recognizes without stint, wherever he sees them, the

merits and virtues of those who are not of the one fold and under the one shepherd. The present volume is also distinguished from preceding records of opinion on the United States by the fact that its judgments are not based on the experience of a few weeks or months. When Father Thébaud wrote these pages he had resided among us for upwards of forty-three years.

In sending forth this new contribution of the Catholic Historical Society the editor desires to express his cordial thanks first and foremost to the Very Reverend Provincial of the Society of Jesus, Father Thomas J. Gannon, for consenting to the publication of Father Thébaud's work by our Society. To Rev. Samuel F. Frisbee we are grateful for his kind offices in bringing about this result. Father Thébaud's work consists of three volumes. The first deals with his recollections of France, the land of his birth, where he received his education and spent the first three decades of his life; the second recites his impressions of Italy, where his stay was not long, but where he had unusual opportunities of observing the social, political, and ecclesiastical forces at work. The third volume tells his impressions of the United States. We have been led to publish this volume first of all, because of its closer relation to the immediate work of our Society, and because of its greater interest to our members. We hope, however, before long to publish Vols. I and II, and can assure our readers beforehand that they will prove valuable and interesting contributions to historical knowledge. It may be remarked here that in preparing the book for the press the editor has omitted

only matter not of a historical character, such as dissertations on science, philology, philosophy, theology, and literature.

The editor also offers his acknowledgments to the gentlemen who have aided him in securing the portraits and illustrations which adorn our volume. Among these we place first His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to Cuba, the Most Rev. Placide Louis Chapelle, D.D., for his kindness in furnishing us the copy of Archbishop Blanc's portrait. To Archbishops Ireland and Keane we are indebted for their assistance in procuring the portrait of Bishop Loras. To Bishop Burke of Albany we express our gratitude for the photograph of St. Joseph's Church, Troy. To Rev. J. J. Conway, S.J., of the St. Louis University, and to the Historical Society of St. Louis we owe the excellent portrait of Bishop Rosati; to Rev. James H. McGean we return thanks for the portrait of the Rev. Dr. John Power. The various prints of St. John's College, Fordham, were kindly placed at our disposal by the President of St. John's, Father George Pettit, and that of the College of St. Francis Xavier was furnished by Father David W. Hearn, the courteous President of that institution of learning.

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FATHER THÉBAUD.

BY

REV. THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

FATHER THÉBAUD'S "Three Quarters of a Century" cannot fail to be of great interest to the student of history. His accurate and detailed description of the conditions that prevailed in the part of France in which he lived immediately after the Revolution, though necessarily restricted in its purview, is nevertheless a valuable historical document. That portion of Father Thébaud's "Retrospect," though of course written first, has been reserved until after the publication of the writer's views of our own country as he saw it seventy or eighty years ago.

In these posthumous pages the personal note is never wanting, for Father Thébaud was a very positive man, though not in the least vain or conceited. He was a quick and eager observer, and his eagerness made him ready to maintain his view of a disputed question without, however, being contentious or disputatious, but only for the sake of sifting the matter thoroughly. The confidence with which he addresses his readers springs from an implied assurance of mutual friendship and not from any desire to patronize. His assiduity in investigating everything from the habits of insects to great natural phenomena, his life-long custom of studying and

recording individual peculiarities, domestic customs, and national traits, have resulted in furnishing us with numbers of conclusions which, if not always correct (though they commonly are), go far to make a perfect photograph of the writer himself. It is an excellent example of what the French are fond of assuring us to be the case: *le style c'est l'homme.* He was a man of exquisitely tender sensibility, of lofty motives, of large and generous views, and though of an apparently combative nature, it was rather because his nerves were tingling with every human interest and not because his mind was narrow or intolerant. After a battle royal on any subject Father Thébaud never harbored ill will. Though of humble extraction, he was a high-souled French gentleman—a short pudgy man in his old age, who would stop in the midst of Broadway to discuss a point of history or theology or science or literature, quite careless of how eloquent he became or who was listening; he was a churchman in the highest sense of the word, who lived only for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and even in his old age he gave evidence of as great a delicacy of conscience as a young girl. His life was very laborious, and it is enough to refer to his *Irish Race, Gentilism, The Church and the Moral World,* etc., and his many contributions to Monthlies and Quarterlies, all of which, it must be remembered, were elaborated during the times of incessant work as a teacher, a Superior, or a parish priest, to show how unintermitting his labors were until the end of his life. Singularly enough, he wrote a novel entitled *Louisa Kirkbride,* but his dearest friends are agreed that he had not the slightest ability for that kind of literature, and his little book called *Twit Twats,* an allegory describing the

Irish race in America, will add nothing to his fame, though it is a side light on his personality. The memoirs which the *Records and Sketches* now undertake to publish are so voluminous that it will be impossible to do more than glean from them. The amount of work which they imply, and the evident delight which Father Thébaud had in chronicling everything of interest and making a study of it, furnish a hint to future historians of the way to work. The old scholar kept at his desk to the last; a short walk or a visit to some venerable ecclesiastical friend like Father Clowry or Father Nicot was all the recreation he sought. Though belonging to St. Francis Xavier's, he came to Fordham in what proved to be his last sickness, and thus ended his days almost as it were accidentally in the same house which he entered when he came from Kentucky in 1846. He died in the old stone central building called the Rose Hill Mansion.

Chronologically his life may be summed up as follows: He was born in Nantes in 1807. At the usual age he entered the seminary of his native place and was ordained a secular priest. In 1835 he went to Rome and was admitted to the Society of Jesus, and we find him studying theology in the Roman College in 1837. He is in Paris in 1838, and in the following year professor in St. Mary's College, Kentucky. For the six following years he taught chemistry there, and in 1846 was made Rector, only to leave it when St. Mary's was relinquished and become Rector in Fordham August 15, 1846, in which year we find him also Superior of the diocesan seminary. Father Larkin succeeded him in 1851, and he resumed the teaching of sciences under the new Rector for the years 1851–52. He was then sent to

Troy, where he remained as Superior at St. Joseph's Church till 1860, when he again returned to Fordham as Rector. It was then that the seminary portion of the college, a piece of about eight acres, passed into the hands of the fathers, the purchase-price being $45,000, the other section having been transferred when the Society first took possession in 1846 for $40,000. The entire tract stretching to the Bronx River had been purchased originally through Andrew Carrigan for $29,750, August 29, 1839. It was at the beginning of Father Thébaud's second term in Fordham that the diocesan seminary was removed to Troy. He returned to Troy again in 1863, where he remained till 1869, when he was transferred to Montreal, where he remained a year, and then we find him filling the unusual post of pastor in the secular parish of St. Joseph's, Hudson City, N. J., evidently supplying for a temporary vacancy there. He is in Troy again from 1873 to 1874, then in Fordham for a year, and finally in St. Francis Xavier's, where he spent the rest of his days. He died at Fordham, as we have said above. Having gone there when he felt his last illness upon him, he breathed his last on Dec. 17, 1885. The present writer, who as a scholastic was a frequent companion of the venerable man, had the privilege of assisting at his death-bed and giving him the last sacraments. His remains lie in the little cemetery of the college.

FORTY YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

If in 1830 any one had told me that I should spend the greatest part of my life in the United States of North America, I would not have believed him. Still in my youth several things happened which might be called presentiments of my lot. At the age of twenty I knew nothing of the United States except that they existed. About the same time, I often read histories and memoirs of the French Revolution. These books being written from the royalist point of view, I imagined that Lafayette and the other French officers who took part in the Revolution of 1776 had imbibed in this country and from its statesmen and warriors the principles of disorder which prevailed afterwards in France. Joseph de Maistre, whom I greatly admired, and with perfect justice, had foretold that this Republic would scarcely reach its centennial: *Les États-Unis ! c'est un enfant au maillot; laissez le atteindre sa centième année.*

Nevertheless there was something in me which said that all this might not be true. Whenever—which seldom happened—news from the United States reached me through the French papers, I found that their conduct was not very blamable; and they were not subject to the control of the mob. But nothing ever told me that I would in a few years go to the shores of North America, never to return to France.

I remember two circumstances connected with the United States which made some impression on me.

The first happened a short time after the Revolution of 1830. I went one day, in the spring of 1832 I think, to dine with one of my friends, the curé of Verton. This is a large village distant five or six miles from Nantes. At that time those who did not like to walk took a rowboat that started daily from the confluence of the Sèvres with the Loire, near a long wooden bridge called le Pont Rousseau. On any fine day the sail on the river is delightful owing to the beauty of the landscape along both banks of the stream, and the picturesque farmhouses and rural cottages which line it all the way to Verton.

I had taken with me as a companion a friend, M. Martineau, whom I had known as a student at the Petit Séminaire, and who played the cornet-à-piston well. When we arrived at the boat we found several persons waiting for the moment of departure. Two of them only need be mentioned. One was a gentleman who had just returned a short time before from a protracted tour through the United States, and the other a lady who resided habitually in New Orleans, but had come to France on a visit to her relatives.

As soon as we started, the conversation became general, as is always the case in France on such pleasant occasions. There is no ceremony, no need of introduction; the first who is ready to speak begins, and the others follow. But when the gentleman who had travelled in the United States inquired of the company if it would be agreeable to them to hear something about that country, every other voice was hushed, and the silence was broken only by the even tone of the narrative, and the strokes of the oars in the hands of the boatmen. I have seldom seen an audience more attentive. It would be impossible for me to repeat the narrative after an interval of more than fifty years. But two things struck me most forcibly: the description he gave us of the quiet and peace which prevailed everywhere in this country, without any *standing army* and scarcely any *police*, and the spirit of enterprise that had astonished him in so young a nation, on a continent just emerging from a state of nature. He had seen on all the rivers numerous steamboats, whilst in France there were then very few and those of an inconsiderable size. He had travelled many miles on railroads constructed on the Atlantic seaboard, whilst in France they were just building one from Paris to Versailles. He spoke also of the immense territory which belonged to the Americans and would for a long time give occupation and very remunerative labor to millions of men; he compared the free citizens of America with the populations of Europe scarcely able to breathe in the confined space allotted to them.

I could scarcely believe what I then heard, and later in the forenoon I found an occasion to have a private

talk with the gentleman. I was dressed as a clergyman and he could not be surprised at the questions I wished to address him. They concerned the religion of the Americans. I knew that the great majority were Protestants; I knew also, chiefly from reading the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, that there were some Catholics, though few at that time, enjoying liberty of worship and liberty of teaching. I had already read some letters of Bishop Flaget from Kentucky. But I wished to test the accuracy of this gentleman on the subjects of which he had spoken, by inquiring about matters of which he had said nothing, but with which I was somewhat acquainted. I soon found out that I could rely on him. He knew there were few Catholics in the country, but they were perfectly free and contented with their situation. He had seen Bishop Dubois in New York, who chiefly complained to him of the scarcity of priests, whilst the zeal of many missionaries could find an immense field of labor there. A faint idea passed through my mind that God might prepare the way for me to take a share in this spiritual harvest. But it soon evaporated and did not leave a lasting impression.

The lady from New Orleans, meanwhile, had expressed her total dissent from the views of the gentleman who had enchanted me. After he had finished, she at first said nothing, probably not wishing to interfere with the pleasure the company had felt. But the speaker asked her a question with a view, no doubt, of corroborating his narrative by her testimony. "Do you not think, madam," said he, "that what I said is true?" "It may be," she replied; "but, to be candid, I greatly

prefer France to the United States. The soldiers, whom, in fact, we seldom see in New Orleans, do not displease me in Nantes. I admire their bearing, can stand very well the noise of their drums; and they never interfere with me in any way. As to enterprise there is, I think, a mistake in the way you expressed it. There is certainly a great deal of it in New Orleans. The levee is always covered with bales of cotton, hogsheads of sugar, and packages of tobacco. In this country enterprise is different, but no less extraordinary. See the jewelry, the articles of virtu, the costly mirrors and clocks, the fabrics of silk and laces, the delicate work of milliners and dressmakers, and a thousand other objects of refined taste. This is work scarcely known in the United States, for which they have to pay millions every year. By balancing accounts we may be quits. But there is here a kind of beauty and enchantment which Frenchmen enjoy every day, and the United States have not."

Then she began to expatiate on the delightful landscape then in view, the green meadows, the flowery hedges, the well-trimmed trees and groves, the well-fed cattle and the flocks of sheep. Above all she admired the little shepherds and shepherdesses who took care of them. She appeared to think there was no class of people on earth so happy as they. One of the boatmen interrupted her, and said rather gruffly that if she thought so she had better inquire of the shepherds and hear a different tale.

This set us all laughing. The lady herself appeared to enjoy it, and in order to put an end to the conversation she said that to assure the victory to her cause

nothing was wanting except a little music, and that in case the young gentleman who had with him a musical instrument gave them an air, every one would swear that there was no country like France, and she would have the best of her antagonist. M. Martineau of course could not refuse, and gave us a very tender melody, perfectly in accord with the repose of nature and the stillness of the scene.

He had just finished when we landed at Verton; there is no need of adding that we found a good dinner on the table of *monsieur le curé,* who had been waiting for us more than half an hour. I think it was on that occasion that I saw in his garden a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin with the following lines in the sweet style of St. Francis de Sales:

"Si l'amour de Marie
Dans ton cœur est gravé,
En passant ne t'oublie
De lui dire un *Ave.*"

The speech of the lady had not changed my opinion of the gentleman's truthfulness.

Several years later the United States were again brought to my attention and in a more forcible manner. This time I had a real presentiment that before long I might be destined by a kind Providence to live there.

The incident happened, I think, on my last visit to the Bishop of Nantes, before leaving for Italy. It must have been at the end of September or at the beginning of October, 1835. After the last compliments had been paid on both sides, and when I was kneeling to receive the blessing of the Bishop, Mgr. de Guérines asked me to stand up again: he had for-

gotten something. Mgr. Flaget, the Bishop of Bardstown, was then in his house. I knew that he was in Nantes; the sudden recovery of Mademoiselle de Monti, for whom he had prayed when her death was momentarily expected, had produced a deep sensation in the city. I was delighted at the thought of seeing him. Bishop de Guérines had a special object in view. He had heard from M. de Courson, his vicar-general, that my chief reason for entering the Society of Jesus was to devote myself to foreign missions, without encountering so many dangers as beset the path of those who are not attached to a strict religious order. He knew also that Mgr. Flaget was a missionary bishop, and was, I think, travelling at that time in behalf of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. It was, therefore, with surprise mingled with a strong anticipation of the future that I heard Mgr. de Guérines say to the Apostle of Kentucky: "Monseigneur, here is a young clergyman who leaves my diocese to become a Jesuit. Who knows if he will not be sent to you? In case he is so sent, I beg of you to receive him well. He has my full consent for joining the Society of Jesus." At that moment the thought of going to the United States struck me much more forcibly than on the occasion of my trip to Verton.

I had read several years before, when I was a student of theology, the letters of Bishop Flaget to the Directors of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, and I still remember vividly perusing one of them in which he described the daily labors of a missionary in Kentucky. The churches, he said, were often built in the woods, and on Sundays the priest, who sometimes

lived at a distance, had to go there on horseback, as well as the congregation. He gave a humorous description of the groups of men white and black, and particularly of the women. Sometimes a mother in the saddle had a little girl on her lap and a little boy behind her, "without counting the child she herself bore at the time." I have still present before my imagination the pleasant spot in our seminary's villa where I read this letter of the Bishop on a day of rest, probably in 1827.

The good Bishop, on hearing what Mgr. de Guérines had said, exclaimed: "Indeed I have some Jesuit fathers in my own diocese, and the more of these missionaries we have, the more good we shall be able to do." And addressing me he added: "Come, my dear friend, as soon as you can. I am sure the father who is at the head of your community in Kentucky will receive you with as much pleasure as I will." I think I have reason to say that this was more than a presentiment of the future.

How, at the end of my novitiate, my request to be sent to foreign missions was accepted by our Father General; how, without expressing any wish for some particular part of the world, I was selected to go to New Orleans and labor with Father Soler in that city; how, after a year spent in Paris, F. Guidée, then provincial of France, told me that, the mission of New Orleans having been lately given to the newly formed province of Lyons, instead of going to the mouth of the Mississippi I would go to the banks of the Ohio, and become a citizen of Kentucky—how all this was arranged by the kind providence of God need not be

recounted here, because this is not an autobiography. I speak in these volumes not of myself, but of what I saw and thought; and so I must begin to give my experience of the United States of North America.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HAVRE TO KENTUCKY—THE SOUTHWESTERN STATES IN 1838–1846.

Before entering on this vast subject, it is proper to relate how I reached Kentucky with my companions, and what impression my first view of the western continent made upon me. The country was then very different from what it now is, and its developments must be shown gradually, in order to give a more correct idea to the reader.

Across the Atlantic. A few words on my passage across the Atlantic will not be out of place, because it was not as easy to reach the western continent then, as it is at the present day. We had engaged berths in the cabin of the Utica, a ship of the line of packets running between Havre and New York. There were as yet no steamers on the ocean; the first of them was to start from England the following year. On the 22d day of October, 1838, the wind, which had been contrary for several weeks, became sufficiently favorable, and a French pilot took us out of the port of Havre. But before we were fairly launched on the Straits of Dover the weather had already changed, and it was after three stormy days that we came out of the Channel. We reached the harbor of New York on the 18th of December, after fifty-eight days of

squalls and gales, relieved here and there by a week or two of delightful weather in the neighborhood of the Azores. I counted and registered, in a memorandum-book which I still keep, twenty-four stormy days, some of the tempests being truly appalling; and our excellent and gentlemanly captain, Mr. Pell, who had his wife and children on board, said he had not experienced such bad weather during the last twenty years. I could relate many incidents which might be interesting in a book of travel, but which would be out of place here. At last we were near Long Island, almost in view of Sandy Hook, and the continent discovered by Columbus lay before our eyes.

On the morning of the 18th of December the sun arose unusually bright and radiant. The wind was still sharp and cold, but it was evident that it would soon moderate. To our left the sandy shore of New Jersey stretched in a long line until it disappeared in the south. On the right lay New England with numerous indentations; here and there hills rose clad with deciduous trees and firs. There was at first sight nothing grand in the spectacle; there were no mountains in the background, not even hills near the coast. We saw a rich plain shining under the rays of the sun.

Still there was something akin to grandeur all around: in the sea with its strong surf, advancing majestically as if for the purpose of embracing the shore, and then rising to display its sparkling foam rich with the colors of the rainbow, and finally retiring with a low murmur in token of respect for the great continent locked in, as it were, between the two greatest oceans of the world, the Atlantic and the Pacific.

We were impressed by the fleets of vessels coursing rapidly around us, all conscious of the neighborhood of one of the greatest marts of commerce. Many were sailing towards New York with the rapidity of the wind, bringing within their hulls the productions of the world, their decks covered with the crews in their best attire, preparing to cast the anchors and to land; Others, as numerous, were leaving the shores of America, rich with the cargoes they had shipped, and directing their course towards all the points of the compass.

We were impressed by the sky, which had scattered all its clouds, and hung over us a canopy of spotless blue. What a splendor in the American heaven when its azure is caressed by soft breezes! That vast expanse in which the sun alone runs its majestic course is the grandest emblem of infinity. But this sublime spectacle impresses the imagination more vividly in the new continent than in the old. In America the phenomena of the heavens are always on a grand scale; the tempests are terrific, the rainfalls savage, the thunderstorms appalling, the cold biting, the heat enervating. On the other hand, the azure of the sky is incomparable, the softness of the breeze balmy as nowhere else, the vault of heaven resplendent, the depth of the firmament boundless. Hence Chateaubriand has depicted in imperishable colors the supreme beauty of its summer nights, the splendor of its sunsets, and particularly the majesty of the heavens both in the early morning and at the decline of day.

But besides all these grand manifestations of nature, which produced in me the deepest emotions on the occasion of my first view of the new continent, its his-

tory, though I knew it but imperfectly, invested it perhaps with still greater interest, because it involved the struggles of two powerful European nations for two hundred years. England and France had fought two centuries for supremacy in this part of the world. France had lost the game, but not her honor, and England had taken possession of a vast continent. How greatly changed would have been the result, if she had kept it! What a boundless power she would have acquired, having under her dominion India and North America! She lost her American prize; but this loss gave birth to a new nation more energetic and enterprising than her proud mother country. A Christian, a priest, a religious, could not but remember with sadness that by the defeat of the French the Church lost the control she had already acquired over the numerous aboriginal tribes whose fortunes invested with a halo of poetry this mournful story of the French and English wars. But I had heard that the Church was free in this mighty republic. If Protestantism was deeply rooted in the land, it was no longer a persecuting power, and Catholic activity would, I hoped, exert once more its usual efforts with its wonted success. How much more gladly would I have set my foot on those shores, had I foreseen the spectacle I was destined to witness a few years later, which it will be my unalloyed pleasure to describe! As it was, I have always considered the 18th of December, 1838, as a day of thanksgiving and joy, because on that day I landed at the foot of Rector Street, North River, New York.

After crossing the bar at Sandy Hook, our ship, now

no longer tossed over the ocean's waves, sailed slowly and gently on the calm bosom of the bay. We could not be detained at quarantine, as we had a clean bill of health from Havre, and not a single case of sickness during the voyage. It was only when I landed that I thought of a ship's surgeon. There had not been even an apothecary on board—at least I never heard of him. I was a little surprised that the captain did not receive any reproof from the quarantine authorities for this neglect. But he was well known to all those gentlemen, and they did not address to him even the semblance of a reproof.

He had taken a great fancy to me during the voyage, because I had been engaged at Paris in scientific studies and he was very fond of science. His choice library—which he placed entirely at my disposal—contained the best and last works on chemistry, geology, astronomy, etc. Captain Pell, therefore, always on deck during the day of our arrival, often came to me, and had the kindness to point out the chief points of interest in the splendid panorama of the shore on both sides. It is from him I heard for the first time of the place called "The Narrows," and also of Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton. Staten Island, from what he told me, was at that time a great place of resort in summer. He made me remark particularly the village of New Brighton, which was then, it seems, a great bathing place for the New-Yorkers. Those were innocent times, and a great change has taken place since that day.

At last we came to the point where the Hudson and the East River meet. The name of Castle Garden was not mentioned to me, and we left none of our deck

passengers there. But entering the East River, the ship stopped in the middle of the stream for half an hour, to give time to the custom-house officers to fulfil their duties. Our trunks were duly left to us on declaring they contained nothing dutiable. Meanwhile, before taking our departure, Captain Pell, to conclude his self-imposed duty of cicerone, pointed out to me the two cities in full view from that point. "Here," he said, "to the left is New York, containing 300,000 inhabitants; and to the right you see Brooklyn, with 25,000 more!" This was the population of the cities according to the last census. The figures appear so small now that they naturally produce a smile.

New York.

When we landed, we found the streets of New York covered with more than a foot of snow. The winter had been extremely severe for more than a month. When the pilot came to take charge of our ship, about a hundred miles from the city, he brought with him large bundles of newspapers, which occupied the leisure time of the cabin passengers during the last two days of our voyage. The burden of all was cold, cold, cold. The Hudson was frozen over as far down as the Harlem River. The bay was full of floating ice. The Ohio, according to our reports, was a bridge of ice from its source to its mouth. All the lakes of the north were ice-bound, and travel was well-nigh interrupted in a great part of the country.

Having spent three days in New York, we left for Philadelphia, where we intended to stop until the day after Christmas. The only means of prompt communication between the two great cities was the Amboy and Camden Railroad, a primitive construction. From

the South Ferry landing near Castle Garden a kind of steam ferry-boat took us around Staten Island to Amboy, where we found the train ready to start for Camden. There were about a thousand passengers with us. I had never seen such a crowd of travellers.

From Philadelphia to Kentucky.

At Philadelphia we were received most kindly by Father Barbalin, who was in charge of St. Joseph's Church. The 26th of December we left for the West. The line of railroad running in that direction did not go farther than Lancaster, Pa. From there, stages alone were available. The trip across the Alleghanies from Harrisburg to Pittsburg presented us with the first view of American nature in its wild state, and I would have been highly interested, had it not been for the intense cold, which continued as fierce as when we landed. Every hour or two, when we met with a farmhouse on the border of the road, we came down from our vehicle to warm ourselves, for we were freezing in our almost open conveyance. Two incidents only remain in my memory worthy of mention. At Ebensburg, a village where we took dinner, the people of the hotel, who saw from our dress that we were Catholic priests, made one of us say grace for their daily boarders. They were not Catholics, but they all appeared to feel profound veneration for a Catholic clergyman who lived in the neighborhood. They called him Prince Gallitzin. I was not aware that there was in Pennsylvania a member of that illustrious Russian family.

Two of our fellow passengers struck me greatly on account of the story connected with them. They were a young married couple, farmers in Illinois; the wife

had in her arms an infant scarcely six months old. At the beginning of December they had gone all the way from Illinois to Philadelphia to spend Christmas in that city, because the family of the young mother lived there. They were now returning home in spite of this inclement season. They would reach home, we learned, a week after we should arrive in St. Mary's, and we could not get there before the middle of January. This surprised me so that I thought there was a mistake, and that they had some other reason for their voyage than a simple family visit. But my informant assured me there was no other. This incident appeared to me a refutation of the opinion prevailing abroad, that there is scarcely any family feeling in the United States.

When we arrived at Pittsburg a great change took place in the weather. The cold suddenly moderated, and rain began to pour in torrents. The next newspapers we procured told us it was the same throughout the whole country, at least east of the Mississippi River. The Ohio suddenly burst its bonds, and the ice floated down the stream in immense cakes. A day or two after the river was safe for steamboats, and several were announced as ready to start. I would willingly have engaged passage on one of them, which would have considerably shortened our trip. But my companion had heard so much of daily explosions on the western rivers that he would not consent to risk his life, as he said. The truth was that steamboat explosions, particularly in the West, were very common at that time. It was calculated by newspaper writers that on the Mississippi and its tributaries one took

place every day of the year, on an average; yes, 365 during the year. The captains were reckless and often raced one against the other; the boilers were poorly constructed and the boats ran under high pressure of steam; the passengers—at least the men—laughed at danger and encouraged the rashness of the captains. I could not, consequently, despise the fears of my companion, and we made up our mind to continue on our road as we had begun; that is to say, to travel by stage until we reached home.

We went, therefore, by post from Pittsburg to Wheeling in Virginia, where we crossed the Ohio River, and entered the State of Ohio by what was then called the great *national road.* As long as we followed it—i.e., as far as Chillicothe—the turnpike was excellent; and though the flood of rain continued, we could travel rapidly, as the road was always kept in good repair.

But when we left the national road at Chillicothe, to go south towards Kentucky, all comfort was gone, and we were in a sea of troubles. First, we were always behind time—on one occasion as much as five hours—so that when we reached the next relay the driver who had waited so long for us was in a rage—a thing, however, which does not happen so often in the United States as it does in Europe. In the second place, though the cold had abated, and there was no need of warming our feet, the pouring rain could not be excluded from the interior of the stage, and we were soon wet through, without the possibility of changing our garments. Thirdly, the roads, even between cities, were so imperfectly built and graded that occasionally the bed itself was obstructed by huge stones and stumps

of trees. Once our vehicle was actually overset, and ten times at least there was great danger of it. No one, however, grumbled against those inconveniences, because, as regards the torrents of rain, every one in the country expects great discomforts from meteorological variations, and, as regards the bad roads, the country was too young to be well provided with easy means of travel.

At Maysville, where we again crossed the Ohio to enter Kentucky, we stopped a couple of days to recruit; but as there was no Catholic church in the place, we could not satisfy our devotion by saying Mass. Such was the dearth of churches and clergymen at that time that we could have this consolation only once after we left Pittsburg. This was at Wheeling in Virginia. Mr. Whelan, the young clergyman who was pastor and became afterwards bishop of that city, received us with great kindness, and offered us the hospitality of his house, which we willingly accepted for the time of our stay, that is, from early morning till the afternoon.

Throughout Kentucky, from Maysville to Lebanon, we found the roads as bad as they were in Ohio, with the exception of forty miles, I think, from Lexington to Nicholasville, where the turnpike was good. But this is the richest part of the State, of which, however, we could not see any evidence, owing to the dreariness of winter and the rain which continued to fall. The farther we went the more abominable was the road. On the morning of the day which was to be the last of our trip, the driver told us that we would reach Lebanon ate in the afternoon. When night arrived we were still nine miles away. It was so dark, and the mud

everywhere was so deep, that we preferred to spend the night in a farmhouse. It was the house of a quiet German family, who accommodated us with a comfortable room and clean beds; so that we were quite refreshed the following morning. But to finish the last nine miles required the whole forenoon. We arrived at Lebanon just at dinner-time. The parish priest, the excellent Mr. Abel, who had no house of his own, but was boarding in the best hotel of the place, gave us a place near him at the head of the table; and early in the afternoon horses were procured to finish the last five miles of our journey. The night following we slept in the midst of our brethren.

Having left Philadelphia on the 26th of December, we arrived at Lebanon on the 15th of January. We had stopped at several places on the way, remaining one, two, or three days in each, for the sake of rest and inquiry; but I calculated, at that time that we had been actually in the stage eleven days of twenty-four hours. Whenever we could we travelled at night as well as during the day.

Everywhere we found the disposition of the people excellent. All our fellow travellers were extremely obliging to us because we were strangers. They knew that we were Catholic clergymen, but they acted as if this was precisely a reason for showing us more deference and respect. There were among them two young men, the agents of a mercantile firm in Louisville, who were returning home, after having made their winter purchases in the East. They were our companions all the way from Wheeling to Maysville. We were indebted to them for many acts of kindness whenever we

had need of them on the road or in the hotels. The name of one was Campbell; I have forgotten that of the other.

Wherever we stopped for our meals or for the night, the same kind attention was exhibited by the servants and the landlords. No advantage was taken of our ignorance of the customs of the country or of the value of money, except on one occasion. But this occasion was a proof of the general honesty prevailing everywhere. This incident happened, I think, at Harrisburg. To pay for our supper—we were four—I gave a ten-dollar bill. In the change which was returned a five-dollar note was handed to me. The following day at dinner I presented this note for our payment, and it was declared to be bad; it went round the table, and all said it was such a poor counterfeit that no one but a stranger from a foreign country would have received it. There was with us an agent of the stage line, Mr. McNulty, who became indignant that such a trick should have been played on gentlemen from foreign lands. He begged of me to leave him the bill and to tell him where I got it. He would see the fellow punished and oblige him to return the money. I gave him my address in Kentucky, though I scarcely expected he would succeed; but I was interested in seeing how the matter would turn out. Sure enough two weeks later the money came in an envelope directed to me at St. Mary's.

Facts of this kind indicate a sound moral tone in a country; and this was at that time universal. The exceptions were so rare that they confirmed the rule. This universal honesty produced a tone of security

which every one felt on all occasions. Still there was not only no standing army, but no *police* anywhere. Honesty in the people, however, is far better than the fear of policemen or of soldiers, and the United States were then a most remarkable example of it.

At St. Mary's.

We had finally reached the place of our destination. The extent and chief features of the country in which I was destined to spend the first nine years of my stay on the American continent need but a few words of explanation. What are here called the Southwestern States are those which lie on both sides of the Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico. Two remarkable facts struck me at once.

The first was an apparently unbroken forest covering the whole expanse of the country. From the large rivers alive with stately steamboats, schooners, and simple rafts, or from the few turnpikes and primitive roads which furnished the only means of communication between hamlets and farmhouses, nothing could be seen but woods scarcely relieved by a few fields of Indian corn, tobacco, and cotton. This was especially the case on the Mississippi, whose banks were still as wild as when first seen by Europeans. If Marquette and La Salle had come back and paddled their canoes along the banks of the mighty stream in Tennessee or Arkansas, they might have recognized the former scenes of their hardy enterprises. The only difference between then and now could be perceived in Louisiana. In 1840, on both banks of the Mississippi, the palatial mansions of planters, following each other without interruption, formed one of the finest streets to be seen in the world.

I could not imagine a more splendid panorama than these banks for some sixty miles. But, with this exception, the whole southwest of this country was a wilderness almost unchanged since the time of creation.

The second fact which struck every one with wonder was the almost total occupation of this vast country by actual settlers. The number of acres still unsold and offered for sale by the government was on the whole insignificant. The farms, in point of fact, touched each other almost everywhere, though the eye of the simple traveller could not perceive it. This was a truly wonderful achievement in so short a time, and it was a sign of the enterprise which animated the whole people.

Meteorological.

The reader has seen that on landing we encountered a spell of severe cold, and that while travelling we suffered from pouring rains. On the very day of our arrival at Lebanon there was another change, more remarkable than the former. It was the ushering in of most delightful weather which lasted until the summer came three or four months later. Every one said that it was unusual; and during the eight years I spent in Kentucky I never saw the like again. Still it certainly belonged to the climate of Kentucky; and if the meteorological conditions which brought it on in 1839 were present every year—and this must be admitted as possible if not probable—the climate of Kentucky would be the most delightful winter climate that can be conceived.

Every day the sky was pure. Scarcely any clouds ever appeared; and the effulgence of the sun, its rays as bright as they were mild, gave to the surrounding

woods and fields the appearance of a garden barren of leaves and flowers.

There was a slight frost every night from the 15th of January to the 3d of March—I noted the day it ended. After March 3d I never perceived the slightest appearance of hoar-frost.

As I had no other occupation than to learn English, I could dispose of my days as I wished, and was allowed to adopt the time-table best suited to my taste. After morning devotions and breakfast, I remained in my room reading or writing English until nine or ten. At that time the frost outside had invariably disappeared; the ground was sufficiently dry, and I transferred my study-room to the woods. I had found back of the college, beyond the playground of the boys, a cosey place just suited to my purposes. It was at the end of a small apple-orchard, beyond the fence which divided it from an adjoining field. A slight declivity of the hill brought me down to a kind of hollow, at the foot of a black-walnut tree, skirted around with a carpet of lichens and mosses, whilst a few sprouts of watercresses floated on a diminutive stream of clear water which bubbled up from the bottom of this natural well. This certainly was its appearance at that time of the year. In summer it was almost entirely dry. As there had been a good deal of snow a few weeks before, the well, as I have called it, was brimful of water, and the stream ran along the edge of the hill in the form of a rivulet whose soft murmuring on its pebble bed was quite audible in moments of complete silence. Crawfishes had ensconced themselves on the bank along the hillside. Numerous holes were the proof of it. I took

good care not to disturb them in their inoffensive operations. The first time I looked on this delightful little scene, I asked myself whither this stream of water directed its course; and a moment's reflection filled me with wonder that a small crustacean like the crawfish could by its means reach the mouth of the Mississippi.

In a corner of the fence near this spot I selected an angle making a kind of bower. There were some creepers and lichens embroidering the rails of the fence; a small-cedar tree rose above the top; and with a single board which I fastened to the fence, I had found a niche worthy of a better saint than I am.

I went there with a few books every day from ten to twelve. The air was so soft that though I often carried an overcoat with me, I seldom put it on. During those two hours the boys never came on their playground, so that I enjoyed the most perfect silence, such as the solitudes of America alone afford. I mean silence with respect to men and the affairs of men. As to the birds of the air, their song was far better than a concert, when not worse. In the southern part of Kentucky there are several large tribes of winged songsters who remain the whole winter in the woods or even in the fields. I have caught "yellowbirds"—the goldfinch of America—at the beginning of January; they came in troops to feed on the still green leaves of beets and parsnips in our garden. Tomtits were still numerous in the hedges and bushes. The song of the wren was often heard on bright days. The bluebirds—the robin redbreast of this continent—were always in the neighborhood of our houses toward the middle of February.

But at the beginning of this year—1839—nature was

far more remarkable than I ever saw it afterwards, on account of the continuance of moderate weather, I suppose. From my bower back of the orchard I heard every day all the birds mentioned above, besides many others. There were, for instance, the numerous families of woodpeckers large and small, of brilliant colors and sturdy bearing, who never leave Kentucky in winter, but were that year especially heard everywhere in the woods. Their coarse cries and their pecking on the bark of trees were not pleasant when you were in the midst of them; but at a distance I liked to hear them, as tokens of the many friends around me. As to the turtle-doves, the woods were full of them in the middle of February. Their cooing, so soft and soothing to the ear, would have put me to sleep, had I not been so busy reading and thinking. I never thought before that these affectionate birds could be found together in such numbers. They live in couples, and never are gregarious. But every tree seemed to have its pair; and the effect produced on the imagination by their cooing was exactly as if they had been living in troops.

To feed such multitudes, insects were required; and indeed they were already swarming all around me. I could have studied entomology to advantage if I had been so inclined. It was lucky, however, that none of the insect tormentors were as yet hatched and thriving. There were no mosquitoes, no ticks, no ants; but on the other hand there were no butterflies, which are never numerous in Kentucky even in summer, because butterflies are seldom met with in woods, and woods at that time covered the whole country. But I saw around me many creeping things of which I did not know the

names, and on which I did not bestow any attention, because they all appeared to flee from me and did not annoy me. The only thought I bestowed on them was to thank God that He had prepared such abundant provender for the birds.

Such is a short description of the three first months I spent in Kentucky. The spring and summer came on gradually, without great storms, which are usual there in April. The heat during the summer months was more tolerable than I have ever felt it since. As I began directly to keep a short diary in which I set down the most remarkable natural phenomena, I perceive from my notes that there were, that year, from January to December only thirty-five thunder-storms, of which three or four were severe. This is a small number compared to the number of storms in the years which followed. In fact if the climate of 1839 had continued ever after, Kentucky would be, on the whole, a pleasant place to live in; and I am now persuaded of the contrary.

The beginning of this year was so different from what is usual that everybody in the house was constantly expecting squalls, snow, biting winds from the north, skating for the boys, etc., which never came. So that after a while I began to taunt the old habitués of the place with the imaginary accuracy of their former experience.

There was particularly the gardener, Brother Ledoré, a Breton like myself, who during the months of January and February and a good part of March occupied himself with little jobs in the house, and never appeared in the garden. I ventured to ask him when he was going to prepare his beds for early vegetables. I found him

convinced that it was ridiculous to do so, because "early vegetables" could not be procured in Kentucky owing to the uncertain, variable, unaccountable character of the spring. He was, no doubt, greatly mistaken, and a few glass-covered beds would have practically sufficed to solve the problem, as they did the following year at my suggestion. But the good brother had convinced the most sensible men of the house that his method was the best, and it procured us *greens*, as they were called, toward the end of June, when we had fresh vegetables on our table for the first time.

Consulting my documents, I perceive that it was on the 17th of March, on St. Patrick's day, that Brother Ledoré began to work with the spade in his garden. He had been looking all the time for the coming of winter weather—for he was not, it seems, satisfied with the cold they had suffered in December before my arrival. Meanwhile the whole country was in the full tide of spring. Most of the migrating birds had returned from the South. They were all building their nests, some of them having already a brood of young ones; the daffodils and hyacinths of our garden, the trilliums, ranunculuses, dandelions of our fields, were spreading their leaves and opening their blossoms. Our gardener alone was behind time; he had for his excuse the experience of previous years. In truth, this year was an exceptional one, which could not be taken into account in appreciating the climate of the country. It is time to describe its normal character, and to examine its action on nature, animals, and men.

The climate of Kentucky.

In estimating it I will not rely on statistics con-

St. Mary's College, Marion Co., Kentucky.
Father Thébaud's Residence, 1839-1846.

tained in books published in this country or abroad. Not because I think they are all unreliable. Excellent books on the subject have been published under the auspices of the American government and of the Smithsonian Institution. But I give here my personal experience, and do not intend to write a book with the help of other books which might be perhaps much more accurate than mine. It is not from memory only that I retail my experience. I took notes, though not so copiously as I would wish. I have even studied the subject somewhat scientifically, if I may use so big a word as this. During five years, whilst residing in Kentucky, I was a faithful correspondent of Mr. Espy, who toward 1840 established in Washington a private weather bureau. I sent him monthly my personal observation of the thermometer, barometer, and hygrometer, taken three times a day. Thus in my study of climate I do not depend on the acuteness or dulness of my senses, nor on the daily observations I always made on the meteorological effects produced on plants, animals, and men. But I could often correct with the help of good instruments the mistakes which might result from the imagination or the inaccuracy of the senses.

Another preliminary observation is also required here with respect to the extent of that personal experience on which I chiefly rely. I speak here of the climate in the Southwestern states. In my observations I was, it is true, chiefly confined to Kentucky, which was then considered a Southwestern state. But I had occasion to see a great deal more of the country. I travelled extensively on the Mississippi River from

Minnesota to New Orleans; and on both sides of the river I could study the peculiarities of several of the Southwestern states. Besides this, all my communications were then with Southwestern people; all the periodicals I read were concerned with events occurring in the same parts of the United States. To this extent, and no more, is the sketch which I now begin to be trusted. Finally, the west for us extends only to the Rocky Mountains. The Pacific slope is out of our scope.

The usual division of the year into spring, summer, autumn, and winter is the best practically that can be adopted, though the seasons here are far less marked than, for instance, in western Europe. Not many degrees south of New Orleans there are only two seasons, the rainy and the dry; and though the six months of rain are called the winter, they are really the summer and *vice versa*.

This peculiarity is already noticeable in Kentucky, and much more so in Louisiana. The winter continues often to rule in the middle of the spring; and summer always begins to be felt before spring is over. There is, therefore, much less regularity than in Europe and the atmospheric changes are much more frequent. The agricultural operations are, therefore, often interfered with; and the labor of man is not so great a factor in the extraordinary productiveness of the soil, as is the amount of rain and heat, which are in fact the great sources of vegetation.

Winter. Let us begin with winter. The previous sketch of the weather we had in January, 1838, must be altogether set aside, because similar January weather does not occur more than once in fifty years. Still

before I arrived, it had been very cold in December, and this was generally the case. Most often the Christmas holidays were very unpleasant on account of the great quantity of snow on the ground, and of the very imperfect means taken to keep the houses comfortable inside. Autumn continued generally until December; but from the beginning of this month severe weather might be expected. I remember that the second day of December, 1843, was painfully cold. It had been settled that I should go on that day to Lebanon, to declare my intention to become an American citizen. I started on horseback between nine and ten in the forenoon. There had been a fierce storm the previous day, so that there were two feet of snow on the ground. Though I was warmly clad, I had forgotten to put on leggins; soon the cold became so intense that I was afraid my feet would freeze. I stopped at the first farmhouse I met, and wrapped hay around my legs. But in spite of this precaution I had to stop several times to warm myself before I reached Lebanon.

I cannot better describe the winter than by saying that it was a succession of alternate periods of cold and heat, each of about two weeks' duration; the cold being severe and the heat sometimes almost oppressive. In October, 1845, Father Boulanger, then *Visitor* in our Mission, received a letter from Bishop Hughes, calling him to New York to make arrangements with him for the transfer of St. John's College to us. He started for the East in the afternoon of November 11th—I have kept the date in my notes. It was the end of autumn, and the weather had been, as usual at that season, beautiful throughout. But on that day the

heat was so great that we were all dressed as in summer; and after dinner we sat in the shade of the house, instead of walking exposed to the sunlight in the garden. Father Boulanger remarked that "he did not believe there was any winter in Kentucky; it must be the same as in Algeria," and we were in fact in the latitude of Algiers. This he maintained with great determination, in spite of our experience, and he was evidently fully convinced.

After his departure the weather continued fine until the latter part of the month. Then there was the usual change at the beginning of December. Father Boulanger came back on the 11th of this month—just thirty days after his departure. The cold, which had increased considerably during the last week, was intense, and we were in full winter. The poor Father, who had travelled in the stage the whole of that morning, was all but frozen and shivered from head to foot. I was the first to receive him, and when I opened the door, the first thing he said was: "*Quel froid noir!*"—"What grim cold!" Henceforth he acknowledged winter was possible in our neighborhood.

I remember another example in point. It was in January, toward the middle of the month; I cannot recall the year. We had had splendid weather during a fortnight; at last it became really hot. We all wore summer clothing; and at night I could not keep on any covering but a sheet. At last a thunder-storm of great severity burst out. The wind, the rain, the frequent claps of thunder would have been right and proper in July. This tempestuous blast lasted more than an hour. Then the thunder ceased; but the wind and the

rain continued. Directly there was a perceptible change of temperature, and I was obliged to close the shutters tight against the cold air and to spread on my bed a double blanket. Then I slept until the morning. One of the boys' dormitories was on the floor above my head, and the lads soon came down to go to the wash-room, which was just outside of the house. I was astounded by the extraordinary noise they made in going out. As soon as sufficiently dressed I left my room to ascertain the cause. Then a strange spectacle struck my eyes. To leave the house and go to the wash-room there was a stoop of four or five steps. At the end of the storm the rain had turned into snow and hail; the steps consequently were covered with solid ice; the boys, who did not expect it, and could not see because in opening the door the light had been extinguished, fell one upon another—except a few more steady than the rest, and these were crawling on the ground and on a large heap of snow which had drifted into an angle of the house. Fortunately nobody was hurt, and it ended in a huge fit of laughter and a kind of hurrah. The poor boys nevertheless were shaking with cold, after having been in a high perspiration a couple of hours before.

Strange to say, this instability of the weather, which greatly annoyed me and persuaded me at last that it was very injurious to health, was precisely the reason alleged by all Kentuckians for admiring their climate. They said that when the weather was bad it did not continue long, and a pleasant time soon succeeded. After a residence of eight years and a half in Kentucky I came to the conclusion that the winter, spring, and

summer were detestable, but the three months of autumn were delightful.

In the periods of what was called fine weather the heat seldom continued at night. In general the thermometer fell considerably after sunset. As already stated, during five years monthly reports were sent by me to Mr. Espy at Washington of the observations taken three times a day on the thermometer, barometer, and hygrometer. After a while it became remarkable that during these *fine spells*—to use a New England expression—the range of the thermometer was extraordinary. After looking carefully over many records, I drew the conclusion that *there was often a difference of forty degrees (Fahrenheit) between midday and midnight.* I leave it to the reader to imagine what effect it must have produced on the human frame, chiefly on the skin and the nerves. A number of chronic diseases must have been the consequence. They came on unperceived, but on this very account they took hold of the victim more tenaciously. But everybody smiled and laughed when I spoke of it. "Was not the weather all that could be desired?"

Before we describe the Kentuckian spring we must say a few words on the effects produced by winter on nature, on animals, and on man. The effect of great cold and snow on nature is most beneficial. It kills millions of grubs and insects which would injure plants and useful vegetables. It cleanses of heterogeneous matter the bark of trees, and renders it more fit for its summer functions. It loosens the soil and decomposes the leaves which had fallen the previous autumn. The carbonic acid which is not needed, as in summer,

for the breathing of the trees during the night, must be assimilated in the wood itself, of which it forms an important part. Finally, the snow, which seldom remains long on the ground, but soon melts and penetrates it, contains a very appreciable quantity of ammonia, a powerful fertilizer, and is perhaps one of the great causes which exempts the husbandman in the South from the trouble and expense of manuring his fields.

As to the animals, a distinction must be made between wild beasts and birds on one side and domesticated cattle and fowls on the other. The first are few, because the industrious farmers of the United States have already destroyed nearly all the beasts of the forest and the venomous reptiles so common formerly. There are no more bears, jaguars, wildcats, few wolves and foxes. The pigs have literally eaten up the poisonous serpents, particularly the rattlesnakes, which are found only in desert places. But it seems that formerly the climate, even in winter, was extremely favorable to the multiplication of those animals, as it is still to that of less injurious beasts, such as the raccoon, opossum, squirrel, etc. As to the various families of the squirrel kind, the deadly war waged constantly against them by farmers' sons and city boys has not even diminished their number. The preservation of so many interesting species of the animal kingdom is due chiefly to the abundant food they find everywhere in the forests, and to the thick fur with which nature has provided them during winter. As to the birds, what has been said sufficiently attests that they fall under the same rule.

Domestic animals, owing probably to the poor care taken of them by man in these vast regions of the Southwest, fare very differently. The farmers everywhere entertain the wrong opinion that the winter climate is sufficiently mild to leave their cattle exposed night and day to the atmosphere. At most they give them sparingly some additional fodder. Sheep and cows and oxen ramble mournfully through the woods or in the wasted fields in quest of the nutriment which is refused them at the stable. They naturally diminish in flesh, but go barely through the winter. When the spring comes and fresh grass appears, they devour it greedily, and many of them burst, as it were. I have seen a great number of our cattle and lambs perish in this way. Meanwhile during the whole winter the cows gave so little milk that thirty of them could scarcely furnish a cup to each of us for our breakfast.

That the failure of domestic cattle is due to the cause just alleged was proved at our college in a striking way. A good man by the name of Mullen, lately landed from Ireland, accustomed to cattle, could not bear to witness the hard treatment of our animals. He spoke so eloquently to our superior that he induced him to build a shed with a roof, though open all around. He also obtained permission to give these poor animals warm food three times a day, allowing them to *graze* the remainder of the time. The result was that we had a plentiful supply of milk; our calves were soon fat and heavy in weight; the lambs, allowed also to sleep under a roof and to enjoy a better meal at night, prospered and throve splendidly. Better still, when the spring came none of our cattle and sheep perished as formerly. It can-

not be concluded from this, however, that when treated properly domestic animals do not suffer from the climate. That they are deeply affected by it is easily shown. In this country, particularly in the South, domesticated animals, chiefly horses and cows, are far more subdued and tame than in Europe. Who has ever heard in Kentucky of a cow striking or attempting to strike with her horns the man who feeds and takes care of her? But this is very common on the other side of the Atlantic. As to those who are strangers to these animals, it would be very imprudent in Italy to go near them. They have to be kept in strict enclosures; and when led on the public highway, rows of strong posts are planted along the road for the passers-by. This difference of deportment must come from the difference of climate, and shows that in North America some animals are injuriously affected by the temperature. And it must be so, since the best domesticated *animal* of all, namely, man himself, is undoubtedly severely injured physically and morally by the climate of the South and West.

I speak here only of the descendants of Europeans in Kentucky. Among the whites the great majority were natives; few immigrants cast their lot in the South at that time. It is of the natives that I speak, because the climate had produced its full effect on them.

In Kentucky the whites formed, as it were, a class apart and different from those of all other States. A great number of men were remarkable for their size, good looks, apparent physical strength, moral courage, and their great good sense. It seemed that the climate had not ill-treated them; they were splendid speci-

mens of manhood, many of them giants in stature; one of them, living in Louisville in my time, was eight feet high.

Still there is no doubt that the climate deeply affected them in winter. They appeared to be constantly feeling cold, and required excessively heated rooms to feel comfortable. In the College of St. Mary's, in the study hall, which contained just one hundred boys seated at their desks, an enormous stove fifteen feet long and three feet high was constantly filled, even in moderate weather, with four or five logs of the length of the stove. These logs were blazing all the time, and new ones were thrown in as soon as combustion had consumed those inside. When evening came and candles were lighted, they positively melted down in their sockets from the heat of the room. Duty obliged me several times to occupy the desk of the study-keeper. My head soon ached as in summer, and the blood-vessels throbbed, ready to burst. Unable to bear it, I was invariably obliged, after five or ten minutes, to withdraw from my chair, go near the door, and open it a little *on the sly* in order to breathe, or rather not to be suffocated. To raise the sashes of the windows on such occasions would have excited a rebellion among the boys, and they would probably have instantly left the room, previous to leaving the college.

There is no exaggeration in this description. Does it not prove that the cold acted most injuriously on these boys? Strong confirmation of my opinion is found in the fact that at the same time they were constantly drinking water which was always kept in a corner of the room in a capacious jug.

On the warm winter days that have been described

above, the stove in the study-hall was not kept red-hot, as was the case when the candles melted down. But even on those fine days there was always a good fire in the stove, and the windows were kept closed, except on very rare occasions. I was greatly surprised, just after my arrival (when I took such a delight in establishing my quarters in the woods during a great part of the forenoon), to see two negroes belonging to the college chopping wood every day from morning to night only to supply the study-hall and the classrooms with fuel. Fortunately we had not to buy coal; it would have been an enormous expense. We had more than four hundred acres of woods, and we drew from them liberally in winter.

This overheating of the rooms must have been the principal cause of the maladies which prevailed among the boys in winter. The number of our boarders rarely exceeded a hundred; still the infirmary was always full during that season. Besides acute diseases of the throat or the lungs there was always a great display of mumps, which I had rarely seen in Nantes when at college. Measles and scarlet fever were also common, though diphtheria was not. It must be said, however, that the mortality, though great on the whole, was far from being as large as might have been feared. After our college had existed a little more than twelve years there were four or five boys buried in our graveyard; some had died at their homes. Among us a single member of our community had died—poor Father Maguire, who was carried off by cholera in 1832.

The Kentuckians are outwardly a splendid race. Tall and well proportioned; remarkably handsome

and stately in manners; sociable and affable in daily intercourse; talented and apt to become good scholars when educated. Their physical frames, however, are better in appearance than in solidity; they easily fall sick, and this interferes with their education; in the midst of their studies they aspire to start in life; they must receive their degree of A.B. after three years of classical studies, including the elements of grammar. Hence they seldom accomplish anything, and most of them die young. I remarked with surprise, when I arrived, that few Kentuckians had white hair, and few of them bore the venerable appearance of dignified old men. But of course there were exceptions. The Rev. Mr. Abel was one of these admirable specimens of Kentucky humanity. To all physical advantages he added sociability and talent of a high order, and he reached almost the last limit of human longevity. I will by and by speak of him at greater length.

Spring. A conversation I had with the same Rev. Mr. Abel expresses most correctly what I thought of the spring in the Southwest. We were talking of the weather in this country, and I was pleased to see how well his opinion agreed with mine, whilst nearly all other Americans of my acquaintance held entirely different views. "When I was a boy—a student at college," he said, "I was, and I am still, a great admirer of English poetry. But I was puzzled by the description of the spring in Thompson's 'Seasons.' Though I saw in Kentucky a few days that gave a slight idea of it, the whole composition was perfect nonsense, and I imagined it was all derived from the imagination of the writer. But when, after my ordination, I went

to France, where I spent several very pleasant months in the spring and summer, I found Thompson most exact in his descriptions, and most perfect in his rendering of the sweet emotions produced by the softness of May especially. Sir," he added at the end, "we have no spring in this country."

The nearest approach to it I saw, during the nine springs I spent in Kentucky, was at the end of the three months of winter that I described above as having taken place the year of my arrival. The month of March, 1839, was a fair reproduction of the month of May we usually had in France. It struck me on this occasion; I never had the pleasure of enjoying it a second time. The spring was usually an exact reproduction of the winter, except that there was habitually neither snow nor ice, but in place of it pouring rain, such as I never had any conception of before. This began sometimes in March, but commonly in April; and with the rain the thunder was often terrific. However, there were occasionally strange freaks of meteorology connected with these natural disturbances which were quite interesting. I must relate one of these. In 1842, I think—at any rate the year that the great comet astonished everybody in March, particularly the astronomers—the weather was very cold in Kentucky and in all the Western and Southern States. We had snow on the ground the whole time—a thing very unusual—and there was not the least sign of vegetation. This continued during the first week of April; but on the 7th of that month there was a remarkable change. The wind suddenly turned to the south, and brought us for several days pouring rain and fearful thunder. But this ended

on the 11th with a singular and unexpected phenomenon. All the peach-trees, which are very numerous in Kentucky and yield excellent fruit, suddenly opened their beautiful blossoms. Four or five days of this warm weather had sufficed to bring the trees to bloom. But, more remarkable still, all these peach-trees swarmed with humming-birds—at least this was so in our garden. A few days before no birds from the South had yet arrived, not even the bluebird, which is generally the earliest to come. But the humming-birds, always among the last, were already with us, and not, as usual, in pairs, but in troops as if they were gregarious animals. They swarmed like bees, and like bees also they fluttered around the open buds of the peach-trees. The only explanation of this was that the warm wind from the South had brought them hastily on its wings, and finding only one kind of trees ready to furnish them food, they crowded around them and forgot for a moment that they were not naturally gregarious.

One of the most usual and unpleasant features of spring was the terrible lightning and thunder it brought. Here is an example. At the beginning of June, 1844—I do not remember the exact day—Rev. Mr. Martin Spalding, not yet a bishop, had come to celebrate with us the anniversary of the death of Mr. Byrne, the founder of our college, who had been carried off by cholera in the first days of June, 1832. During the forenoon the reverend gentleman preached at High Mass the panegyric of the deceased; the rain was already pouring and the thunder roaring. But these were only premonitory symptoms. There was a short lull about dinner-time, and we thought the afternoon

would be fine and cool as usual on such occasions. We were mistaken. Before the end of the meal the clouds gathered over our heads from every point of the compass, and it grew almost as dark as night.

Our *recreation*—so we called it—after dinner brought us an experience that I never shall forget as long as I live. Dreadful claps followed each other so rapidly that it sounded like an explosion of the heaviest artillery, and the blinding flashes of lightning turned the night into day. We knew that a stroke might at any instant kill many of us; still we appeared unconcerned, out of human respect, I suppose. As to myself, I was far from being lively in conversation; but after a prayer I thought I might trust in a strong and long lightning-rod I had placed on the top of the building. The gold and platinum point together with the chain had been sent from Paris, and all the conditions for safety had been carefully attended to. After the storm the point was found blunted; we could not, however, tell how many times it had conducted the fluid safely to the ground.

Still we could form a good idea of the enormous quantity of electricity that passed from the clouds to the ground. We had withdrawn for our recreation to a long corridor whose door at the end was left open by chance. From this place I could see the eastern side of the little chapel where Mass had been said. It was not more than twenty-five feet in height, and on the top there was a peaked roof covered with shingles. The water on the roof looked like a sheet, and in the absence of gutters, which had not been thought necessary, the water ran at the same angle as the roof itself until

it reached the ground. I thought that one might have walked under the water along the walls of the chapel without being as much as touched by the rain. While I was looking, the electric flash struck the chapel, though it was much lower than the surrounding buildings. The entire mass of falling water was turned into a compact sheet of flame. I leave it to the reader to judge of the quantity of fluid there was, and to say how many Leyden jars would have been wanted to contain it.

Summer. When did summer begin in Kentucky? It would be difficult to answer the question. Occasionally we had a touch of it in April; always a full experience of it in May. As has already been said, we really had no spring; but often a sudden change from the blasts of winter to the oppressive heat of summer, at night as well as during the day. As soon as May began I used only a sheet at night, and at times I discarded even this in June. I remember when I came in 1846 to Fordham, how pleasant it was to sleep under a blanket in June. I said then that I was half-way back to my native country.

In the months of July and August no one could walk out of the house except with an umbrella or under the thick shade of the trees.

I know that this oppressive heat is denied by many Southerners, who boast that the thermometer never rises in the South as high as it occasionally does in the North, particularly in New York and Boston. They say that in these cities the range of the thermometer sometimes exceeds a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, whilst in Florida the highest is ninety-five degrees. This is true, but they forget that the ninety-five of the South

remain constant during five months and more. In the North, on the contrary, after a few hot days the mercury falls to seventy or seventy-five, and this makes an immense difference for the human body. The exhaustion and debility consequent upon a high temperature remaining without change during so long a time, necessarily engender the indolence and sloth so often remarked in people living under the tropics. The inhabitants of those balmy regions, as they are called, can never reach the high degree of industry and civilization attained in more northern climes.

The months of July and August I have said were the hottest, and the hottest days extended from the middle of July to the middle of August. We were then practically living under the sky of the tropics, and I seldom ventured to go out during the day. As this heat lasted but a month, the custom was never adopted by the Kentuckians of imitating the Central Americans, who rest in their hammocks during the day and spend the night in the streets or, when there is moonlight, in the fields. But it was worse at night than in Rio Janeiro or Panama, where they say there is generally a refreshing breeze after sunset. With us the air was still and the atmosphere on fire. I remember vividly what I felt, in the latter part of July or at the beginning of August, when after supper we went to take our recreation in the garden. The sun was then sinking under the horizon, or had already set. It was more pleasant to walk bareheaded; still the firmament, clear at that time, weighed, as it were, on the crown of the head, as if it had been the vault of an oven. No coolness could be expected until late in the night.

When we went to our rooms, I remained praying or reading until twelve o'clock, all the time bathed in perspiration, and contending with armies of insects. After midnight, when the lights were put out, the insects ceased crawling or flying, and we could stretch ourselves on our beds and enjoy a few hours of repose, with windows and doors open.

This heat must have a very debilitating effect on man; still the negroes seemed to enjoy it hugely. They did not find the weather hot enough. Every evening in July and August, as well as at any other time, as soon as they came back from the fields they started a roaring fire in the stove of their cabin, and one of them taking a fiddle, they danced around, apparently insensible of the fatigue of the day. During the nine years of my stay in Kentucky I have heard that nocturnal music every summer. But no human being of any other race could remain unaffected by the excesses of the temperature.

Autumn. The three months of September, October, and November are always delightful in the Southwest. Occasionally there is light rain or a thunder-storm, but it is always of short duration, and the softest atmosphere and the most equable and pleasant temperature prevail in general night and day. The Indian summer, as it is called, east of the Alleghanies, though balmy and charming as far as it goes, lasts only a part of November. In Kentucky there is often a light hoar-frost in the morning before sunrise; the first rays of the sun turn it into dew without ever rendering the walks muddy or slippery.

Farmers can work with spirit in the fields; artisans

find it a pleasure to be busy; and if it lasted longer no one could complain of the western climate. Industry could flourish better than in the north; and the human frame would not be so subject as it is to sickness and chronic diseases. Indolence, finally, not only mental, but also physical, would not paralyze all human effort.

CHAPTER III.

THE PEOPLE IN THE COUNTRY AND IN THE CITIES.

The rural population.

On my arrival in St. Mary's I was thrown into the midst of the rural population of Kentucky, which does not differ much from that of the rest of the South, with the exception of Louisiana.

These people were a compound of simplicity and shrewdness. The first made them occasionally the victims of sharpers; the second lessened the danger whenever their best interests were concerned. You could, in general, enter their cottages at all times of the day. When the men were not present, the good wife and her daughters received you with much simplicity and good nature. They were in fact always fond of a long talk, and if the visitor could bring them some news he was always welcome. Fear, suspicion, distrust, were unknown to them, owing to the total absence of crime, nay, of misconduct in the country. Social intercourse in the United States, North and South, is usually cheerful, gay, nay, jovial. This was then especially true in the Southwest. This, I have no doubt, was especially due to the negroes, who are, like children, fond of a joke, and often carry their good temper to a kind of boisterous hilarity. Now, the farmers in the

Southwestern States were not great planters like those of Louisiana (who never had any direct dealings with their field-laborers, but left them to the management of an overseer). The agriculturists of Kentucky, in particular, had few slaves, often at most eight or ten. They were their own overseers, lived constantly with their negroes, and being obliged to humor them in order to make them work better, soon acquired the pleasant habit of joviality. There was thus among them an amiable simplicity that delighted me whenever I was with them.

I thought at first that this was confined to the Catholic farmers whom I chiefly met; but after I became acquainted with some of our neighbors, who were Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc., I perceived my mistake, and saw that mirth did not displease the descendants of the stern old Puritans. It was, moreover, known to everybody that the Rev. Mr. Stephen Badin, the first Catholic priest who resided and labored in those parts, had been and continued in my time to be a great favorite with all kinds of people, even those not of his faith, on account of his fondness for joking, in which he excelled. Some of his repartees had become so popular that I am sure if a small volume of his innocent facetiæ had been published, it would have been found in nearly all the best houses of Marion County.

There was something very primitive and consequently pleasant in the social state of these good people. I wondered how different they were from the best gifted peasants of my native country. In another part of this work I have described the simple manners of the farmers in the neighborhood of Nantes; and the picture

was far from being of a depressing character. I mentioned that the peasants of France had to labor very hard in order to live. This established a great difference between them and the farmers of America, who were owners of the soil and had men enough at their service to save them from hard work. Seated on their horses (for it would have been considered a disgrace to use their feet in passing from their house to their fields), they merely directed the labor of their workmen, and did not even need to put their hand to the plough or break the soil with the spade. Still there was the same genuine simplicity and unaffected naturalness in the Kentucky farmer and the Norman peasant. In both there was scarcely any real selfishness, that almost universal bane of human society; and though both farmers in America and peasants in France, looked sharply to their interest and that of their families, both nevertheless listened to the calls of charity. Even the Presbyterians, who readily suspected imposture, showed themselves unaffectedly liberal as soon as there was proof of real distress.

French and Kentucky farmers compared.

At that time I often reflected on those two interesting and large classes of men, the American farmers and the French peasants—the first more enlightened than the second, because they all could read and write, and also because the political and municipal constitution of their States allowed them to take part in the affairs of the country at large, and particularly in the concerns of their district or village. The peasants of France, on the contrary, not only seldom knew how to read, but when they did, it was scarcely of any use to them for their temporal concerns, since there were no newspapers

published there which were accessible to them. They could not take part in any public election, as few of them paid a sufficient amount of taxes. They could not even vote on questions of the greatest importance to them, such as the making or repairing of roads, the keeping of their church in decent order, the spread of instruction by primary schools, etc., etc. All this was managed for them either by the prefect of the department or by the mayor of the town, both appointed by the ministers at Paris. The immense advantages enjoyed by the farmers of America did not, however, create in them an undue ambition, and they remained as simple and good-natured as the French peasants, though much more jolly.

Farmers in America and peasants in Europe cannot help being shrewd. All have probably often been the victims of sharpers. Having often remarked the shrewdness of French peasants, evidenced in a kind of dogged opposition to everything proposed to them and affecting their interests, I was curious to know whether farmers in America gave any sign of the same disposition. The European peasants seem to be morally at war with all superior classes, as if aware that in the struggle for existence their own chance is but small. Thus in general they do not answer any proposal made to them, or if they do, it is only by sneering. After this all eloquence is lost upon them, and they continue firm in their determination to be mute.

With the farmers of Kentucky the case is somewhat different. They are more amenable to reason because they have faith in their own shrewdness; and their

way of acting was at first very amusing to me. As an example I will relate a little incident of which I was a witness soon after my arrival. Mr. William T. Mudd was a friend of ours, formerly the overseer on our farm. But he had lately married, and established himself as a storekeeper. With a little capital he had procured merchandise of every description such as a farmer or rural housekeeper needs, and built his warehouse in the woods, a mile from our college, at a place where several roads meet.

One day I purposed to purchase from him a few things I needed for a small greenhouse and some hotbeds intended to furnish us with early vegetables. We started on horseback and took the road to his store. Soon we perceived a man on horseback going in the opposite direction and consequently towards us; but when he came near he stopped; my companion, who was eying him sharply, stopped likewise, and I followed suit. Silence ensued for a minute and a half, when the stranger inquired, "Are you Mr. Mudd, the storekeeper?" Again silence, followed by the answer, "I am, sir." I began to be afraid of a quarrel. But no; after another period of suspense, longer than the first two, came the very reassuring question, "Do you sell seeds for the farm and the garden?" I thought the answer would come directly; but this would have been unusual and contrary to all the rules of traffic; we had to wait to learn that Mr. Mudd had an abundance of seeds of all sorts both for the farm and the garden. There is no need of giving the remainder of the dialogue. The conclusion was that the farmer had no time to go back to the store with us. He said he would meet Mr. Mudd

there the following day, and hoped he would find what he needed. All the answers, evidently, could have directly followed the questions without any fear of deception on either side. But it was a principle held by all that a *shrewd* man must never, in money transactions, be too hasty in answering. The same men, when once acquainted with each other, and speaking of anything in which money was not concerned, would have shown themselves as prompt in their dialogue as a frisky Frenchman or a gesticulating Italian. They even knew how to be witty and full of fun with their friends, and did not appear to care if some of their expressions went further than prudence dictated. But it was altogether different when they were driving a bargain with each other. They took pride in showing their shrewdness and convincing other people of the impossibility of taking them in and making fools of them. In this there was little difference between the Kentucky farmers and the Yankees, though the Yankees were despised in the South.

Under a rough exterior the Kentuckian was good-natured and warm-hearted whenever he met with true objects of charity—a thing very unusual in that happy country. There were scarcely any poor people in the rural districts of Kentucky; and I was greatly struck with wonder when I heard, shortly after my arrival, that in the poorhouse of Marion County there were only four or five old people whom the county had to support, because they had neither relatives nor friends; two of them were old free negroes.

The negro in Kentucky.

In some sense the colored people might be called "poor," and they were in fact the only true repre-

sentatives in America of the peasant class in Europe. But their "poverty" was of a different nature; they suffered neither from hunger nor thirst, they were sufficiently well clad in winter, and in their cabins, as was said, they always had a roaring fire after returning from work. But their "poverty" was of a moral kind, and therefore far worse than material want. They were forbidden by the laws of the South to learn reading and writing, to derive any benefit from their labor unless their masters allowed them to carry on a trade and keep as their own the money they received over and above the yearly amount due according to mutual agreement. In strict theory they could not hold property, being altogether deprived of civil and human rights. Hence they were even forbidden to marry, and any clergyman or magistrate who married them was liable to be prosecuted and punished. Finally, punishment was always present before their eyes, and they knew that any serious breach of discipline would be cruelly visited on their shoulders by the whip of the overseer.

This was a hard lot; and the question recurs, Could the slavemasters be called "good-natured and charitable" toward their unfortunate human chattels? I think that in the main they were, at least in the form of slavery I saw in operation in the Southwest.

I readily admit that the laws were barbarous, unworthy of a Christian people, and that in particular the statutes concerning the marriage of negroes were openly opposed to the law of God, and reduced the majority of the slaves to a life of concubinage. It went so far that there were in the South shameless

speculators who purchased young slaves—male and female—and took them to some remote and lonely districts, on land they had previously purchased, for the purpose of *breeding*, as if the poor creatures had been cattle. This was disgraceful and horrible.

But the immense majority of slaveowners never were guilty of such detestable practices, and to this I can bear personal testimony. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe exasperated the North against the South, and helped to promote the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 by the exaggerated pictures of oppression and tyranny contained in her *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It may be true—and I suppose it is—that all the facts she so powerfully depicts actually happened; and to call for a reformation of these abuses was just and reasonable. But no reader of her book, if he has never lived in the South, can pretend to a correct acquaintance with the country as it was. It is an *ex parte* statement leaving unportrayed countless facts opposed to those she presents, and leading to a very different conclusion. In regard to the marriage laws in particular—because they were the most odious of all—it is true that some planters took advantage of them to dispose of the wretched offspring of their slaves as their caprice or interest dictated. But no Catholic planter could do so, because the Church was firm in maintaining the purity of wedlock. The laws might prescribe a heavy fine against a priest pronouncing the nuptial blessing on slaves. But everybody knew that on large plantations the Sacrament of Matrimony was often administered to the negroes with the full consent of their masters, and I have never heard that any Catholic

clergyman was called to account for it. The state authorities were aware that the Catholic Church would never consent to obey the state laws on this subject, and they wisely refrained from enforcing them. Many non-Catholic planters also allowed their negroes to marry, and were not molested. All Christians in fact did so, for the same reason. Although Protestants do not believe marriage to be a sacrament, they were, particularly at that time, strongly in favor of its indissolubility, and would have considered it a departure from Christian principles to favor concubinage.

The laws enacted against the teaching of the slave population were also far from being strictly enforced. In my trip to Louisiana, in 1842, I was highly pleased to see that in general Catholic planters openly afforded to their slaves the moral and religious training required by the Church. In the houses I visited along the Mississippi River, near New Orleans, the young daughters of slaveowners took a pride in teaching these poor blacks their catechism, and preparing them for their first communion; and those children who were found more talented were taught to read their catechism and their prayer-book as an easier means of practising their religion. The law was evidently ignored; for those who could read the catechism could easily, in course of time, acquire other learning.

Finally, it is not unlikely that there were in the South some men like Miss Stowe's *Legrees;* but they must have been few, for two obvious reasons. First, such men would have been despised and socially avoided by all the other planters in the neighborhood; and secondly, no one could see in the negro race any signs

of the frightful treatment and degradation described in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which would have been the inevitable result. They were everywhere healthy, well formed, and, what is better still, jolly and full of fun. They evidently were not often subjected to the tyranny described by Mrs. Stowe.

These statements are made primarily of Catholic planters. Unfortunately there were few Catholics in the South, except in Louisiana. I have said that "good nature and charitable feeling" extended beyond the precincts of our Holy Mother Church; I will give at least some proof of it. There was in Tennessee, on the borders of Kentucky, a planter who had among his slaves a Catholic family composed of the father, Basil, his wife, and five or six children. Basil and his wife practised their religion as well as they could in the absence of priest and church; but they felt themselves incompetent to instruct their family; they foresaw that their poor children would lose their faith. They applied to their master to see if something could not be done to prevent this. The gentleman farmer was a kind-hearted man, as were nearly all the non-Catholics of his class; but having himself no religion, he did not see very clearly the need of taking so much trouble for what he considered a moral impossibility. "Where can I find a priest for you, Basil?" he said. "Do you know any in the neighborhood?" "There are some," the negro answered, "in a college in Kentucky, not very far from this place." On explaining the matter, it was found that he meant our college of St. Mary, distant a little more than a hundred miles. "But," replied the farmer, "this is another State; I

will have to obtain the passage of a bill in our legislature, and of another in that of Kentucky. I don't speak of the loss of your labor which will fall upon me, because I can hire you to that college; but it may be they will not want your services."

Poor Basil saw there were difficulties he had not suspected, and burst into tears. His wife, who was with him, also wept, and joined her supplications to those of her husband. The good master was touched to the heart, and said that he would try the means suggested, but could not answer for his success. He had, therefore, first of all to look for some political friend to introduce a bill in the legislature of Tennessee granting him permission to send a whole family out of the State—a thing forbidden by the laws. Then, what was still more difficult, he had to obtain from the legislature of Kentucky permission to introduce the same family into that State.

Having succeeded in both objects, he paid us a visit, and related the story to Father W. S. Murphy, then president of the college. Even in case it had been a loss for us we could not in conscience have refused to receive them. It was only a question of conditions. "Father," said the good man to our president, "I don't intend to be hard on you. I was not aware that there was such an establishment in this part of the country; I had heard only of Bardstown College. Take the family for nothing; I know you will treat them well. When the boys and girls know their religion and have all received the sacrament, then I shall reclaim them, not before." So it was done; and it would have been a pleasure for any one with a heart to hear

the gratitude the old couple expressed toward their kind master when he left us and returned to Tennessee.

Their simplicity of manners, their almost patriarchal views of society, in spite of the prevailing slavery, and their innate attachment to some form of religion disposed the people to charitable exertions whenever the case presented itself. They did not need to go out of their immediate neighborhood to do this. In Kentucky in particular, where farmers had few slaves but were constantly in contact with them, they must have been often touched by sympathy. They called them servants much oftener than slaves; and though for the sake of due subordination they did not admit them to the family table, they were careful that they should want nothing, not only when sick, but in good health as well.

Charity.

As to the white race in the Southwest, there was scarcely any occasion for the practice of charity. The few poor people born in the country were sufficiently well provided for. European immigrants went to the South in very small numbers, because they did not wish to compete with the slaves and be put on a level with them in public estimation. In large cities a few poor immigrants could be found who were invariably cared for. This was the case everywhere in the United States, North, South, West, and East. To the honor of the country it must be said that there is no land in the world where the poor are more generously cared for.

The Southwestern people were hard-working and active, but not industrious to the same extent as their fellow citizens of the East. Activity was a necessity for all the colonists of the United States.

A continent to subdue, forests to cut down, roads to construct, villages and towns to build, agriculture to undertake and develop on a virgin or rather wild soil, these tasks left not a moment of rest to these hardy pioneers. Fifty years before I landed in America, Kentucky was a dense forest from the Mississippi in the west to Virginia and Pennsylvania in the east. Everybody had constantly to use the axe and fell trees. This was not left to the negroes, but all, masters and servants, even boys and women, could be seen handling the axe, and vying with each other in the rapidity and effectiveness of their blows. At college, boys in my time did not often cut down a big tree, which in my opinion is an herculean labor; but as soon as the monster of the forest lay prostrate on the ground it was delightful to witness how skilfully and quickly they lopped off its branches, and divided the trunk into logs of equal length, preparatory to splitting them, and making rails for fences or pens. Can there be a better means of developing the muscles and of giving strength to the body? Those boys had no need of gymnasiums. They carried the gymnasium in their frames; their bones were the timber, and their muscles were the ropes.

Toil of the farmers.

Labor was equally required to till or rather to break the ground when the trees had disappeared. The stumps and roots still remained deeply embedded in the soil. They often took fifteen or twenty years to rot; and the use of the plough during all that time was not easy, owing to the intricate web of roots branching in all directions. Ploughs had to be constructed of extraordinary strength and size, and it was an evi-

dent euphemism to speak of "handling the plough" when the effort required not only the "hand" but the whole muscular system.

All the other farm work required the same toil from the farmers, and of them it could be said at all times that "they ate their bread in the sweat of their brow." Still they never complained of the difficulty of their task, but took it for granted that whatever was necessary was good for them, and "the Lord ought ever to be blessed for it"; they were always penetrated with a deep religious spirit which supported them in their labors.

Unfortunately, though they nobly accomplished their painful task, they knew little of expedients which would have rendered it more fruitful and considerably increased their comfort. Agriculture in the Southwest was then simply traditional; they did what their fathers had done, and were not often minded to introduce the new scientific method supplied by chemistry and mineralogy. They had a few notions of rotation of crops and of draining; they had not advanced far enough to employ artificial and mineral manures, and to use machinery to lessen labor. In the papers they read, some of these modern processes were occasionally alluded to, but it seemed to them time and money lost to adopt them, since with their old routine their crops were sufficiently abundant and remunerative. The richness of their soil blinded them so that they did not see the immense advantages to be derived from the discoveries of modern scientists; and they thought it sufficient to transmit to their children the antiquated methods of their ancestors. If they had

not had heat and rain constantly alternating in summer, if long droughts had oftener visited them, they would have been often reduced to want, owing to their lack of intelligence.

The West at this moment (1883) is being largely developed by the introduction of machinery, and by improved methods of culture. But in 1840 the whole country was in a primitive state, just emerging from a first attempt at civilization. Farther south than Kentucky, however, the farms—or plantations, as they were called—being larger and in the possession of wealthier owners, were conducted on improved principles, and often presented a far better appearance.

The centre of the State of Kentucky, the rich blue-grass region around Lexington and Frankfort, was an exception to this want of thrift visible everywhere else.

Farmers' dwellings.

In the dwellings of the farmers and their immediate surroundings the eye was shocked by positive idleness and negligence. All around the house, or rather cabin, the trees had often been unmercifully cut down and rooted out. No shrub, no flowering bush was allowed to grow under the eye of the mistress of the house. Instead of a lawn, or even of a vegetable-garden, several large enclosures had been built one around the other.

In my opinion, the object of these fences was to exclude from the farmer's dwelling the cattle, sheep, and hogs that were allowed to ramble at large in the neighboring forests and woods. The animals certainly had the best of the bargain; their lodging was far preferable to that of their masters and lords. They had the green woods for a covering, and the dead leaves for a resting-place.

But it is interesting to examine in detail the houses of families which often owned hundreds and thousands of acres of the most fertile land. They were most frequently log cabins. Few of them were at that time frame houses. In our immediate neighborhood it was very rare to stumble upon a brick dwelling. In the centre of the unpretending edifice, a few steps led to a sufficiently large empty room, uncarpeted and badly daubed with coarse paint. A few wooden chairs indicated that it was meant for a parlor. On one side of this room were the inner apartments of the family, bedrooms, closets, etc.; on the other, the dining-room, and finally the kitchen. There were outbuildings to keep fire-wood, flour, and provisions. All the elements of comfort could have been found there, had there been the least appearance of taste; but the very sight of all these apartments was the best proof of its total want.

The walls of a log cabin or of a frame dwelling need a great deal of attention to exclude the cold air in winter, and the rain in a heavy storm. But no attention whatever was paid to these requisites in Kentucky, and at Christmas-time, when huge pieces of hickory or dogwood were blazing in the chimney and you were seated in front, your face, hands, and shins were roasted, whilst behind a sharp breeze froze your very bones. This was remarked every winter, and the master of the house promised that a remedy should be provided the following summer. But these good intentions were never carried out. In summer, in consequence of the wretched system of ventilation in use everywhere, the heat in the houses was excessive. The only way to

open the windows was to raise both sashes upwards, the best means of keeping the warm air in the apartments and preventing the cool breeze from entering. The universal custom of cutting down all trees around the building and never planting any for shade seems not to have struck any of them as a most stupid contrivance. They imagined, I suppose, that it was useless to look for a greater degree of coolness in the air than they got by stretching themselves on the floor with only a pair of trousers and a shirt on their bodies. All they obtained was an abundant perspiration that weakened them and increased their indolence.

Education of farmers.

But what chiefly excited my wonder was the fact that many of them had a smattering of literature. I found in their wretched dwellings sometimes the works of Shakspere, Johnson, or Goldsmith; occasionally an illustrated Bible or the Arabian Nights Tales; never to my knowledge modern poets and travellers. In this they showed their good sense. But the beautiful descriptions of nature they often perused (if they ever opened these treasures of truth or fancy) did not seem to make them reflect on the personal disadvantages which they must have felt every day of their lives. The Catholics among them had not only the Bible, but their prayer-books, and the explanation of the truths of religion in the forcible style of Challoner, or the learned Lives of the Saints by Alban Butler, which they certainly often read. Still the Catholics were not farther advanced than the Protestants in material civilization. They blindly followed the examples and customs of their forefathers, an

their houses, inside and outside, were the exact copies of the sad architecture and landscape-gardening already described.

They were clothed in homespun, and fed mainly on bacon and corn bread. A few fowl, seen near their cabins, indicated that they had fresh eggs and sometimes spring chickens on their table. Of vegetables I seldom saw any, except potatoes and cabbage. These details afford a new proof of their want of intelligence. By training one of their negroes as a vegetable and fruit gardener their fare might have been preferable to that of many lords and noblemen.

Life of the negroes.

I have just spoken of negroes, and have a word to say on the way they lived in their wretched quarters. Their huts, crowded in the worst corner of the farm, do not deserve a description after that of the master's cabin. There were in those diminutive hovels bunks—to use an American expression—large enough to stretch their limbs on a straw mattress, and the red heat of a stove was in all seasons required for the circulation of African blood. If their food was coarser than that of their masters, at least it was always abundant, and they never could complain of going to bed with an empty stomach. Always cheerful in their misery, I never saw tyranny exercised over them. When they wished to enjoy themselves at night, it was easy for them to escape to the woods and have a supper of their own at the expense of their *owner*, who winked at it, provided it did not happen too often and they were ready the following morning to go to their work. With a little more intelligence how happy would the family of a Kentucky farmer have been with his ten or twelve

servants strongly attached to him and in general perfectly satisfied with their lot!

Conservatism.

Characteristic of the rural population in the Southwest was their strong conservatism and their inviolable attachment to the constitution of their country. The same was true of the whole population of the United States, but a traveller newly landed from Europe could not but be struck by it in the midst of the people I am describing. Although the constitution of the United States, as it was finally framed with the consent of all the States, was liable to *amendments*—and it was necessary it should be so—still the people did not like changes, and they were firmly determined that after their Revolution was finished by their victory over England, no one should speak of revolution again.

It has been supposed by many European publicists that they had, by separating from England, given the first great example of rebellion against constituted authority, and opened the era of constant political changes which has since disorganized Europe and spread the seeds of instability and insurrection. But this is incorrect; and the two great parties which have divided the United States and alternately struggled for supremacy since the establishment of the Republic have equally resisted any doctrine tending to revolutionary principles.

Each of the thirteen primitive colonies had adopted constitutions evidently patterned on that of England, and the Parliament of the mother country had originally sanctioned them. One of the clearest axioms of the Bill of Rights declared that no one should be taxed

without his consent, and consent was granted or refused by the representatives of the people. The American colonies had not received the power of sending representatives to England; they strongly insisted that they would not be a free people if they could be arbitrarily taxed, that is, without their expressed or implied assent. Great Britain would not listen to them, and sent soldiers to enforce taxes imposed by acts of Parliament in which the colonies had not concurred. Hence the origin of the war, and justice evidently was on the side of the Colonies. The Revolution, consequently, was an act of self-defence and nothing more. And as soon as victory crowned the attempt, the colonies wisely declared that the Revolution was at an end, and that the new government, once settled, should have all the authority formerly possessed by the mother country, and that any one rising against it should be accounted a rebel and treated accordingly.

To render the passage from one government to the other more easy and less liable to excite discontent, the new constitution was almost a reproduction of the old colonial ones. It did not violently destroy all previous laws and institutions as was done in revolutionary France, with a view to building up a new edifice from the foundation to the roof. One or two important changes were made; for the king was substituted a president, and suffrage was made universal instead of limited. Everything else, the social institutions in particular, remained what they were. So that there was no interruption whatever in the flow of civil life, and the days of the new republicans were exactly like those of the former colonists. State rights were preserved under a federal organization.

Everything was calculated to inspire the people with conservative principles, but especially the peace and well-being which followed the establishment of the Republic, and forged the strongest bond of attachment between the citizens and the new form of government.

No revolutionary principles were advocated by any one in the United States. The farmers in our neighborhood particularly, nearly all Democrats and strong State-rights men, many being as radical as John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, were nevertheless ardent advocates of republican government, such as it existed. The United States was a federation, and a federation they wished it to remain. State rights in their opinion were a consequence of this; and self-government having been from the beginning of colonial times the universal custom of the country, they wished that the country should continue to be what it had always been, without internal commotion and radical change.

On one occasion only was there apparently danger of Americans advocating empty dreams, such as are cherished by factions existing in Europe. It was on the arrival of Kossuth in 1847. Kossuth was not only a leader of democracy in Hungary, but one of the strongest exponents of European revolution. All classes in this country received him with the highest honors. He was welcomed in all the cities through which he passed. Addresses were presented to him by grave magistrates, high officials, eloquent speakers, renowned politicians, acknowledging his services in the cause of liberty against what was called despotism. He was given to understand that this country would espouse his cause, and give its support to the most advanced

European revolutionists. The expressions used in many of the speeches delivered on those occasions made on me a very painful impression. It appeared as if the good sense of the Americans was deserting them. A friend, born in this country of American parents, to whom I was opening my mind on the subject and expressing my fears that the best men of the nation were losing their heads, calmed my fears. "Wait a bit," he answered me, "and you will see a change with respect to Mr. Kossuth. I am inclined to believe that in a little more than six months he will depart from the country, leaving but few friends behind him." And so it happened. I never could have foreseen it so clearly as my friend did. The American people may momentarily give way to emotional excitement; in the long run it is guided by good sense.

The farmers of Kentucky being persuaded that the American system of government was the best in the universe, there could not but be a strong spirit of conservatism among them. Cherishing and admiring, as they did, all their national institutions, they deprecated any essential change, and the mere idea of a new revolution would have excited their horror. This aversion to change went even further than the political and civil order. They were eminently a traditional people, sincerely attached to their customs and habits. The rest of the Sunday, the presence at church, the thanksgiving service in November, the joyous corn-husking in autumn, family visitings in winter, etc., had for them an almost sacred character. Had not their ancestors been violently separated from the Church by the Reformation, they would have insisted on keeping all

the glorious festivals of the middle ages, not excluding pilgrimages and devotion to the Virgin Mary and the saints. This was manifest among the Catholics, who, having been for a long time deprived by the penal laws of all exterior practices of religion, never failed in their houses to recite their prayers in common at night, to abstain from labor on all the festivals still kept by the Church, to faithfully observe the precepts of abstinence and fasts, to remember the times prescribed by religion either for the joys of Christmas or for the sorrowful remembrance of Our Lord's Passion and death in Lent. The religious feelings which centuries of persecution could not wrest from their hearts were now openly entertained, and inflamed as it were, by their natural fondness for every custom consecrated by tradition. This was universal in the rural districts.

This traditional sentiment markedly contributed to the people's happiness. The stability and security that resulted from it were constant sources of contentment and peace of mind. Whilst the European nations, towards the middle of this century, were groping their way in the dark, dissatisfied with their rulers and with their social system and political institutions, the rural class of the United States thought that no change would better their condition. They were perfectly satisfied with what they possessed, and they would have opposed by force of arms, if necessary, any attempt at revolution. Happy the nation thus satisfied with its lot! Woe to the people following the *ignis fatuus* of imaginary delusions!

Religion. The people of the Southwest, and indeed of the whole country, were a religious people in their way.

The Reformation had divided them into a multitude of sects warring with each other, but all were united against the Catholic Church. It was not their fault; they had inherited this prejudice from their ancestors. I once spoke of this to a Methodist minister, who seemed to be strongly impressed by the idea. This happened in Troy, and the Methodist minister was the pastor of a small congregation whose church was nearly adjacent to our own church of St. Joseph. As he was one day walking behind me on the sidewalk, he overtook me and said bluntly, he wanted to ask me what I thought of Luther and Calvin. "They were," I answered, "two of the greatest miscreants that ever lived" "Why so?" he inquired. "Do not think," I replied, "that I intend to speak of their doctrine; I merely allude to what they have done to you and to me." He appeared quite surprised, and evidently could not fathom my meaning. I therefore explained it at some length.

"If it had not been for Luther and Calvin," said I, "it is very likely that the division they brought into Christendom would never have taken place, or at least would not have assumed the radical character it has at this moment. The abuses that really existed in the Church would have been reformed without any violent disruption, and the unity of the Church would have been preserved. Suppose that this had been the case, and that for some reason or other your little church had been built near the one I occupy, just as they now are. How different would have been our relations! I, thanks be to God, never abuse you and your people in my pulpit, and I am sure that you act as prudently as I do. Nevertheless it is a fact that your people never come to my

church, and few of my own congregation ever enter yours. Both congregations feel that it is their duty to keep separate, and each of them think that the other is radically wrong.

"Had Luther's schism not taken place there might exist some slight difference between us. For instance, the pastor of your church might belong to the secular clergy, and the pastor of mine to some religious order. Each church would then have had a character of its own, well known to the people and appreciated by them. Still both would have belonged to the same great organization going back in time to the first apostles of Christ. It would have been for me a pleasant duty to invite you whenever there would have been something extraordinary among us, as, for instance, a mission; and you would have reciprocated when there would have been among you a *revival*. Helping each other in the temple of God, we both would have had a right to sit, the same day, at each other's table; and the same privilege would have been also ours whenever we thought proper to call on each other at dinner or supper. Every Sunday the sick or dead of your congregation would have been recommended to the prayers of the faithful at my altar, and the same would have taken place in your church. The same pleasant intercourse of the pastors would have existed among the members of the congregations; and what is now never seen, visits, invitations, little presents, etc., would have constantly passed from one to the other.

"This picture of happiness could be indefinitely enlarged, but these few words suffice to show some of the *benefits* (!) we owe to Martin Luther and John Calvin."

My friend was greatly impressed. He evidently never had reflected on the baneful effects of heresy and schism. When I left him, he asked me if he might have another interview with me. I cordially invited him to come to see me, but he never did so.

This complete rupture not only of all Protestant sects from the Catholic Church, but also of the sects from one another, seriously interfered with the religious relations of the people, as the taste for controversy, which had prevailed since the Reformation, was beginning to wane. People thought it better never to speak of religion, except with those they knew to be their co-religionists. Accordingly religion, because it did not occupy the thoughts of men, grew feebler in its hold on them. This was the first step which led to indifference; still the people in country places preserved at that time a deep sense of religious duty, even outside of the Catholic Church. They occasionally felt strongly the importance of saving their souls; and every autumn the Methodist camp-meetings were thronged with anxious people ardently listening to the earnest appeals of their preachers.

Owing probably to an abatement of the controversial spirit, it happened now and then that Catholic priests were invited to appear on the platforms of camp-meetings, or even on Sundays in the pulpits of Protestant clergymen. Rev. Mr. Abel was a favorite preacher on such occasions, and he used to relate with gusto how once, on the borders of Tennessee, he addressed an immense concourse of Methodists in the woods, after having divested himself of his coat, waistcoat, and cravat on account of the heat. The women were first

abashed, but took it well after awhile. Father Badin also, finding himself on a Sunday in a village where there was no Catholic Church, went, on invitation, into a Methodist pulpit, with two of the brethren at his side, and commenced his sermon by saying that "their attention on this day was especially required, because they would have the privilege of hearing, not a licensed preacher, but a man commissioned by the true Church to preach the only true doctrine." It was a remarkable proof of the liberality of those good people that they did not oblige him to come down from the pulpit before he began to preach his true doctrine.

Yes, they were sincerely religious in their way. The doctrines of Tom Paine and Robert Ingersoll had not yet penetrated into the rural districts, and whoever would have blasphemed the divine Author of the Christian religion would have been stopped at once. But this was true only of the rural population, because in large cities Paine had many admirers. I was going to forget the most interesting instance that ever came to my knowledge of the "liberality" of Protestants. Father Petit had built a church in the hamlet of Raywick, a few miles west of St. Mary's, Marion County, Ky.; and the best part of his ministry consisted in visiting the Catholic families scattered in the country around, as far as Grayson County. It was a wild district, almost entirely occupied by farmhouses in the midst of forests, with no roads and consequently no inns. A good lady who lived on the borders of Grayson County took pity on the poor ministers of the Gospel who had to travel in that wilderness going after their scattered flocks. She was a widow and lived

alone with a few negro servants and laborers. Her house was nicely kept and much more comfortable than farmhouses generally were. She had naturally several rooms unoccupied since the death of her husband and the settlement of her grown-up children. She kept one of these rooms for any stray clergyman who might happen towards evening to be in her neighborhood. The first time Father Petit visited that part of the country he heard of this, and was told that, though the lady was a Protestant, she would not thrust him out of doors. And so it happened. As soon as the lady heard there was a *Catholic* clergyman with his horse waiting at the door, a negro was sent to take the animal to the stable with the injunction to treat it well; and the reverend traveller was taken to his room to divest himself of his leggins and duster, and to place in safety his saddle-bags stocked well with everything he required for the administration of the sacraments. But he was soon enveloped in the Old Testament perfume which everywhere pervaded the room assigned to him. For it was an exact copy of the apartment described in the Fourth Book of Kings (chapter four). The lady had evidently consulted her Bible to furnish it just as the "Sunamite woman" furnished a place for Eliseus, "the holy man of God." She had made for him "a little chamber, and put a little bed in it for him, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick, that when he came he might abide there." Was it not charming and delightful?

When Father Petit had given a glance at these arrangements he went down to the rural parlor, and found the good widow waiting for him, after giving orders for supper. It was but proper that the priest should in-

form his kind hostess of his character and standing in the Church. On coming he had already announced that he was a Catholic clergyman, to prevent all misunderstandings. He now presented himself as the *pastor of the Catholic Church in Raywick.* The lady had never seen it, though she had heard a great deal of it. The architects—there were two, namely, the boss mason and the boss carpenter—had conceived the ambitious idea of making it a copy of St. Peter's at Rome. In truth it was only large enough to accommodate a congregation of five hundred people. But at that time it was usual in the West to give great names to little things. I have seen *Cairo* at the mouth of the Ohio, whose whole population came to dine in the hull of an old steamboat moored in the river—the only hotel of the place. I have seen *Paris* and *Versailles* in Kentucky, very unlike the same cities in France. I have seen *Rome* on the Mohawk River, whose Catholic pastor, the Rev. Mr. Beecham, was called the Pope of Rome. So the church of Father Petit at Raywick was supposed to be the *copy* of St. Peter's on the Vatican Hill. The lady had heard much of that splendid edifice in brick, and could not but have a great idea of its pastor. As Father Petit was a very winning man and always cheerful in conversation, the good widow took a great fancy to him during the quiet chat they had during supper and afterwards on the veranda outside of the room.

No need of adding that when the traveller left the house the following morning, he was heartily invited to return whenever chance brought him to the neighborhood.

As to the Catholic farmers in Kentucky, nearly all of them were the descendants of the Marylanders who at the end of last century flocked in great numbers to Kentucky after its separation from Virginia. I have told elsewhere how Mgr. Flaget, appointed bishop for the new country, selected Bardstown, then a small hamlet, as his future see. His motive for so doing was the cheapness of land in that central district of the State. The land on the Ohio or along the Kentucky River, the soil being much more fertile, brought a much higher price. The good Bishop did not reflect that, though this higher price might have incommoded the settlers at the beginning of their tenure, the high productiveness of the land would have secured them far greater comfort afterwards and a stronger probability of rising in the social scale. But the price the Bishop would have had to pay for his own establishment immediately frightened him, and he went to live as a hermit in Nelson County, a very unpromising district. The Catholic immigrants followed him in order to enjoy the blessings of religion—a proof of strong religious feeling. *Kentucky Catholics.*

They were the descendants of Catholics who had chosen Maryland as a refuge against the barbarous laws of the mother country. Bishop Carroll, who remained in Baltimore, gave them his blessing when they departed from under his wings, and as he had been the chief instrument in the appointment of Bishop Flaget, these good men naturally thought that it was their duty to go whithersoever their pastor should go.

Many of these earliest immigrants were still alive when I arrived in this country. I have often visited them in their homes, and been the happy witness of

their virtues. It was impossible not to be struck with their simple and unaffected manners. It would have been difficult to find a single one of their houses in which prayers were not recited in common every evening. On Sundays all those who could leave the house went to church; and it was a pleasure to see around the sacred edifice, often in the woods or at some cross-roads, hundreds of horses tied to the trees or to a fence, whilst the riders, men and women, were devoutly hearing Mass or listening to the sermon. I have often witnessed the scene at St. Charles a few miles from our college.

The negroes went with their masters; for, in general, Catholic masters had Catholic negroes, who were often born, baptized, and prepared for communion on their plantations. If, at the time of the emancipation of the slaves by Lincoln, there had been in the South priests enough to take care of the colored population, there would be at this moment a large number of parishes mainly composed of colored people. Unfortunately the decree of emancipation came too suddenly; nobody was prepared for such a sweeping measure; and it is now difficult to gather the scattered sheep who took to their heels as soon as they heard they were free.

It is needless to add that there were no readers of Tom Paine among the Catholics of the Southwest; and I doubt whether there are now among them any agnostics doubting the existence of God and the certainty of future rewards and punishments. I know from report that their children mostly continue faithful to the Church of their baptism. I am sure that they are more clever and consult their comfort more than their fathers did in my time. But the Church not only does not

oppose this kind of "modern civilization" but, on the contrary, encourages it, as well as education and every branch of sound culture.

The people in the cities.

A study of the city population is a more difficult task than our previous inquiry. The sketch herein attempted refers to a time already passed. The cities of North America forty years ago were very different from what they are now. However, it must not be imagined that they are altogether changed, and that to simplicity and virtue has succeeded debasement and corruption. There are still in this great nation evidences of high moral worth; and the day, I hope, is far distant when the dissolution of society shall have rendered its death imminent. This is my well-settled opinion.

Lastly, my object is not to confine myself here to *large* cities, such as New York or Philadelphia. In the United States the diffusion of comfort, of knowledge, of culture, is so great that smaller cities and towns do not differ so much from the great cities as elsewhere. The rapid increase of communication, coupled with the fondness of Americans for travelling, tend to give to all parts of the country a sameness truly astonishing to a stranger. There are in fact no capitals, no provinces in this country. Any burgher of Albany can consider himself on a level with the wealthiest merchant in New York. The difference between city and farming population consists principally in this, that the rural districts are altogether devoted to agriculture, whilst in all cities, large or small, the usual concerns are commerce, industry, speculation on a large scale, besides the practice of the learned professions, and for a small num-

ber a life of ease in the midst of plenty. Men of various classes are found in all important villages and in many scarcely known towns in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, in fact in all the States of the Union. They all present some, at least, of the features so well known in the most renowned capitals and emporiums of the New World. In short, great and small cities are alike in many points. A foreigner will soon remark this peculiarity, and will find in it a notable contrast to the condition of Europe, where life in the capital differs so greatly from that of the provinces.

We shall first consider the position of American cities and their growth. A stranger will at once admire the situations chosen by Americans for their towns, and praise their foresight in almost every particular. Can any spots be found better adapted to the wants of a metropolis than the sites of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis? Of a smaller population, yet embracing the same classes of wealthy and cultured people, the cities of Albany, Newport, Providence, Hartford, in the East; of Pittsburg, Louisville, Buffalo, Detroit, etc., strike us, because of the adaptation of their sites to the purposes of commerce and industry.

Sometimes, of course, the selection of these sites was not due to foresight, but to a lucky combination of chances. The pioneers, happening to strike a spot that pleased them, laid out a village, and began to build it. Its rapid growth or its standstill character would depend on circumstances which could scarcely be foreseen. After success had been achieved, the original projectors might be unduly praised for anticipating

advantages which did not enter into their calculations. It even sometimes happened that after selecting a spot they saw after awhile that they were mistaken, and their bright anticipations turned to utter failure. This took place, it is said, at Frederick in Maryland, which has remained a village though the originators of the plan had forecast for their project a most brilliant future. The city of Chicago, on the other hand, after a most unfavorable beginning (so that in 1840, long after the original sale of lots, it contained only 4479 inhabitants), has reached in 1880 the number of 503,185 inhabitants, and is destined to rise still higher in population and wealth.

The Portuguese, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Englishmen who undertook to colonize America had received from the Church the principles of a high culture which they took with them to the new continent. Finding almost no obstacle to their schemes from the few wandering tribes they met in the woods—Mexico and Peru are the only exceptions—they began to build cities protected by fortresses at all points which they thought advantageous for the objects they had in view. Thus the Portuguese built Bahia, Rio Janeiro, and other towns on the coast of Brazil; the Spaniards not only gave a new shape to the cities of Mexico, Cuzco, and others previously built by the native Americans, but they covered the new continent with cities and towns of their own, such as Buenos Ayres, Lima, Bogota, Habana, etc. The French built Quebec and Montreal, New Orleans and St. Louis; lastly the English promoted the growth of New York founded by the Dutch, and impressed the seal of their peculiar civilization on Boston,

Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities. The best spots were often selected, and all the modern appliances in use among Christians in the Old World were introduced on the virgin soil of this continent.

The discoverers and colonizers of America gave the names of their native countries—New Spain (Mexico), New France (Canada), New England (the Red Indian's former home). The new cities and towns on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi, often received the names of European cities, and were built on a plan adapted to the needs of men enriched with the treasures of progressing science and accustomed to the refinements of modern taste.

Thoughts like these occurred to me when I landed in New York. The population of the city amounted to only 300,000, and there were very few public buildings remarkable for their size or beauty. New York to-day (1884) has more than quadrupled its population, and made astounding progress in refinement and magnificence. I had left Paris two months before; and I cannot say I found Paris again at the mouth of the Hudson River. The first time I travelled along Broadway from Bowling Green to Prince Street—I purposely walked all the way, to take a better look at this new city—I almost imagined I was again strolling along the *Rue St. Honoré* or the *Chaussée d'Antin*. The houses, it is true, were then of a very inferior type, seldom rising higher than three stories, with brick fronts, and almost mean-looking windows. No trace of real architecture appeared; as to art in any shape, you might as well have looked for it in the suburbs of Guimper-Corentin in Brittany.

But on entering any store, whether on the ground-

floor or higher up, you soon began to perceive that New York was already a great emporium, in communication with the whole world, where you could find at short notice any goods, however costly, even articles of virtu, such as you had thought only London or Paris could procure. You would have been confirmed in your opinion, if after a stroll along Broadway, you had gone to inspect the wharves either on the East or the North River. No doubt you would have been struck with the ugliness of the wooden piers, but for several miles on both sides you would have admired the stately or graceful barks and ships lately arrived from the farthest ends of the globe.

What struck me most in Broadway was the multitude of men, all hurriedly walking, seldom talking together, and apparently buried in thought. It was worse than on the *trottoirs* of Paris; yet you were forcibly reminded of them. The great difference, however, was that in Paris you saw in the streets as many women as men; and in New York, at ten o'clock in the morning, men alone appeared to be alive and doing. I afterwards learned that the ladies seldom went out before the afternoon, and many of them supplied themselves in other, less crowded streets where they found more leisure for bargaining and talking. The almost total absence of talk, even in the shops, was also a remarkable feature. A rapid inspection on the part of the purchaser, a few words exchanged with the salesman, and the bargain was concluded; money was paid to a third person, and the purchaser went out as rapidly as he had come in. This at first amused me greatly; but on remarking that there were no ladies on those occasions (the custom of

having saleswomen behind the counter not having as yet reached New York), I concluded that it was but natural; at any rate there was a great economy of time.

A jewelry shop in Maiden Lane.

Mr. Brewster was a young Englishman, one of my fellow passengers on the Utica, who had invited me to visit his store in Maiden Lane, if I found a moment's leisure during my stay in New York. During our voyage he had imparted to me some of his knowledge on the way of conducting business in the New World. He preferred America to England, he said, because, though you were occasionally exposed to greater losses in dealing with Americans, still the amount of transactions was so far above the usual run of trade in England that the profits in the end were considerably above what could be expected in the old country. This I heard from him on the ship, and it tickled my curiosity; so I went one fine afternoon to visit his store.

Maiden Lane was—and it still is—one of the most active commercial thoroughfares in the city of New York. That part of Broadway and the adjacent streets which lies south of City Hall was at that time exclusively devoted to the wholesale trade. A peep at Maiden Lane, consequently, would give me a fair idea of the importance of New York. To this place, a little spot about two miles square, come once or twice a year the retail merchants and jobbers from every part of the United States to fill their stores with goods freshly arrived from Europe or Asia. They mostly preferred New York to Boston or Philadelphia. At that time the area of the United States territory to which the trade of New York extended was far less considerable than it is now. Still it already passed the

Mississippi in the West. The means of transportation were already numerous and safe, though there were then no railroads except along the Atlantic seaboard.

In Maiden Lane, therefore, I could judge of the goods in demand in the backwoods of Kentucky and the prairies of Illinois and Iowa. Mr. Brewster dealt chiefly in costly articles—British gold and silver articles and French jewelry. Had I gone farther south along Broadway directly after visiting him, and entered some of the stores in Beaver and Front streets, I should undoubtedly have seen large bales of bulky merchandise with directions to a number of Western or Southern States. The packages that Mr. Brewster could show me were much smaller and of a totally different character; still many of them bore the proof that he had customers in the same localities.

His establishment consisted of three large rooms, one for his English, the second for his French goods; the third was for his accountants and clerks. His own private cabinet was a very small apartment from which his eyes ranged over the whole of his little kingdom. He evidently was a provider for the refined enjoyment of the upper classes in this country; though his rooms were not crowded, still there was a number of purchasers inspecting his samples, and conversing in a low voice with some of his salesmen. He was heartily glad to see me, and I sincerely reciprocated the compliment. A number of glass-covered show-cases filled a great part of the rooms; it was easy to see at once the character of the merchandise. The rich material, graceful forms, perfection of detail, everything indicated excellent taste and admirable finish. I was amazed.

"Well, Mr. Brewster," I said, "it seems that the words of Talleyrand were not true, or at least are not in this century." This alluded to a conversation we had on the ship, when I related to him the saying of Talleyrand of which he had never heard, namely, that *les Américains sont de fiers cochons et des cochons fiers.* He smiled and replied that "the celebrated diplomatist had evidently never associated with the educated classes of Americans." "But," said I, "are these classes numerous?" "At least they handsomely support me," he replied, "as well as many other merchants of my class in New York."

I inquired more particularly how great was the number of those for whose gratification he kept his store open, and from which parts of the country he received orders and money. I learned that the greatest number of demands came from the Eastern and the Southern States. Few from great cities, such as Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore. There were importers of the same articles in those great centres of commerce. But towns of a moderate size, sometimes even mere villages, contributed the greatest number of purchasers, after the New-Yorkers, who, of course, were his best customers. During the last decade his correspondence with the West and the South had considerably increased. In Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, even Illinois, there was a fair prospect. But it was chiefly from the South that the increase came. The rich planters of Virginia, Tennessee, and Louisiana were far ahead of the New-Englanders in point of taste; and in many little towns of those States there were retail merchants who had lately opened accounts with him.

This conversation was of great interest to me; it first suggested to me the thought—which has grown into a conviction—that there are no provinces and no capitals in this country; and that the same degree of culture is gradually extending over the whole of North America.

Growth of cities.

One of the most remarkable features of the United States was the rapid growth of its cities. Even when I landed, this growth was wonderful. New York, which in 1790 contained only 33,000 souls, had reached the number of more than 300,000 in 1838. Brooklyn, in the same period of time, had grown from 1600 to 25,000 —more than 1500 per cent. New York, from 1790 to 1880, the year of the last census—a period of ninety years—has multiplied the number of its inhabitants nearly sixty-five times. Unfortunately, I did not inquire what the population of other cities was. But the growth of many of them was almost equally remarkable. Chicago, for instance, a city of only 4500 inhabitants in 1840, at the last census (1880) counted a population of more than 500,000—111 times as large as in 1840. These two instances certainly are abnormal; few cities in the United States have increased as rapidly as Chicago and New York. Still for the great majority of them the progress in population has been extraordinary; and the towns that have remained stationary are few in number and considered of no account. Since the Civil War (1861–1865) the Western cities have grown in a most wonderful manner, and the States of Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas are now dotted with numerous centres of population whose names were unknown twenty years ago.

We will now glance for a moment at the character

of the population of American cities, the various classes of citizens and their relations to one another.

There have been both in the North and the South of this country symptoms of aristocratic aspirations, or rather there has been a feeling among certain sections of the people that they are superior to others. The descendants of the Puritans of New England, and those of the Knickerbockers in New York, have always prided themselves more or less on their descent.

In the South the *Cavaliers* were never confined to Virginia. As long as slavery subsisted the great planters of the South formed a class apart, with aristocratic tendencies.

At this time in the United States there is no danger of the rise of an aristocracy of blood; but there is a moneyed aristocracy actually in existence, and it is one of the great dangers of the Republic. It was coming to the surface when I landed on these shores in 1838; but since that time it has assumed astounding proportions.

Inventive genius.

The North-American is naturally prone to speculation. When this is confined to the devising of new inventions for the purpose of making money, it cannot but be beneficial in the main to the nation. It cheapens labor, increases comfort, stimulates industry, prevents idleness or mere routine, and gives to the workman a certain moral tone, of a low degree, no doubt, yet preferable to the rough manners of the unthinking, mechanical laborer. In 1838 this kind of speculation was already remarkable in this country. It extended to all classes of people. The number of inventions was great, and the Patent Office in Washington astonished me when I first saw it. But even those who did not apply for a

patent and never intended to become inventors, showed an extraordinary aptitude for getting over little difficulties which would have appeared insurmountable to a Frenchman or an Italian. An incident of my journey from the East to the West in December, 1838, and January, 1839, will illustrate this. In Ohio, owing to the bad roads, we were far behind the stage time, and on one occasion we started on our route five hours late. The new driver had lost his temper because he was obliged to wait so long; finally when he was ready, he started his horses at a gallop. Soon the darkness of the night came on, and I remarked that there was no light in the lanterns, the glass of one of them being broken. I confess I felt some fear for our safety. But the driver was a Yankee, and he knew what he was about. He stopped at the first farmhouse we came to, and after a few words with the housewife he told us that we could take our supper there, and in twenty minutes we should start again. His temper had evidently cooled down, and I thought I could safely call his attention to the want of glass in the lanterns. "I know it," he answered, and without a word more he went to one of the windows of the room, and taking from his waistcoat pocket a glazier's diamond he cut out what he needed. A few minutes afterwards the damage was repaired, and we were again on our way.

I am sure this could never have happened among my countrymen; and many similar facts that I witnessed deeply impressed me with the practical turn of mind of the American pioneer. The Comte de Paris, when attached to the Army of the Potomac during the secession war, wondered at the aptitude of American private

soldiers for everything requiring skill and invention, wherever an unforeseen difficulty occurred.

American enterprise.

But American enterprise did not stop here. Wealthy men had concluded that the best investment for their money consisted in forming companies on the Atlantic seaboard, for the purpose of rendering the West more accessible and developing its resources. The Erie Canal had been dug and was in full operation when I arrived. A line of railway from Boston to Washington connected the North with the South, and at all important points along the line branches were being constructed with the intention of ultimately reaching the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. On all the streams of importance along the ocean and in the interior of the country steamboats floated, to enrich by commerce the newly founded cities. I do not speak of manufactures, of which I took no heed at the time. I will later have an occasion to speak of them when my stay in Troy is mentioned.

All these vast enterprises could not but be extremely useful to the country. The formation, however, of so many wealthy companies necessitated a great extension in the operations of exchange. Shares and stocks of every description began to pass from hand to hand. The comparatively small number of men who had set on foot the companies were not satisfied with receiving their dividends; they speculated also on the rise or fall of shares; and many people who could not or would not contribute to the original capital began also to feel a deep interest in what was soon called "gambling in stocks." The "bulls" and "bears" were soon contending for their respective "margins" in Wall Street, New York.

To facilitate these operations a new Exchange building was necessary, the one in use being in fact a disgrace to New York. They were constructing it when I landed, and I admired the immense blocks of white marble with which the ground was strewn, and chiefly the stately columns, some of which were already in place. The same edifice is still used to-day; and I was then far from foreseeing the deplorable scenes which would one day take place in it, particularly on the great occasion of *Black Friday*.

The greatest works undertaken in 1838 were cheap and simple. The boats on the Erie Canal were drawn by horses, and the small bridges over it were shabby wooden structures. The railroad stations were wooden shells. The public roads (except a few), being neither paved nor macadamized, were streams of mire in winter, and beds of dust the remainder of the year. The steamboats alone were of elegant construction, and struck the eyes of a newly landed European with admiration.

But in spite of deficiencies the object in view was attained, and the transportation of persons and goods was more rapid and less costly than in any part of Europe.

The study of the economical question (which differs a great deal in America from what it is in Europe with its sects of anarchists, socialists, and communists) must be deferred a while, because it was scarcely alive when I landed, and could not attract my attention. There was noticeable, however, even then, for those initiated into the knowledge of social questions, a well-marked leaning toward an excess of speculation; since Brownson

opposed it with all his might several years before he became a Catholic (1844). He already considered the United States as the most advanced nation after Great Britain in the pursuit of commerce and industry on a large scale, fully saw the danger of it, and wished to bring back the people to their former fondness for agriculture and *private* industry. It was a task above his power.

In point of fact the demoniac love of gain, the immoderate desire of becoming rich at once and without delay, were already becoming the predominant passion of a large class of men; and there was no knowing where it would stop, as soon as many gigantic enterprises which soon after occupied the thoughts of the public would be planned and forthwith executed. Of this anon; I am not here supposed to know more than I did at my arrival into the country.

Neatness. What struck me most in 1839 (and I have since learned that all intelligent foreigners on landing experience the same feeling of surprise and curiosity) was the exterior appearance of neatness and comfort visible everywhere in the streets and public squares. No really poor people, no tattered garments could be seen anywhere. The aspect of large cities has changed since, owing particularly to the armies of poor immigrants who have arrived. There is still, however, a great deal of the former neatness in dress and habits; but at that time there was scarcely a blemish in the picture. I admired particularly the white linen of the butchers and milk-venders coming from the suburbs of the city every morning during the week. All were shaved clean, and the custom of wearing

thick beards or whiskers had not yet made its appearance.

Undoubtedly outward appearances were favorable. But were the social conditions equally sound? On this point I will state what I remarked at the time, and how it compared with what I knew of Europe.

Aristocratic elements.

In the first place, in spite of the apparent uniformity, I knew, and soon saw, that there were very distinct classes in this country, as everywhere else on earth. The principle of equality before the law was to a great degree carried out, but of social equality there was little evidence. If feudalism did not exist in the United States, at least the division of society into the rich and the poor, the cultured and the uncultured, was recognized everywhere; and the first picture placed before the eyes of all was that of two opposite social streams separated by a profound and impassable chasm, so that their waters could not meet. This was apparent chiefly in the cities. What was the chief cause of this divergence? Blood, talent, or money? The three entered into it; but in 1839 it was difficult to say which predominated. Blood at first sight had no place in the Republic. Public opinion was against titles, and all citizens were forbidden to receive distinctions from foreign sovereigns. Still all along the Atlantic coast there was an aristocracy of birth. In New England it comprised the descendants, real or pretended, of the Plymouth pilgrims. In the State of New York it embraced the Knickerbockers, as they were called, i.e., the posterity of the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam and Fort Orange. In the South, from Maryland to Georgia, it consisted of the descendants of

the Cavaliers, more prominent in Virginia, but more or less scattered over many hundreds of miles along the ocean.

A few words about the aristocracies of talent and of money. The former was based either on achievements in the army or on superior insight in politics and superior powers of eloquence; it was never of any consequence. The people at the bottom were opposed to aristocratic ideas and favored neither a military caste nor a class composed of fine talkers and phrase-makers.

The moneyed aristocracy was just beginning to rise when I landed, and therefore needs no lengthy discussion.

Simplicity of manners.

From my arrival I remarked in the people something of a patriarchal disposition, which at that time was apparent almost universally in the most humble as well as in the highest ranks of society. In foreign books of travel, chiefly English, the Americans have often been abused and ridiculed for what was called their coarseness and boorishness. But I remarked that the incidents criticised by these travellers touched chiefly a few exterior peculiarities. The Americans smoked so as to be offensive to ladies, they chewed tobacco, and the consequence of both habits was rendered more offensive by the scanty use of the handkerchief. In conversation they gave each other ridiculous titles: captain, colonel, doctor, etc.; questioned people about their names, occupation, place of origin, etc. All these defects and many more have been cast up to them *ad nauseam;* and we all know what consequences Talleyrand drew from these incongruities. In reading the book of Mrs. Trollope, published a short time

before my arrival, I occasionally smiled, because there was often real wit in her remarks. But after all, said I, this does not affect the national character. Are the Americans ready to oblige, charitable toward the poor, moral, and just in their dealings? These are questions of importance, and Mrs. Trollope did not touch upon them. When I examined these questions and remembered many facts which had come to my knowledge I was forced to respect highly this great people.

One of the chief traits that I admired was their natural inclination to oblige; I perceived later on that this often took the form of relieving the distressed. They often subjected themselves to great inconvenience and expense in case of accidents, then very frequent on steamboats, railroads, canal-boats and in stages. When cases of extreme poverty—very rare at that time—came to their knowledge, they applied themselves with diligence to its immediate relief, and gave the best advice to prevent its recurrence. They generously contributed to the support of asylums and to the establishment of new charitable institutions. What are the few blemishes mentioned above compared to these admirable qualities of heart and mind?

Their simplicity of manners was very remarkable also in other respects, and it was almost universal. There was occasionally roughness in its exhibition, because exterior refinement was confined to the small circle of the educated. But the eye of a critical observer could detect it on many occasions when it would not have been perceived by a superficial looker-on. They were simple and unaffected in their conversation, though

their expressions were sometimes not very grammatical. They showed this simplicity especially in following nature in their general habits and ways of life. Early risers, they seldom prolonged their evening relaxation beyond a reasonable limit; and this was a voucher for their morality. They avoided extravagance of dress; it was only on rare occasions that they indulged in costly finery and carried a part of their fortune on their backs. Few of them had carriages, and when etiquette required a carriage they sent to the nearest livery stable. It is needless to add that you never saw in New York that endless procession of splendid coaches which now every afternoon meets the eye on Fifth Avenue. Broadway, at that time the great thoroughfare, was filled with stages; and I have often, from the window of an omnibus, counted stage after stage between the steeple of Trinity and that of Grace Church.

The same simplicity was remarkable at great dinners. French and Italian cooking had scarcely begun to penetrate into the wealthiest houses; and it would have been preposterous to look for restaurants with a Parisian bill of fare. Bleecker Street was then the fashionable resort of the aristocracy in New York, and this sufficiently emphasizes what is here meant by simplicity. I never heard at that time that a dinner could last five hours; and this in fact was impossible when the best families were served *à l'anglaise* with only excellent roast beef and spring chicken for meat, and sherry or port for drink; some West India fruit or peaches ended the meal. The gardeners had not yet introduced into the country the numerous varieties of pears, grapes,

strawberries, and nuts which now detain the guest for half an hour before sipping his coffee and drinking the last *petit verre.*

In a word, there was no extravagance of any kind; and what is better still, there were many signs of a healthy morality. The doctrine of "free love," which was first broached about that time by some male and female *phalansterians,* found few disciples among the fair sex in America; and even the study of art, for which some Massachusetts *dilettanti* in Boston strove at the same time to create a taste in this country, met with strong opposition on account of the nude, which the modesty of the women could not bear. Powers's "Greek Slave," admired in Florence by all classes of people, appeared shocking to a great number of Americans, who positively refused to go to see it when it was first exhibited in this country. *Morality.*

The moral sense of the community was everywhere remarkable, but since that time there has been a great decline, though there are still among us precious relics of those halcyon days. What part the Knickerbockers of New York had in this almost Arcadian simplicity would be a difficult question to answer. The same simplicity and morality characterized the other Americans. The Puritans of New England, the Cavaliers of Virginia, even the creoles of Louisiana, were equally simple and moral; and it was natural that it should be so, since they all came from Christian races which had been trained by the great Mother of mankind—the Catholic Church. Still there was more harshness in the New-Englanders, more extravagance among the Virginians and Carolinians, more fickleness and levity

among the French of the South, than among the Knickerbockers of New York.

There is no doubt in my opinion that the Dutch of New Amsterdam and Fort Orange were very influential in forming the character of the people in the Middle and Northern States of the Union. If those who came first were rough, uncouth, and uneducated, at the end of their sway many families among them had proved their nobility by their deeds, and formed a singularly remarkable race among those that flourished fifty years ago.

The New England element in Troy.

New-Englandism is not confined to the six New England States. Wherever zeal for education, and Emerson's peculiar transcendental philosophy prevail, the New England race exists in its essential elements. It can be studied to better advantage in the towns which have been founded by men from New England than in the parent country. Troy is one of them, and I have had a full opportunity of observing the character of its inhabitants during a residence of nearly twenty years. The number of men belonging to the New England aristocracy was very limited. Some New-Englanders of Troy were not entitled to the name. Others claimed to be descendants of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower.

The *village* of Troy was incorporated by State acts passed April 2, 1801, and April 9, 1805; and the *city* charter was granted April 12, 1816. Though the first house built there belonged to a Knickerbocker family by the name of Vanderheyden, in my time the men of Dutch origin were not numerous; the most respectable families of the city were originally New-Englanders

from Massachusetts and Vermont, and I must say that the chief among them could not be called Puritans. They were, most of them, Episcopalians, some were Puseyites or High Churchmen who disclaimed the name of Protestants and called themselves Catholics. Still Ritualism was not yet born.

The Episcopalians, when I arrived, formed three influential congregations—St. Paul's, St. John's, and Holy Cross. The last, though the least numerous, was the most remarkable for its High Church tenets, which came very near to those of the Catholic Church. Rev. Mr. Ireland Tucker was their pastor, and it would have been difficult to find in England or this country a more learned and exemplary churchman. The Episcopalians of Troy and also of Lansingburg, adjoining it, were always very friendly to Catholics, and in the difficulties I experienced during the Know-nothing excitement of 1857, I always found my chief support among them, and in spite of the madness of the hour they continued to possess great influence on account of their social standing and wealth. They, at least, could not be called foreigners, as the Catholics were called, and if America must belong to the Americans, as was then proclaimed, they had a right to claim a share of it, particularly in Troy, which they had so much contributed to found.

But their social standing must occupy us for a moment. They were New-Englanders, and they were at the head of the city in point of refinement, education, and wealth. They were found in banks, manufacturing establishments, and great commercial houses. At home their life was distinguished by true refinement of manners and well-bred simplicity. Whenever I met any of

them I imagined I was again among the Knickerbocker families I had known in New York. In both cases very little was heard of politics, in which they took little interest; but often travel and foreign countries were the subjects of conversation. I instinctively felt that I was in aristocratic circles. Still they were New-Englanders, and consequently there was what I would call a kind of aristocracy in New England.

In Troy there was a very *respectable* body of New England Presbyterians, whom I will not accuse of carrying their intolerance as far as their ancestors had done. Three or four congregations, under their pastors, formed, as it were, the aristocracy of the city. The wealthiest among them were manufacturers, bankers, speculators, and wholesale merchants. Though they were not as refined in manners as the Episcopalians, especially the Puseyites, they were far prouder and formed a little circle of their own. Some few among them were taking their first steps in the humanizing process so remarkable among sects in the present century.

But most of these gentlemen and ladies were completely under the sway of the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Troy, the Rev. Mr. Beman. Charity does not oblige me to conceal his name, since he openly gloried in his intolerance. It is sufficient to say that he was a fair representative of the old Massachusetts Puritans described by Brownson. It was a curious peculiarity of his to vent his bile once a year, on Thanksgiving day. Though he seldom announced beforehand the subject of his sermon, all Trojans knew that it would be a concoction of the coarsest abuse of the Pope, the papists, the foreigners in general, and the

St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N.Y.
Father Thébaud's Residence, 1851 1860 and 1863-1868.

Irish in particular. I have always admired the patience of the sons of Erin who did not go to hear his diatribes, but read a summary of his ribaldry in some daily paper. They numbered at least ten thousand in Troy, and the city police consisted of a few constables. Though uneducated and unacquainted with the "code of honor," the Irish had brawny arms, and could deftly handle heavy pieces of iron. Still they never went in a body to his house to protest against his abuse; nor did they so much as express dislike or scorn when they met him in the streets.

This man certainly was a cause of strife in the city. The great majority of Protestants disliked him on this account; but as they abstained from speaking pointedly to him or of him, they had not the power of putting a stop to his abuse. The people of whom Mr. Beman was pastor could have compelled him to speak more becomingly; but they evidently were pleased with him, and he expressed what they all felt inwardly.

I had once an occasion to judge of Beman's total want of Christian feeling.

The winter of 1857 was extremely severe and, the workingmen having been for a long time without work, there was great distress in many families. The citizens had generously contributed to the relief of the poor—Americans never neglect to do so—but the needs seemed to increase in proportion to their charity. Some thoughtful people suggested that a great deal of good might result from a public meeting of all the pastors of churches in Troy, for the purpose of coming to some arrangement about a joint appeal for aid, the pastors acting in behalf of their congregations. I was there,

of course. At first everything went on admirably. The ministers who spoke understood charity as irrespective of denominations. The collections in the parishes would go to make a common fund, and a committee composed of pastors and laymen would distribute the proceeds. I admired the remarks of the Unitarian minister—Mr. Pullman, I think—and of one of the Episcopalian clergymen, who now is, I believe, an Episcopalian bishop. Mr. Beman was also present. He rose, began by saying that the Presbyterians had no *poor* people, and consequently would give their money without any return. They had thus a right to impose conditions, and he would state them. Before doing so he would briefly examine the general question of charity. Is he charitable who gives of his means for the support of idleness, of drunkenness, of every vile practice and vice? Has an impostor any claim to relief because he is clothed in rags and the den of his family is filthy? After a long declamation against *poverty* under the name of *imposture*, he launched into a maze of other questions. "Who among you can say that this is not true? Who can find any exaggeration in my words? Who among you has not often met with these impostors? Who? Who?"

I grew indignant, and imagined I saw before me an evil spirit declaiming against the poverty of Christ. Unable at last to stand it, I—without even rising in my seat—ejaculated the simple and short word *I*. Everybody knew me, and a deep silence ensued. Beman turned proudly toward the president of the meeting, called for his *protection* against the disturber who had dared to interrupt him, and practically asked for my

expulsion from the hall. The president—a layman—who probably shared my opinion, did not appear willing to comply, nor even to ask an apology from me. I remained calm in my seat, with my eyes on Mr. Beman, waiting for further developments. Nobody seemed to know what to do next, when Mr. Pullman, the Unitarian minister, stood up and in a clear voice addressed Mr. Beman a few words, soothing but at the same time firm and true. "There had been," he said, "no interruption at all, but only a quiet answer to questions evidently addressed to everybody in the house." He begged of Mr. Beman to continue speaking, and come to the *conditions* he had promised to state to the meeting for his cooperation in the present undertaking. Finally, raising the thin veil with which Beman had enveloped his words, Mr. Pullman directly attacked the question of the Irish. I cannot now repeat even the substance of his speech; but I must say that I seldom, if ever, in my life heard or read a better answer to the reproaches usually directed against them. What he said particularly of the Irish girls, "whom," he said, "all knew in Troy, and whose services scarcely any one could dispense with," moved me to tears; and I need not say that at the end of the meeting I went to Mr. Pullman to express my gratitude in behalf of my people; and we both shook hands heartily in the presence of the whole assemblage.

The *conditions* imposed by Mr. Beman for his cooperation consisted in this: no one should be relieved unless he stated his place of nativity, the denomination to which he belonged, his moral character attested by proper vouchers, etc. It was evident that the man who

should submit to this ordeal would feel degraded, and only men unworthy of relief would answer this humiliating interrogatory. Still Mr. Beman insisted on it; and in consequence the meeting broke up without any result.

That the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Troy was backed by the great majority of his denomination was proved soon after in a most curious manner. The story deserves to be recorded.

There was a certain number of Presbyterians in the city who disliked the harshness of Beman, and one of the Calvinist ministers—Robinson by name, I think—openly agreed with them, and spoke kindly of Catholics, even of Irish Catholics. An enterprising and wealthy wool-merchant—Mr. Kerr—of the same persuasion, thought he could please himself and his friends by a speculation that certainly was perfectly allowable under the circumstances. He purchased three lots in a fashionable part of the city, on one side of Washington Square, and built a brick church, large enough to suit his purposes. This done, Rev. Mr. Robinson—I am not sure of the name—was duly appointed minister by a newly formed congregation; and the relative forces of the strait-laced elect of God and of the more liberal adherents of Calvin could now be duly ascertained. It soon became evident that the liberals were far inferior to the intolerants. The wool-merchant had been greatly mistaken in his calculations. His speculation completely failed, and when I left Troy in 1873 there was every prospect of a total collapse. I have not since inquired what became of the church, of the congregation, and of the minister, though I certainly wished them well.

Many Presbyterians in Troy were rich, great manufacturers, bankers, merchants. Did they show a true Christian spirit in their relations with their humble employés? In my limited experience I rarely ever saw any example of it. I will set down one. There were in my parish several large manufacturing establishments. One of them was carried on by a wealthy Scotch Presbyterian family. Nearly all their servants were Catholics; most of the men they employed as laborers or artisans were likewise my parishioners. They were not interfered with in the practice of their religion, and I never heard of any attempt to make Presbyterians of them. On one occasion an old Scotch sailor who worked in the mill having applied to me for instruction, the lady of the big house, who frequently relieved his distress because she was a Scotchwoman, not only did nothing to prevent him from becoming a Catholic, but actually gave orders to a tailor for a complete suit of new clothes to be used by him on the day of his baptism.

The head of the same great manufacturing establishment, the son of the lady of whom I just spoke, having built a church for his family, saw with pleasure the *gentlemen* employed by him attend this church on Sundays with their families; but he would never consent to give a seat to any low Irishman or colored laborer, with the exception of his own negro servants.

Employers and employés in Troy.

But apart from religion what were the relations between employers and employés? They were strictly a matter of business, of wages and work. For every day's labor I will pay you so much, and this done we are quits. Should you fall sick, it is your affair, even

in case you have given me satisfaction for years. Nay, more: should you be incapacitated in working for me, without any fault of yours or of mine, I owe you nothing, and it is not to me you have to apply for relief, but to your personal friends; I am not one of them.

Whenever any of my poor parishioners fell sick or met with an accident, if they had not previously been able to lay by something for a "rainy day"—which was indeed seldom the case—they were forced to apply to their fellow workmen, who never failed to respond, and I did not hear that the rich factory owner ever headed the list of subscribers.

One of my neighbors and parishioners, by the name of McCormick, was a carpenter who had been employed for a great number of years in a prosperous factory. He had a wife and five or six small children to support; and by dint of great industry and economy he had succeeded not only in keeping them comfortable, but also in buying and paying for a lot of ground with a neat frame house in which he dwelt.

On one occasion, during winter, a large building which served as a storehouse for iron that had not yet been delivered, was found to have a leaky roof. McCormick was ordered to stop the leak. He knew the building and was aware that he should find it a hard job; but a closer examination convinced him that it would also be extremely dangerous. The snow had partially thawed on the roof, and a new spell of cold had covered the slanting roof with a thick sheet of ice. There were no gutters to prevent the workman, in case of an accident, from falling into Wynant's Kill, a stream running fifty feet below. McCormick ascer-

tained that he would have to work on that side of the building. He communicated this information to the superintendent, and asked for help to build a scaffolding which he thought absolutely necessary. Help could not be given him, and there was no time to construct a scaffolding, because the roof had to be repaired before the end of the day.

He nailed a board on the very top of the roof, and sat down upon it. He had first to clear away the ice and ascertain the spot to be repaired. On bending forward he suddenly glided down from his seat, and saw with dismay that he was on the ice, and too far down to catch the board on which he had rested.

It was a dreadful moment. The slight inclination of the roof prevented a rapid descent. Still, in spite of all his efforts to stop his descent, he perceived that a terrible fall could not be avoided. When he arrived at the edge of the roof he endeavored to hold on to it, but the smoothness of the ice prevented. Just then, after recommending himself to God, he remembered having heard that the only way to escape under such circumstances was to jump with the feet foremost. He made the required movement, and a few seconds afterwards his heels struck the ground, and he lay prostrate at the bottom of the ravine.

McCormick had not lost his consciousness. Men from the mill were soon around him. They transported him on a hand-barrow to his house, not far distant. Surgeons, to the great surprise of all, found no bone was broken; there was no exterior injury, but the lower limbs appeared paralyzed.

McCormick had severely sprained both legs; he could

not walk and leave his house for fifteen months after the accident. Still it was a great blessing for his family that he was not killed outright. Had this been the case, the family would have been reduced to penury until the boys should have grown up and worked to help their mother. At the time this happened there was only a boy of fifteen—the oldest—who could earn a few dollars a week when the mill was in operation.

From McCormick I heard that no inquiry ever came from the big house about his condition and that of his family; no part of his wages was continued during his compulsory idleness.

This was the course of things whenever an accident happened. I vividly remember the cruel death of three young Irishmen lately landed. One of them was ordered to transport in an iron wagon a load of red-hot embers from the mill and throw it into an angle of the building. Two others were to help him. Snow had fallen during the night, and they were not warned against the danger of pouring out burning fire on the snow. They were supposed to know it. The sudden expansion of the vapor from the snow enveloped the poor boys, half-clad as they were. Their bodies were fearfully scalded and burned; and worse still, they all swallowed some of the steam. One of them died the same day. The others soon after followed him. As usual a collection was taken up among the workmen for the bereaved families, and the employers did nothing. Had I taken the trouble to record all similar accidents I could furnish many more examples of brutal insensibility, so little in accord with the American character.

Louisiana aristocracy.

The position of the wealthier class in Louisiana I will illustrate by recounting a trip I made down the Mississippi in 1842. I was amazed when we reached Bayou Sara, where the most gorgeous scene met our eyes. From the upper deck of our steamboat a long perspective of princely mansions on both sides of the river suddenly appeared as if evoked by the wand of an Oriental magician. Each of them rose a palace embosomed in the green foliage of the shore. It was the latter part of April, the end of spring in Louisiana. Hundreds of mocking-birds and other songsters filled the balmy air with harmony; and the mighty stream, not yet swollen to overflowing by the melting of the snow at the head of the Missouri, was nevertheless almost even with the levee, which ran along the shore like a ribbon colored by the light of the midday sun.

What an enchanting sight! It looked a majestic thoroughfare of palaces built in a paradise of forest scenery. For though each house belonged to a whole plantation, and occupied only the centre of a large enclosure, they were all so roomy and so vast that any slanting view of them from the river made them appear contiguous, like the houses of a street. But what city in the whole universe could offer to the eye so noble a view?

The magnificent avenues of New York, Philadelphia, and Washington dwindle almost into insignificance alongside a highway almost sixty miles long, bordered by stately palaces arrayed in a double line along the banks of the ever-rushing waters of the Mississippi.

The houses themselves, of course, were not of granite nor of marble. Most of them were simply frame build-

ings. But from the distance at which I stood I could not perceive the nature of the material; and had they been built of metal or of porphyry, they could not have produced a more powerful impression on the imagination of the beholder.

Alas! all this is now gone. In 1862, just twenty years after I enjoyed the spectacle, the owners themselves set most of these mansions on fire, that they might not fall into the hands of Farragut, who was coming up with his fleet after the capture of New Orleans.

It is now important to know who were these "owners," for they were what might be called the creole aristocracy of Louisiana.

A short time before 1842, our college of St. Mary's, Marion County, Ky., had become known to a certain number of creole families in New Orleans, and in consequence some of their children had been entrusted to our care. I called upon the parents of these boys as soon as the business that brought me to Louisiana allowed me to do so. They all had either a house or at least an office in the city; but some of them spent the night with their families on the plantations they owned out of town.

They invited me to spend a day or two in the country with them, and nothing could please me better. I had arranged everything at home so that I could enjoy a fortnight's vacation. This would enable me to learn a great deal of Louisiana, and to acquire some information on the state of religion and morals among the creoles. It happened that one of the gentlemen I visited was the owner of a large estate on the Mississippi River, three miles north of New Orleans. His house in

fact was one of those I had so much admired in coming down. The narrative of the pleasant day I spent there will suffice to give an idea of the creole planters, because nearly all the Catholic houses of the neighborhood were the duplicates of the one I saw. I will call the gentleman Z.

Early on the day appointed he came himself to the bishop's house in a carriage drawn by two spirited horses, and in less than half an hour we were at the door of his residence. Everything appeared most delightful. It was one of the first days of May, the season when in Louisiana nature fully develops her beauties; the brightest summer day of my native country cannot give an idea of it. The deep green of the foliage, the fragrance of innumerable blossoms, the song of birds, the rapid flight of brilliant insects, the exuberance of life in the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms, produced on the human senses a sort of fascination I had never before experienced.

The passage from the open air to the inside of the house was a new source of surprise and gratification. To the dazzling light of the sun succeeded the subdued twilight of darkened apartments. No direct ray of the sun was allowed to enter, though a soft breeze played about us. Now I perceived that piazzas ran around the four sides of the house to the very top, and were all closed in by window-blinds. This simple arrangement gave to all the rooms, parlors, and halls the cool atmosphere of shaded groves or thick forests. At least it was so in May. The furniture was in good taste, and consequently not showy. But I must speak at length of the inmates.

They were Mr. Z. and his wife, two young ladies, their daughters, and a couple of little boys younger than the one who had been sent to our college for his education. The gentleman himself had been brought up by the Sulpitians of Baltimore, of whom he kept a grateful remembrance. He would probably have sent his sons to them, had it not been easier and less costly for him to confide them to us at a distance of only four days from his house by way of the splendid Mississippi steamers. I did not inquire where Mrs. Z. had been educated, but from her deeply religious feelings I was sure that she had been long within the walls of a convent. It was probably at Nazareth near Bardstown. The two young ladies were fresh from St. Michael's, a celebrated school of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, in the centre of Louisiana, a short distance north of New Orleans.

Thus I found myself in a truly Christian house, such as I had seen so often on the banks of the Loire or in the solitudes of Brittany.

Culture of the creoles.

Everything in the house was French, but French of the good sort. The language, the traditions, the table, the very amusements after meals, took me back to my native country. Everybody, of course, could speak English; yet there was no need of it. All the servants and laborers—colored people—knew scarcely any language but French; and from morning to night, in the parlor or the kitchen, there was no need of speaking English.

The only difference I remarked between this excellent family and those of the same social rank in France was that the conversation in Louisiana did not pre-

suppose the same knowledge of literature and art as in the old country. In Louisiana the educated creoles spoke good French, much better than was spoken in Canada; but the Canadians knew much more of French history, literature, art, and science than the Louisianians. The Canadians were inferior only in their pronunciation, which was that of the peasantry in France; and they kept it under the plea that it was the pronunciation of well-brought-up Frenchmen in the seventeenth century. Apart from this, their colleges imparted a higher degree of sound knowledge than the educational establishments patronized by the French in the United States, who seemed, on account of their superior command of the French, to be of higher social rank than those of Canada. At least this is my judgment.

I am sure there were books in Mr. Z's house. Still no mention was made of the library; and in the conversation not a word was said of the latest productions of French literature. It was a blessing for that excellent family, for the novels of George Sand and Eugene Sue, of Alexandre Dumas père, and of others, were not wholesome intellectual food for the pure-minded and the Christian. But there were at the same time—1842—good writers and speakers in France; a truly Catholic school of talented men was endeavoring to rescue the country from the cesspool of impurity and unbelief into which the mass was plunged; there were Ozanam, Lacordaire, Montalembert, Louis Veuillot and his friends, all at that time united like brothers, and united under great bishops, such as Parisis of Langres and Berthaud of Tulle. Not a word of all this was said

at the table of the respectable and Christian family I was visiting. An effort was evidently necessary on the part of Catholic instructors and journalists to bring the creoles to a higher intellectual level.

A beginning in this direction was then being made in New Orleans by Mr. N. Perché, to whom I paid a flying visit at the Ursuline convent of which he was chaplain. He had already, I think, started his *Propagateur Catholique*, a weekly paper destined to do a great deal of good. He was soon after to organize his Société de la Morale Chrétienne, a religious association of young men, composed at first of only fifty persons, among whom the best was for a long time young Lombard, a pupil of our college of St. Mary. These beginnings were very humble, but they were the harbingers of better days for Louisiana. The zealous, pious, and devoted bishop, Mgr. Blanc,* with whom I had spent a

* Most Rev. Anthony Blanc, fourth bishop (1835) and first archbishop (1850) of New Orleans, was a native of Sury in the south of France (1792). Shortly after his ordination in 1816, he was induced by Bishop Du Bourg to go as a missionary to Louisiana. He proved a zealous and energetic priest, laboring first at Vincennes in Indiana and later in Louisiana, where he became Bishop De Neckère's Vicar-General. He succeeded the bishop after his decease. The diocese of New Orleans was at this time the scene of much turmoil and disorder. Part of the French creole element was distinguished neither for its morality nor for loyalty to the Church. The trustees of the cathedral of St. Louis, at the head of which was a leading free-mason, managed its affairs so scandalously that from 1842 to 1844 it was left without pastors. Again and again the contest between the trustees and the bishop was carried into the civil courts, which generally decided for the bishop. Mgr. Blanc was sturdily supported by the English-speaking Catholics, who, though poor and without influence, built several churches and hospitals and loyally supported their chief pastor.

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whole week, had already effected immense good among his clergy and people. Always calm, of a sweet disposition, he knew how to check disorders such as had been frequent in the diocese before him. He did so with much prudence and charity; and the simplicity, nay, abstemiousness of his life conciliated for him the esteem and veneration of all. He lived in an old building that had been the Ursuline convent before the nuns transferred their quarters to a far better part of the city, and his pastoral labors were spent chiefly among the excellent free colored people. All I saw of him inspired me with the most profound veneration for his character and his virtues. Such I found the city of New Orleans, whilst it was generally considered as a sink of perversity and corruption.

Vigorous and active, the bishop animated his flock to new exertions, encouraged the sisterhoods, founded a college, established a seminary, and all this though his diocese was repeatedly ravaged by the yellow fever and once by the cholera. Wisely and sturdily he pushed the organization of his diocese. In 1844, after finally defeating the trustees in the courts, he solemnly took possession of his cathedral. The later years of Bishop Blanc's administration (1853 ff.) were disturbed by the Know-nothing movement, which was abetted by a part of the creole Catholics, and which for a time held sway in New Orleans. In spite of these troubles and in spite of the renewed ravages of the yellow-fever plague, which carried off many priests and Sisters of Charity, the Church of New Orleans grew apace under the strong leadership of the untiring archbishop, churches multiplied, schools and academies sprang up, institutions of charity were founded, and, above all, order and discipline were at last restored. Archbishop Blanc may be said to have died in the saddle. On June 17, 1860, he confirmed 174 persons at Thibaudeauxville; on the 20th he died at New Orleans.

We return our sincere thanks to His Grace Archbishop Chapelle for courteously furnishing us a copy of Archbishop Blanc's portrait in Archbishop's House at New Orleans.

I have very little to say of Madame Z., except that she spoke very good French, with great animation, was an excellent manager, to judge from the table and from the neatness of the apartments, and was very exact in inspiring her children with feelings of religion and piety. I saw her only during dinner and for about an hour afterwards in the parlor.

At that time the only female religious in the city were the Ursulines, and some young Sisters belonging to a new order of which I forget the name. To reach the female part of his flock the bishop placed his chief reliance on the superior of this new congregation—a little woman of great activity, entirely devoted to her work, and intimately known to all the Catholic ladies of New Orleans. Mrs. Z., from what I saw and heard, was a frequent visitor of both the Ursulines and the inmates of this new house, and cooperated with these ladies. In the United States more good has perhaps been done by the religious communities of women than by the clergy itself. They are more in contact with the people; are esteemed and loved by all classes of citizens, not excepting the Protestants and the civil magistrates; and their active practice of Christian charity among the poor and the ignorant wins to them the hearts even of the indifferent and the prejudiced.

After the lady of the house, her two daughters—the oldest of her children—struck me by their modesty and excellent breeding. They had completed their education in St. Michael's convent. I found them very busy preparing for their first communion and confirmation the little negro boys and girls living on the estate, who were waiting with impatience for the great day when

the bishop had promised to come to the parish church where the ceremony was to take place.

I heard from Mrs. Z. that her daughters were extremely busy in consequence of this great occasion. In ordinary times they taught catechism only twice a week to the adult people—negroes and mulattoes—working on the plantation.

Finally I saw rambling in the rooms, and occasionally coming to me to have a talk, two boys who were not old enough to go to college. They were the youngest children of Mrs. Z. They were accompanied everywhere by three or four little negroes of their own age, who played with them or helped them when required.

Negroes in Louisiana.

Mr. Z asked me if I preferred to stay in the house or to inspect the farm outside. I chose the latter, because Mr. Z could then direct the overseer, while I would have an opportunity to see the negroes at work. What I had already witnessed in the house convinced me that the lot of the negroes, so far as their comfort was concerned, was preferable to that of most peasants in France. But all the opponents of slavery declared that the treatment of house-servants in the South could not be regarded as a test of the treatment of the blacks in general. An investigation of the life of the field-hands was the only means to form a correct opinion of the treatment to which the slaves were subjected. Slavery in Kentucky, I was told, was not so oppressive, because in that State the plantations were smaller. Each farmer owned only a few slaves, conversed with them more frequently, and became more sympathetic with them. I was not a little surprised when I found myself in the midst of a crowd of black laborers, and witnessed the joy the sud-

den presence of the master produced among them. Mr. Z. was a humane man, and the negroes in his eyes were not merely useful animals, but human beings like himself, endowed with natural rights which it was criminal to trample under foot. I am sure that the majority of planters in Louisiana shared these opinions and treated their slaves with humanity. There were exceptions, but these were few; tyrannical masters were despised by the men of their class, and stood alone in the midst of polite society.

The reader must not infer that I was a partisan of this institution, or shared the infatuation of the slaveholders who declared that slavery was the basis of a superior civilization. I could not agree with them, knowing that slavery, as legally established in the South, was opposed to the divine law, and no true Christian could avail himself of the tyrannical rights conferred on him by the civil law. Religion, however, does not impose upon me the duty of falsely accusing good men of excesses of which they were not guilty. Fair-handed justice required of me to stand by the truth, and acknowledge in many planters men of honor, integrity, and Christian feelings.

I found in conversation that Mr. Z. shared all my opinions on the subject of slavery. He plainly told me that he disliked it, and had done his best to get rid of his slaves, but had found it impossible. Experience, he said, had taught him that white labor in the fields, in spite of what people might say, was not practicable, at least in Louisiana. On three different occasions he had tried to employ German emigrants—there were then very few Irish in the South—and had to give up

his intention. He had, three different times, engaged on trial a dozen or so of young Germans, to whom he offered the most liberal conditions: high wages, a part of the fields where negroes would not work with them, and exemption from labor during the hottest part of the day. They all, he said, appeared delighted, and assured him they would remain with him as long as he wished. But after two or three weeks of trial they all gave up in despair, saying they could not stand it.

I know that many people in the North think differently; and it seems that there are spots in Georgia and Texas where white labor is possible in the fields. All agree that in factories, in which the workmen are not exposed to the direct rays of the sun, Europeans can stand the heat everywhere in the South. But Mr. Z. was convinced that outside labor, particularly during the months of July, August, and September, was an absolute impossibility for white workmen in the part of Louisiana where he lived, as well as in many other places south of North Carolina.

Homogeneity of the people.

The quasi-aristocratic classes just passed in review, whether in the North or in the South, scarcely threw a shade of variety over the most homogeneous nation that the world has ever seen. The Comte de Paris was undoubtedly mistaken when he suggested as its cause the universal "spread of the Anglo-Saxon race" on the continent of North America. He was correct enough in asserting that there was in the New World a people remarkable for its homogeneity and simplicity of character. This was eminently true forty years ago, before the middle of this century. Emigrants from all nations had arrived and settled in the United States, and no

modification had taken place in the character of its inhabitants. They were still what they had been since the time of their emancipation from Great Britain.

All the foreign travellers who visited this country and wrote their impressions made the same remark. They had found the same language, customs, ideas, manners, prevalent along the Atlantic seaboard as in the valley of the Mississippi; around the great lakes of the Northwest and in the vast and rich plains of the South. From the beginning the nation had also been remarkable for its morality and good sense; it continued to be so in spite of new arrivals from all the points of the compass. The people were not exclusively an "Anglo-Saxon race," but they formed the great American nation, wonderfully assimilating every foreign element and covering this great continent with the efforts of their genius and the proofs of their moral rectitude. My personal observations on the subject of this uniformity and morality have been numerous and I think interesting.

Racial variety of the American people.

There certainly were great obstacles to the formation of a homogeneous American people owing to their difference of origin. The French, owing to their occupation of Canada and of Louisiana, had deeply penetrated into the new republic. Our sketch of Louisiana and its creoles has furnished the proof of it for the South. In the North, though Canada had refused to embrace the cause of the English colonies against the mother country, and though the American Confederacy would probably not now consent to receive Canada in the Union, still all along our northern and western borders there have always been numerous Canadian

colonies. In all the New England States, particularly in Vermont, as well as in New York and Ohio, there are numerous villages and small towns filled almost exclusively by French Canadians. More than half the Catholics of the diocese of Burlington, for instance, were born on the northern side of the St. Lawrence.

In the West, the southern shores of the Great Lakes, incorporated into the Union from the very beginning, are full of Canadians by birth as by origin. The whole western bank of the Mississippi, including the States not only of Louisiana, but of Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, was settled by the French and called by them Louisiana. St. Louis belonged to it and was a French town; many villages in that part of the country were originally French settlements.

There were several other nationalities which contributed to diversify the people of the United States. The New England States had been colonized by English Puritans and other religionists of the Calvinist school. They were the only true source of the subsequent spread of the Anglo-Saxon race on the new continent. No doubt they exerted a great influence on the formation of the national character in the North outside of New England, though the State of New York never adopted the blue laws of Connecticut. Since the overthrow of the Dutch colony the population was essentially English, and has remained so in the main till our own day. The *city* of New York alone has in recent times adopted customs of a cosmopolitan character; not only owing to the great number of Europeans residing in it, but perhaps chiefly on account of being chosen as a place of permanent residence by

Americans from all other States, particularly from the West and South. Whoever has accumulated a large fortune anywhere in the country generally prefers to enjoy it at the mouth of the Hudson River, in the true metropolis of the Union.

The Anglo-Saxon race has taken deep root in the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, though a great part of the rural districts of Pennsylvania has been settled and is still inhabited by a dense German population; in Ohio the French in the north and the Scandinavians in the west offer examples of remarkable variety in their social customs.

The Scandinavians at this moment are invading the Western States in great numbers; but their arrival in the East dates from an earlier epoch. Gustavus Adolphus, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, thought of sending colonies abroad, as was then the custom in all European states, and he selected that part of the American seaboard which had not yet been colonized by the English or the Dutch. Between the settlement of New England and New Amsterdam in the North and that of Virginia and the Carolinas in the South the large district now occupied by the States of New Jersey and Delaware with the western part of Pennsylvania had been unaccountably forgotten by earlier colonists. The great statesman Oxenstiern, who as chief minister of state ruled over Sweden after the death of Gustavus Adolphus, did not fail to carry out the project of his former master. In 1638 he sent two ships with orders to occupy both banks of the Delaware River from its mouth as far north as they found the country occupied only by native tribes. The Swedes

destined to form this settlement found no opposition, and began to enter into friendly relations with the Indians. A Lutheran minister had been sent with them, and "to the honor of that nation it must be said that they showed for the conversion of the Indians, as they understood it, more zeal than the Calvinists of the Netherlands, or the Puritans, Quakers, and Episcopalians of England." *

During the eighteenth century a great number of Irishmen and Scotchmen emigrated to North America from the north of Ireland and Scotland. In the biography of Samuel Johnson by Boswell mention is made of this remarkable fact. The writer naturally deprecated it as likely to depopulate his native country, and he attributed it to the exactions of the lairds. This emigration comprised Catholic Highlanders and Presbyterian Scots from the Lowlands. The former went chiefly to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the adjacent islands, where their descendants to this time remain fervent Catholics. As to the Irish, both Catholics and Protestants emigrated in great numbers, chiefly from the northern province of Ulster. The majority of these emigrants settled in the interior of the middle and southern part of what has since become the United States, and many of them took an honorable share in the American Revolution. The Protestants among them, being Presbyterians, met with their coreligionists everywhere in the new country, and could not but coalesce with the settlers already there. But the Catholics, persecuted at home, found penal laws enacted against them in all the colonies. No priests could ac-

* J. G. Shea, *History of the Catholic Church in the United States.*

company them, except perhaps by stealth, on their journey to the New World, and they met with no priests in their new country. They could not practise or teach their religion except in the family circle; and nearly all the help they had to transmit their faith to their children consisted in some prayer-books and a few controversial works written by English or Irish divines. Fortunately, these works were solid and full of instruction; and many of the newly arrived Catholics, knowing them almost by heart, could answer all the objections of the Protestants and argue against their errors.

Under these circumstances it is wonderful and yet readily understood, how these persecuted families preserved their faith for so long a time, and that their descendants (when I arrived in Kentucky) remembered at least that "they ought to be Catholics." I need only refer to the story of Judge Wilkinson, who in a few days found at Yazoo City in Mississippi more than a hundred families who joined with him in a petition to the Bishop of Natchez "that he might send them a priest, whom they promised to support besides building a church and paying all the expenses of public worship." Still these men belonged to the fourth generation since the first Catholic settlers had come. All these people were ardent Americans, firmly attached to the government of the Republic, and altogether undistinguishable from the rest of the population.

In the Irish people who came to this country last century we notice an element differing from and, owing to their strong Celtic characteristics, altogether opposed to the Puritans in New England, the English in New York and elsewhere, the Lutherans in New Sweden on the

Delaware, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, as well as the Cavaliers in the South.

It cannot be expected that immigrants will at once adopt the ideas, customs, habits, of their new home. Most of them will continue to cherish their birthplace. But in the United States the second generation boast of being Americans, and often become more American than the Americans themselves in their admiration of and sincere attachment to the government and social institutions of their new country. Because nearly everybody favored the equality of all citizens before the law, and was well satisfied with the liberal naturalization laws, superiority of race over race, which has so far obtained in ancient and modern times, soon vanished; the consequences were the union and fusion of immigrants and natives, and the general homogeneity of the people.

The uniformity of the language in the United States first attracts attention. Many European languages, it is true, were spoken for a time in some parts of the United States. Still wherever travellers went, they found the same Anglo-American idiom spoken, and spoken by all those born in the country. Differing from the English mother tongue by some peculiarities called Americanisms, the language was remarkable for its grammatical accuracy and clearness of diction.

The most wonderful characteristic of this language was its ubiquity. The traveller never met with dialects as in the mother country. There was no peasant class with its jargon, no degraded element in the large cities using a barbarous gibberish unintelligible to all but themselves. No doubt the housebreakers and other

criminals had their slang, but this was not to be taken into account.

The uniformly simple manners of the people were equally remarkable. In 1840 there certainly was a marked difference between the educated and the uneducated classes in the United States, as likewise between the inhabitants of large cities and those of the rural districts. But all were distinguished by a calm and subdued tone which could not but strike a newly arrived European.

In colonial times it must have been quite different. The Puritans of the New England States, it is well known, were much more stiff and self-conceited than the Cavaliers of the South; there was much less simplicity of character in the North. In fact each colony had a physiognomy of its own. Their assimilation took place after the War of Independence. It is important to consider in what it consisted, and what must have been its cause. What were its causes?

It was due in the first place to the fact that there was no constraint in social intercourse. All appeared to be on a footing of perfect equality. The wealthy man in public places—stages, inns, and political meetings—did not impose his opinions on citizens less favored by fortune. If they differed, they were ready to assign the reasons of their belief; and in case they did not come to an agreement, each of them respected the other's opinion. This I call a striking proof of simplicity of manners. This equality, for instance, could not then exist in England. Society there was too much divided into *coteries*, and too exclusive. In the time of Samuel Johnson, Boswell tells us that if noblemen

unknown to each other were waiting in a minister's antechamber, they could not engage in conversation. Johnson bluntly called this "an outrage on the rights of humanity." The Americans had got over this punctiliousness, and they talked together freely wherever they met in public.

In the second place their simplicity resulted from setting aside many of the forms of a fulsome politeness which exists in many European countries. No doubt this at times made uneducated people in the United States appear rude in their language, though they did not intend to be rude. But all who had received an ordinary education—the mass of the nation—spoke correctly and unaffectedly, and their manners were characterized by sufficiently good breeding. There was often a peculiarity which affected a recently landed foreigner somewhat unpleasantly. This was a kind of joviality, and, what was still worse, a pompous way which bordered on the ridiculous, and led Mrs. Trollope in her book on "The Domestic Life of the Americans" to make merry over their pompous manners, and especially over their addressing one another as captain, doctor, judge, etc. But this was simply a kind of humor in which they innocently indulged.

Finally, a stranger could, at that time, nowhere perceive any extravagance in living, nor any ostentatious display of wealth in the best American families. The country has changed a great deal in that respect, and its primitive simplicity seems now to be forgotten.

These characteristics met the traveller wherever he went, at least as far as the Mississippi River. The

people everywhere were evidently cast in the same social mould.

The English colonies which formed our Republic were of varied origin. The Puritans of New England, the Dutch and English of New York, the Quakers and Germans of Pennsylvania, the Catholics of Maryland, the Stuart Cavaliers of Virginia, the first settlers of the Carolinas and of Georgia, included many shades of the Teutonic, Celtic, and Scandinavian characters.

It seems to me that the chief cause of this wonderful blessing of unification—for it was an inestimable blessing—was the War of Independence itself.

During the twelve years of intense agitation which followed England's attempt to tax the colonies, the colonists naturally forgot their differences and felt the identity of their grievances and interests.

Besides the usual Sunday rest—at that time universal throughout the country—there were only two national or legal holidays, namely, Washington's Birthday, the 22d of February, and the 4th of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Thanksgiving day, in November, was still confined to New England; in olden times it was called by the Puritans a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. Both February 22d and July 4th were celebrated with more display and greater unanimity than is now the case. In 1876, being the centenary year of the nation's birth, the 4th of July fully equalled any celebration that had before taken place; but since then the observance of the festival has lost a great deal of its former spirited character. I am sorry to say that the 22d of February is not now solemnized as I saw it directly after my landing in 1839.

Independence Day at St. Mary's College.

I was then a member of a community composed almost exclusively of Frenchmen. A few only of the junior members were either Irish or born in this country. But all the pupils of our college and the members of our Catholic congregation were Americans. They were left to celebrate the day as they wished. I must say that we—the French—attached very little importance to it. We had all read cursorily the history of the American Revolution by the Italian Botta, and something of the life of Washington in the periodicals of the country and in a queer Latin production from the pen of an enthusiastic American scholar who had evidently not studied Latin in Oxford nor in Cambridge. But though none of us—members of the faculty of St. Mary's College, Kentucky—not even Father Murphy, who was more of an Englishman than an Irishman or American—directed the youthful speakers who gave a sample of their talent and their American spirit on that great day, there was no danger of its being a failure. Our boys were, nearly all of them, the children of men living when Washington was either at the head of the American troops or in the presidential chair. They were nearly all children of farmers who spent the long evenings of winter with their friends or family by going over all they had witnessed in "those days which tried men's souls." History being a tradition as well as a written record of facts, it may be asserted that a great part of American history was composed around the blazing hickory or dogwood fire burning in those happy farmhouses.

Consequently all the faculty of St. Mary's College had to do was to furnish the material of a good dinner,

and, marshalling the negro servants under the orders of a couple of white carpenters, to see that a capacious stage should be erected in the shades of a neighboring grove, large enough to receive the whole population of the surrounding country. The boys were expected not only to prepare the speeches, dramatic pieces, and songs, but even to furnish the music from their self-trained band. I remember that during more than a month before the 22d of February, recreation-time was employed by the boys in blowing their instruments and rehearsing the melodious tunes of "Yankee Doodle" or "The Star-Spangled Banner."

On the 4th of July, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the weather, though very hot as usual in July, being tempered by a good storm that had raged during the night, the boys marched to the grove, led by the St. Mary's Cadets.

This was a troop of juveniles clad in homespun, with coats and breeches of the same pattern, so that they looked like young soldiers going to the annual muster. Instead of rifles they held in their hands a kind of wooden spear that they used instead of muskets; sometimes holding them upright at their right side, then going through the show of loading and pointing against an imaginary foe. After performing these feats of valor they marched to the sound of the drum, keeping their *arms* carelessly on the shoulder, or holding them horizontally behind their back, with their hands stretched crosswise on both sides.

These military evolutions were watched by a great number of our neighbors, who had come in buggies or on horseback with their wives and children. Others

were coming in troops and hitched their horses to the lower branches of the trees. It was a picturesque spectacle, like a camping-ground of gypsies. The grove was soon entirely filled by the multitude, who stretched themselves at random on the ground, many of them refusing to sit on the benches prepared for them, which they willingly left to the enjoyment of the ladies.

The exercises of the day, which soon began, consisted first of the reading of the Declaration of Independence. I will not lavish fulsome praises on young men who had commenced their classical studies only two or three years before. But truth compels me to say that they read well. It is known that many Kentuckians are renowned throughout the country as public speakers. One thing struck me, the distinctness of their utterance. Newly arrived in the country, I could scarcely understand a word of what was said in private conversation. But when they spoke from a public stage, and addressed themselves to hundreds and thousands of people, there was no great difficulty even for a foreigner to follow the drift of their speech. Having read the Declaration of Independence several times as an exercise in English, I understood nearly every word of it. But it must be said that it was delivered by one of the best elocutionists of the college. He was, if I mistake not, a converted Methodist, bearing the strange name of Vineyard, who had come to our college a short time before in order to become a Catholic.

I remarked that a great number of jolly negroes, who had come with their masters and mistresses, stood on the extreme limits of the assemblage and attentively listened to the reading. I could not distinguish on their

faces the effect produced on them when the words of Thomas Jefferson were read declaring that *man* has inalienable rights, and among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But it is very probable that they drew no conclusions from those words as to their own rights. They appeared to be very happy, and when called on to bring refreshments to their masters they were not too closely watched nor prevented from taking their share of them.

After the preliminary reading there were three speeches delivered in succession; the first was on the youth of Washington, the second on his heroic conduct in the war against England; the last was a short address on his admirable statesmanship, first during the arduous discussions on the Constitution, and secondly in his administration of the government during his presidency, and his firm refusal to accept a third term. In treating of the youth of Washington, and particularly of his two expeditions against the French on the Ohio, I was somewhat surprised by the assertions of the young orator. He declared that the French, on both occasions, were not a match for the colonial troops, and that both occasions were for Washington, at least, undoubted victories. But Washington Irving had not yet written his biography of the great American commander. He has proved that George Washington was defeated both times; but no blame should be attached to him, on account of the inferiority of his forces and means. The second was a crushing defeat, but the calamity could be ascribed only to Braddock, who would surely have conquered and taken possession of Fort Duquesne if he had followed the repeated advice of Washington. I did not at that

time know that part of American history well enough to correct the mistakes of the young speaker. And after all, on such a day we cannot censure a college boy for some exaggeration. In France I often heard eloquent declamations praising my native country for deeds which it would have been better to leave in the dark.

As to the two other speeches, they deserved great credit for the praises they bestowed on the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." I could not resist the thought, Happy is the people which, at the beginning of its career, had a leader not only so blameless, but in every point so perfect, as far as human frailty will permit!

To conclude the description of the first Washington's Birthday I witnessed in North America, on the 22d February, 1839, it is sufficient to add that after the speeches there was a dramatic performance of which I have not the least recollection. The fact was that, this play being of the lively and jolly kind usual on such days, I did not understand a word of it. Still I laughed, because everybody did so. At the conclusion of the programme, the St. Mary's Cadets took back their line of march to the college, and a few minutes after we were all taking our dinner in the midst of the most uproarious mirth.

That Washington's simple manners and disinterested abnegation was not lost on his countrymen is clearly proved. A few incidents of which I was the witness are not out of place here. In our College of St. Mary's, Kentucky, half of the boys belonged to Protestant families, some of them the best in the Southwest. We had the children of Governor Clarke of Kentucky, and

of Governor Pope of Arkansas. Several Southern senators at Washington and members of Congress confided to us the education of their sons; and from Frankfort and Lexington several rich planters of central Kentucky were our friends and patrons. Not a single one of these boys showed any aristocratic pretensions. They all were fond of country life; and on our large farm of 600 acres they delighted in showing their dexterity in handling the axe, as well as their appreciation of good husbandry, when they saw the corn rising to the height of fifteen or eighteen feet, and our bullocks, cows, and horses, so fat and sleek, grazing or drawing the plough. Most of these boys were destined to be farmers and planters, and they considered this occupation as one of the most honorable on earth. Had not this noble pursuit been actively carried on by most of the Founders of the Republic and Framers of the Constitution, Washington being only one among many?

At that time I remarked with pleasure that the majority of representatives, either in State legislatures or in Congress, were large landowners, and most of them, when at home, practised husbandry, which they considered the best source of revenue. The salaries attached to political or civil offices were low; the President of the Republic not receiving more than $25,000 yearly, and each of his ministers or secretaries being satisfied, I think, with $5,000. The members of Congress did not think of enriching themselves by selling their votes to rich bankers or powerful corporations. Hence patriotic views, i.e., the good of the country, prompted the candidates to accept the mandates of legislators or executive officers. It is needless to say that the private

life of those public men was most correct and blameless; and the simplicity of manners so remarkable in Washington was also the noblest characteristic in their families.

Senator Jones of Wisconsin.

I remember still the visit I paid to Senator Jones of Wisconsin in 1842, when, in the company of Father Deluynes I made a trip along the Upper Mississippi, as far as Dubuque in Iowa. Dr. O'Brien, a Catholic physician of Dubuque, was intimately acquainted with the senator, and proposed to take us in his buggy to his princely estate, near Sinsinawa Mound, on the eastern side of the Mississippi, eighteen miles from the river. It was a very warm day in August; the road ran through a rich prairie full of harvesters and wagoners. At that time the States of Wisconsin and Illinois were for the production of wheat what Minnesota and Dakota have become since. Dingy frame houses, called inns, invited us to stop every few miles; but I confess that after the first glass of *liquor* the heat of the day and the thirst induced me to swallow, I drank only lemonade, for making which ice and lump sugar could be easily procured.

At last we reached the mansion, about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and, owing to the introduction of Dr. O'Brien, Mrs. Jones, who was alone in the house with her servants and children, received us with the greatest courtesy. In a few minutes the dust had been swept from our clothes, cool drinks had allayed our thirst, and her pleasant conversation had succeeded the dull talk of the road. She was born in Montreal, I think, of a Canadian family, and had been educated in the renowned Convent of the Congregation near that

city. She was, accordingly, delighted to talk French with us; and we soon knew from her that her maiden name was Grégoire, that she was a Catholic much attached to her religion, and was bringing up her children in her own faith with the full consent of the senator.

Just then that gentleman was inspecting and directing the work of his farm-hands at some distance from the house. The lady, as soon as we arrived, had despatched a man to let her husband know of our coming; and in due time he presented himself just as he was, and shook our hands heartily with great simplicity of manners and the true breeding of a man of the world.

As soon as he knew that our object in visiting him was particularly to become acquainted with the chief details of a large rural estate, he ordered refreshments, and after a short time he sat down at table with us; then we all left together for the fields.

I do not exactly remember the extent of his farm; but I am sure it exceeded a thousand acres of arable land. For it was located in a prairie district; there were no forests in the neighborhood; a few trees could be seen here and there. The whole landscape consisted of an unbounded wheat-field, with the noble Sinsinawa Mound rising in the centre. Much larger farms are now cultivated with improved machinery all over the States of Minnesota and Dakota; but no one at that time imagined such a thing possible.

The senator, who during the sessions of Congress gave his vote on the most important questions regarding the welfare of forty millions of freemen, was on that day (August, 1842) a simple husbandman, and directed the work of hundreds of laborers. He made us remark

the size of the ears of corn, and the plumpness of the berries. He did not turn his grain into flour, but sold it for the Eastern market. He said that it would be difficult to find anywhere in the world a superior, nay, an equal quality of meal; in fact this began to be acknowledged in Europe at that time. "The time will soon come" he said, "when this teeming part of our continent, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific slope, will feed the starving populations of the old hemisphere." His prediction is now (1884) fulfilled to the letter. Still a great part of the vast plains of which he spoke, has not yet been brought under cultivation.

He made us remark, besides, that the soil was immensely productive, while it covered almost inexhaustive mines of coal and lead underneath. In general, a country rich in minerals, and chiefly in metals, is poor on the surface; but here there was immense wealth on the surface and deep within its bowels. The lead-mines of Galena and Dubuque, only a few miles from his estate, proved that he could not be mistaken, and he had ascertained it by the pits and shafts he had dug for procuring water. Thus metallurgy could become for him a great source of wealth; but he was not one of those insatiable men who aspire indefinitely to increase their worldly possessions, at the expense of rest and tranquillity. He was satisfied with agriculture, from which he derived a large revenue, and was sure to leave more than a competency to his children.

Senator Jones was at that time one of many in the United States. Refined and educated, they might lead a life of leisure, but preferred to give a great part of their days to labor and industry. They copied the

Washingtonian pattern, and continued to be, like their great prototype, an honor to the nation.

I had seen in France a different sort of aristocracy, for which I always entertained a great deal of respect and veneration, even though since then I have preferred the American.

As soon as I understood what was going on around me, the most surprising fact that I noticed was the uniform employment of time in the work of the day for men of all conditions, and the uniform simplicity of manners both in the city and the country. To this I might add equal uniformity in dress, food, and drink, and in the deep respect shown for religion, and above all for the Sunday rest; in the customs prevailing in their festivals, burials, weddings, etc. The same uniformity was noticeable even in the hotels and inns, in public conveyances, stages, steamboats, as well as in the homes of all citizens. And this uniformity extended over an extent of country as large as a European empire. As feudalism was expiring in Europe when the American colonists left the Old World, and as feudal customs had been the main cause of the abuses they complained of, they started on a new departure for a voyage of discovery in legislation. As the foundation of their system they established the great principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, understood in the proper sense. It was one of the chief causes of their homogeneity. Still their scheme would have completely failed, had it not been founded on morality.

The morals of the people.

In 1840 Americans were practically unanimous in their support of Christianity. The teachings of Tom Paine, at the end of the last century and the begin-

ning of this, had passed away. I still remember the last meeting in New York of his admirers, who for a long time had met every year, on his birthday, to proclaim the advent of the "Age of Reason." They adjourned *sine die*, because the sect, reduced to twenty or thirty members, had no hope of obtaining recruits to replenish its ranks. I think this took place in 1848, the very year when all the thrones of Europe were trembling, and popular license under the name of liberty was lustily shouting under the windows of royal and imperial palaces. America did not share in the delusion.

O. A. Brownson, in his "Convert," has given a long list of infidel sects which, at that epoch, infested Europe and tried to obtain a footing in this country. But he has also registered the fact of their total failure here.

The fierce opposition to Catholicism of all the Christian sects then flourishing in the United States rendered their moral principles less firm and more liable to misinterpretation than they would have been if they had been obedient children of the Great Mother of modern nations. The Catholic Church alone professes to be infallible in morals as well as in dogma; all the leaders of Protestantism deny the gift of inerrancy to the church as well as to the State. Thus among Protestants the door to moral errors was open after faith had been weakened by the general denial of ecclesiastical authority.

Nevertheless the strong moral restraints imposed on Christians as long as they remained under the guidance of the true Church could not be shaken off by Protestantism, except after many years of wandering in uncer-

tainty and doubt. Hence the morality of the sects in the United States, at least, was still essentially Christian; and in 1840 strangers saw at once that this was not a pagan nation, nor yet a people composed mainly of indifferentists.

Ubiquity of churches.

This was manifest firstly in the number of churches and *Christian* schools erected everywhere. Steeples, in many instances surmounted by the sign of the cross, met the eye in nearly every street; the smallest villages counted generally four or five; nay, sometimes you were surprised by a church in the midst of forests, a central point having been chosen for the farmers' families scattered around. They were mostly modest edifices without pretension to architectural beauty. Still they had cost money—the total amount must have been enormous; and Americans were not the men to throw away their money; so they must have believed in religion.

The schools also were Christian schools. In 1840 no one had yet spoken of non-sectarian schools. They were all *denominational*, though this expression was not used. Each sect—except a few insignificant ones like the Unitarians—having so far preserved at least the essentials of Christianity, the belief in one God and three Persons, the dogmas of the Incarnation and Redemption through Christ, that of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost through grace, and finally the belief in a hereafter, in an eternity of happiness or punishment in heaven or in hell,—all this being a solemn fact throughout the country, the schools where religion was always taught to children were Christian schools. This great source of pure morality, therefore, existed in the United States.

Sunday observance.

In the second place public opinion was openly in favor of religious practice, and of a moral life among the citizens. It is sufficient to mention here the universal observance of the Sunday, and the sacredness of the marriage tie. In all the States and territories the *laws* enforced absolute rest and the most decent behavior on the first day of the week; but public opinion was so decided that the practice of it would have been universal if there had been no state laws enforcing it. Puritanism even had not then entirely disappeared. The Catholic Church has never exacted so strict an observance of the Sunday as was then customary in all the States of the Union. When we took charge of the College of St. Mary's the rigor of the religious code on this point was unknown to us, because we were all Frenchmen; accordingly when the service in the church had been performed, we allowed some boys to practise on musical instruments out of doors, while some of the other pupils were permitted to take a rifle and hunt squirrels and rabbits in the woods. As there were no farmhouses in our neighborhood, and nobody could hear what was going on, we heard of no strictures for some time. But several of our own parishioners who came every Sunday to the church of St. Charles, distant two miles from the college, became aware at last that there was both music and gun-practice on our grounds. One of them, a member of the grand jury of the county, came to inform our worthy president that "unless both breaches of the law were instantly discontinued, he would be bound by his oath to denounce us at the next meeting of the grand jury."

These remarks regard only the exterior observ-

ance of the Sunday. As to the necessity of going to church, the laws in vigor did not impose any obligation on the citizens, as was formerly the case, I think, in Connecticut; but public opinion was not favorable to a total disregard of this holy precept, and any family whose members were never seen at *meeting* would not have enjoyed a good reputation among their neighbors. Though it be needless to give any description of the absolute stillness prevailing all over the country on Sunday, still a few words will not be amiss. It is doubtful whether the same hushed solemnity had ever before prevailed among the most devoted Christian nations. Trade was totally suspended, and artisans completely rested from their labors. All stores and shops were closed except dispensaries and pharmacies; the noise of wagons and carts was unheard on the granite pavements; the only sound was that of the bells calling people to prayer; a few carriages only appeared in the deserted streets. In New York a stroll in the lower part of the city (for instance, in Duane, Beaver, and Front streets) offered one of the most remarkable spectacles a stranger could witness. All the wholesale establishments, full of life during the week, became spectres rising in solitary grandeur. Not only the counting-rooms, on a level with the sidewalk, were closed and bolted, presenting only a front of hard iron shutters; but all the windows of the upper stories, to the very roof, were also hermetically closed, as if the whole buildings had been suddenly abandoned, never to be opened again. The streets in that part of the city were as completely deserted as are now those of Thebes and Memphis in the country of the Pharaos.

A few steps farther, along the wharves and piers, it was still more awful and weird; the dingy stores on one side and the stately ships and barks on the other looked like two long rows of phantoms scarcely kept alive by the presence of a few sailors perched here and there on the top of masts or at the end of the spars. Yet a few hours before, in the afternoon of Saturday, no district of New York had presented such an appearance of life, bustle, and confusion. Was not the idea of Sunday, that is, of Christ, of God, of religion itself, powerful and paramount among that multitude of human beings which formed the busy population of the great commercial metropolis? And so it was in all other large cities of the United States.

But in the villages, in the fields, in the woods, even, the tranquillity and repose was, if possible, still more striking. Only the light of the sun, the brilliant drops of dew, the flight and songs of birds, gave life to the landscape. Never was a husbandman seen sowing, reaping, or harvesting on Sunday. The horses and bullocks were free from the heavy weight of the yoke; the cows and sheep, safely parked in well-enclosed pastures, were allowed to graze without a shepherd or a shepherdess. Scarcely did the girls take time to fill their milk-pails in the fields and carry them to the dairy. The simple-minded farmer would have feared a complete failure of his crops, if he had dared to disobey the third commandment. Inside of the houses peace and quiet reigned supreme; the boys were restrained from boisterous games on that day, and the girls, on returning from church with the family, abstained from their usual rambles in the neighborhood.

God from the heights of heaven saw the millions of people newly settled in the Western Hemisphere, bent on worshipping Him as the tradition of their forefathers had taught them to do. If the voice of the true Church was not heard among them, it was not their fault; their ancestors had been deceived by pretended reformers. They at least intended to obey God who had spoken in the Old Law; and the heart of the Creator was moved by their prayers, and showered His temporal blessings over them.

But their obedience to God was not confined to one of His precepts. It has been said that the schools of the country were still Christian; and all the children of the land were faithfully taught to commit to memory the text of the decalogue, and they were commanded to show it in their daily life. This is the best, nay, the only way to practise morality; and when the sacred text is explained by the apostolic teaching preserved in Catholicism, the highest degree of holiness can be attained in this world. To this obedience to God's commandments must be ascribed the purity of morals which then prevailed in the United States, and powerfully contributed to knit together in the same uniformity of conduct the various elements which composed this great nation.

I do not, of course, pretend that there was no sin. The Americans, like all other men, have inherited from the first Adam the moral stain caused by his disobedience. Many of them, even at that time, had never been baptized, and consequently were unregenerated. Human passions too often made them swerve from the right path; and they were liable to evil habits—the

greatest curse of mankind. Not only the eye of God followed the reckless career of wicked men among them, in order to punish them at the proper moment, but human justice had from the beginning of the colonies published a stern code of retribution against evil deeds. There were in the country criminal courts, jails, scaffolds, and hangmen.

Still it must in justice be said that crime had not made the strides so remarkable in our day. The Americans were then a moral nation. All intelligent foreigners who came to study the people and the country, and were not swayed by prejudices of birth or caste, openly proclaimed it.

Sacredness of marriage.

There was one fact in particular, universal and striking, which redounded to the honor of the nation. This was the sacredness of matrimony, though Protestants have never recognized matrimony as a sacrament. Divorce, allowed on certain conditions by the civil laws, was seldom heard of. True, several philosophical sects, lately introduced into the country, already foreboded the license which prevails to-day; and Brownson has spoken of this at length in his "Convert." But the evil had not yet penetrated into the mass of the nation. Women, so far preserved pure, beloved by their husbands and reverenced by their children—though the boys were often a sufficiently turbulent set—were satisfied with their honorable position in society, and the control they enjoyed over the management of the house. Few indeed were tempted to claim equality of rights with the head of the family. In their judgment, to meddle with politics, to play a part in commercial or speculative concerns, to engage in the serious

business of a profession, was not their province; they smiled at those of their own sex who felt aggrieved by being left in charge of the laundry and kitchen, or forced to confine themselves to insignificant conversations in the parlor.

On the part of the men unfaithfulness to their marital obligations may not have been infrequent in large cities; but at least it remained a profound secret even there, and guilt never paraded itself unblushingly. In the country the universal stability of marriage was a strong proof of domestic purity.

Probably for this reason, and also on account of the prevailing regularity of life, families were in general blessed with numerous children. In the middle class this was universal, and in the upper ranks of society there were occasionally remarkable examples of it. I still remember the unseemly levity of some Parisian papers in which were described the unsuccessful rambles of a certain Minister of the United States in France, who could not find a decent lodging because he had brought with him his *ten* children with their mother. The chronicler in his *feuilleton* humorously described the amazement of all those who had apartments to let, when they heard that His Excellency the Minister of the United States had a complete army of boys and girls—a thing unheard of in the kingdom of France. There was, of course, a flat refusal everywhere, on account of the *impossibility* of keeping apartments in good repair with so many rough and boisterous youngsters. The article in the papers concluded by saying: "At the last news the unfortunate representative of the Washington government was still walking through the streets

of Paris with his *ten olive-branches* suspended around his neck and arms."

The writer may have been guilty of some exaggeration in his humorous sketch; but it was a fact, honorable to the people of this country, that in the upper ranks of society many families were very numerous, and did not fear the extinction of their names. As to the middle or inferior classes, you could see every day the sidewalks in front of their humble dwellings crowded with troops of little ones enjoying themselves in the cool of the evening, or seated and chatting on the stoops of the houses.

In rural districts matters stood still better. In the farmer's eyes his wealth did not consist only in the number of his acres and of his cattle and flocks. His growing boys were a great help to him, and if he was rich enough to give them all the benefit of a complete education, he saw in anticipation his name honored far and wide, and the most honorable political and civil offices in the possession of some of his progeny.

In concluding these reflections on the morality of the people in the United States at the time of my arrival, it will not be useless further to insist on the cause of this purity of life. It may be considered a repetition of what has already been said; but there are truths which it is not a fault to repeat, in order to impress them the better on the mind. The conviction will become stronger that pure morals, in order to strengthen the will by subduing the passions, must not be reduced to an unwritten code, such as individual conscience teaches us, but that the publication of that code by a higher

power, as Moses received it in the decalogue, will much more powerfully impress all classes of society, and furnish a necessary guide to the uninstructed and the ignorant.

CHAPTER IV.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THIS CENTURY.

End of bitter controversy.

At the beginning of this century the sects were even more numerous in the United States than they were in England, because, besides those of the mother country, which always found some adherents here, the inventive American mind enriched the long catalogue of sects by the addition of others peculiarly American. I have had occasion, in my own experience, to become acquainted with several erratic geniuses, and this will enable me to describe some religious eccentricities worthy, I think, of being recorded.

At my arrival in 1838 I may say that the *era* of controversy was over; the controversy between the Rev. John Hughes of Philadelphia—afterwards Archbishop Hughes—with a Presbyterian minister by the name of Breckenridge was one of its last manifestations; the contest of Mgr. Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati, with Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Campbellites, had already taken place, and I have not heard that any controversy of importance has taken place since.

The number of Christian sects had constantly increased, but suddenly there came a lull in that fecundity. The reason of this halt was the conviction on the part of Protestants that the Reformed churches were in a

state of decomposition. This must be seen somewhat in detail.

There was not a dogma or practice of Christianity, as it had been understood in former ages, that had not been controverted by some bold disputant with the Bible in his hand. Nay, the Bible itself was said to be a mere human book and could not be a rule of faith. In its stead principles of ultra-criticism had been invented and boldly laid down by *advanced thinkers*, who denied any objective value to whatever was supernatural. Miracles and prophecies were *a priori* false; their discussion would be futile.

In England there was dismay, because the conservative character of the people made them shrink from these conclusions. They have since got over that fear, and agnosticism is the religion of many Englishmen.

In this country the struggle came later; for it would be a delusion to think that the principle of Protestantism worked alike and apace in all countries where the error had spread. Balmes has proved in his "Protestantism and Catholicity compared" (chapter ix) that open infidelity, or at least indifferentism, penetrated very early among the Protestant sects of Europe; and all admit that this indifferentism was almost universal on the Eastern Continent by the middle of the seventeenth century. In North America, however, attachment to the former symbols of faith continued to be strong until our own day. Till the middle of this century, Protestants in the United States persevered in their profession of Christianity according to their old formularies. Brownson, it is true, in his "Convert" speaks of sects introduced into this country from Europe,

when he was still quite a young man, in which all supernatural truths were denied. But it is clear from his narrative that this fatal symptom was confined to isolated places, mainly in New England. Everywhere else to deny the inspiration of the Bible and the supernatural character of miracles and prophecies, such as they are narrated in the Old and the New Testament, would have been considered heresy, and open infidelity leading to atheism. For pure deism was then justly esteemed a practical denial of the essential attributes of the Triune God. This Christian spirit was still prevalent all over the country when I landed.

But plain symptoms of an imminent change were already visible to an intelligent observer. A small book which fell into my hands struck me as extremely significant in a country which was the home of strict Protestantism. It was the republication in North America of a compendious history of all Christian sects; it had gone through fifteen editions in England. It had been written by "John Evans, LL.D."; most probably the same John Evans mentioned in some biographical dictionaries as an Oxford man who afterwards founded a celebrated educational establishment at Bristol. The American editor considerably enlarged the book, "with the addition," he said, "of the most recent statistics relating to religious sects in the United States."

But it is the object aimed at by the English author, as well as by the American editor, which must attract our attention. In the preface to the edition of 1853 it was said:

"The condition of religious parties at the present

moment is deeply interesting. All sects seem to be examining their principles, and the spirit of theological investigation was never more active. Religion cannot possibly suffer by the canvassing of its truths; and enlightened views alone are likely to be of permanent duration."

Protestants tolerant of one another.

The only "activity" in Protestantism mentioned by the editor of Evans' book was called by him "a *canvassing* of religious truths," and the word was perfectly appropriate. It means, according to Webster's Dictionary, "discussing, examining, sifting, seeking." The idea of "advocating" is not included in it. As long as Protestant divines "advocated" the truths of Christianity there were serious controversies between Protestants of various denominations, or between Protestants and infidels. But controversy was slowly dying out; and now *canvassing* alone remained.

This soon naturally brought on moderation in controversy; a thing altogether commendable, and unknown before. For if the object of controversy is to find the truth, nothing is so much opposed to it as altercations, chicanery, and squabbles; and if the disputants think that wit is the best means of silencing their adversaries, it is impossible to settle the points under discussion in an intelligent and satisfactory manner.

Ominous indifference

The pacific temper of the champions of conflicting religious views, therefore, held out a hope that truth might come to her own. But soon it appeared among Protestants that moderation went too far, since the very foundations of faith were sacrificed by indifferentism. If each individual is his own judge in religious questions, and if the interpretation of Scripture is alto-

gether left to the private judgment of the individual, it is manifest that the opinions of all must be respected, because they may be true; and consequently no one can declare them false. And because there is no Christian dogma which had not been controverted by some religionist or other, the conclusion was irresistible that all must admit to fellowship, and recognize as their brethren in the faith, any one pretending that he is a Christian, though he may not share in any of the dogmatic opinions entertained by the others. This I call the open disorganization and dissolution of Christianity. But Dr. Evans and his editor in America thought that in advocating this feeling of universal brotherhood "their sole object was truth and charity." They were pulling down the "separation-walls" which before divided Christians, so that "men could shake hands, and exchange words of fellowship, and recognize in one another's faces the features of brethren."

These feelings began to prevail among Protestant sects in North America toward the middle of this century; and I had frequent opportunities of ascertaining it in the Southwest. They called it a catholic spirit. It showed itself, first, in a frequent interchange of pulpits or in the strange custom of several clergymen preaching at the same time, though they belonged to very different creeds. I do not know exactly when this custom began to be adopted in Kentucky, but it was already common when I arrived in the country. It is indeed difficult to imagine how such an idea had become not only possible, but usual, at the very end of a period when controversies had been remarkable for their acrimony and rudeness. A sort of courtesy had

suddenly been introduced into social intercourse between disputants, so as to induce a Presbyterian or Methodist preacher to invite an Episcopalian minister or even an uncompromising Catholic priest to walk up with him to his pulpit on a Sunday and address a congregation wholly unused to the tenets of the visitor.

It is not easy to judge what effect this miscellaneous preaching had on strictly sectarian congregations. Of course great moderation was expected by both ministers and people from the visiting clergyman who appeared almost unexpectedly before them. We know, however, that Father Badin, once at least, far from edified a certain congregation by his moderation. But usually there was on both sides courtesy and sobriety of expression. The preachers who excelled in pleasing people totally at variance with them were said to be distinguished by a *catholic* spirit and tone. The word catholic was constantly used in that sense, with commendation, in the religious periodicals of the various sects. Later on the word *unsectarian* was substituted for catholic.

The union of clergymen representing conflicting creeds in common public services soon became frequent, and mightily contributed to batter down the "separation-walls" mentioned above. An example may not be altogether uninteresting. Professor Henry of Washington had then a great reputation as a literary man of the first rank, whose erudition was almost encyclopædic. He was an Episcopalian minister of sound repute, and belonged, I think, to the High Church party in America. Dr. Osborn, a man of very different religious views (being a Unitarian minister, and pastor

of a congregation whose church was then located in Broadway, New York, near Eighth Street), invited him, at the request of many respectable gentlemen, to deliver a lecture on "Universities" in his church on a Sunday evening. Dr. Forbes, at that time a Catholic convert, induced me to go with him and hear the lecture. We placed ourselves among the audience, and declined to sit on the platform.

The platform was literally filled with three rows of gentlemen, among whom several laymen of note could be distinguished; but the immense majority were clergymen of all denominations. No Catholic priest, however, had taken a seat among them.

On the motion of Dr. Osborn, a president was appointed—a layman, if I mistake not. The first act of the chairman to my surprise was to ask Dr. Osborn to open the meeting with prayer. Instantly all the gentlemen on the platform stood up to join in worship with the Unitarian pastor, and not a single minister among them, even the most strait-laced, hesitated to participate in the ministrations of a man who was a Socinian, whatever his respectability might be. I confess I was shocked, but felt highly gratified that, being among the audience, which all the while remained seated, I was not exposed to the temptation of sacrificing consistency, in order not to appear boorish. But the *nonchalance* with which all these Christian preachers of the Gospel joined in prayer, under the guidance of a man who believed neither in the Trinity nor in the divinity of Christ, would have appeared to me amusing, had it not been so significant. There is no need of adding that at the end of the lecture Dr. Osborn was

again called upon to bestow his benediction on the whole assemblage.

Exchange of pulpits.

But the time soon came when this strange commingling of creeds took the still more offensive form of exchanging pulpits.

During the time of ardent controversies far greater religious activity prevailed among Protestants than when the time of *canvassing* arrived, in spite of what Dr. Evans or his American editor said. It was during the controversial period that so many churches were built. This building process continued even afterwards in large and rich cities, where wealthy people took pride in erecting costly temples to show their æsthetic taste. It was after all mainly an architectural mania. But in little towns and villages, all over the country, as long as the zeal of each particular creed burned ardently enough to make an open profession of its sectarian tenets, edifices arose without number, each of them devoted to a special set of opinions. In a hamlet of a dozen or two of houses you might see several unpretending buildings, distinguished only by their spires, which to people acquainted with American traditions sufficiently indicated the denomination to which it belonged. Presbyterian was very unlike Episcopalian taste; and both greatly differed from the Baptist, Methodist, Quaker, or Unitarian fashions. The people of the village had done their best to show in their buildings the diversity of their religious opinions; and though those meeting-houses, as they were called, were far from being costly, the builders being in general few in number and not overloaded with cash, must have seriously inconvenienced themselves by buying lots on credit,

and contracting debts by employing so many carpenters and masons.

All difficulties, however, were surmounted by their earnestness in the service of God, or by their zeal for their peculiar views of honoring Him. But as soon as moderation was introduced into controversies, and the high "separation-walls" which divided the sects had been laid low by the canvassing and discussing of Christian truths, the number of worshippers sadly diminished in the rural districts, and many ministers, unable to live with their families, were constrained to look for other quarters, and wait for "calls" from other congregations.

The evil spread so rapidly, and so many churches were closed in country villages, that the discharged clergymen soon perceived with dismay that they would have to wait an unreasonable time before they should receive the much-wished-for calls so easy to procure a few years before. Towards 1860 I was shown, in the northern part of the State of New York, a number of rural churches which had not been opened for a year or more. This was a sad position for many zealous preachers of God's word.

They accordingly consulted together as to the best remedies for the evil. An expedient was at last suggested and acted upon, which furnished clear proof that Protestantism was in a critical state. This was the exchanging of pulpits among ministers who thought of "extending the hand of fellowship to each other over the prostrate separation-walls, and recognize in one another's faces the features of brothers."

Suppose that in a hamlet there were four meeting-houses—an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, and

a Methodist church—all of them dying slowly or giving signs of but a sickly life. We will exclude the Episcopalians from the discussion. At that very time the Tractarians in England, and their admirers in America, were doing wonders in showing that they were Catholics; and even those among them who were somewhat frightened by the boldness of a Pusey, of a Newman, of an Oakley, or of a Kemble, felt from the patristic doctrines discussed by these great men that the Anglican and the American Episcopalian belonged to a highly respectable body of Christians; and they would in general have scouted the idea of extending the "hand of fellowship" to mere dissenters. So that there were indeed very few cases of Episcopalians exchanging pulpits with other preachers.

But it was not the same with other sects. All of them were crying out that the Puseyites and their disciples were going to Rome; as to themselves, they would always uphold the Protestant cause. In regard to exchanging pulpits what serious difficulty could they have? If, for instance, the Presbyterian made arrangements with the Baptist minister—even in case the first was pædobaptist, which was not always the case—he could have no serious objection to his people hearing explained the texts from Scripture in favor of confining the "ordinance" of baptism to adult persons. It was only a "canvassing" of Christian truths, and the only effect produced would be simply a wide extension given to the spirit of charity and toleration. A blessed result indeed! Nor could the Presbyterian minister have any objection to inviting a Methodist exhorter to come and address his people. It was well known that the We s

leyan sect attached little importance to dogma, and insisted only on moral reform and a change of heart, a doctrine dear to all the disciples of Luther and Calvin.

But it may be asked, why did they attach so much importance to this exchange of pulpits? Did they expect it to fill their churches again? Suppose that a reverend disciple of Knox should address a Baptist congregation; would this congregation on that account become larger, better disposed to the support of the clergy, and more religiously inclined than it had been before? To a reflecting mind the "expedient" would not seem very promising. Still there was a side of the question which made it hopeful. Not only the curiosity to hear a strange speaker would momentarily, at least, increase the audience; but the very attempt to consolidate the sects, and give them, according to Dr. Evans, a sort of *universality*, would prove of immense benefit in applying a salutary remedy to the greatest evil of the Reformation, namely, the want of unity. The hostility of the sects toward each other had nearly ruined the cause. They must now labor for union if they wished to avoid destruction. It was at about the same time that the "Evangelical Alliance" was started, having chiefly that object in view.

At the moment when this was taking place, no friend of the Reformed churches would have dared to speak even in a whisper of the "failure of Protestantism." It was later that this awful truth was proclaimed from one of the Protestant pulpits of New York, and afterward discussed, reasserted, or denied in many other pulpits and in clerical reviews. In 1840, or thereabouts, all

still firmly believed that Protestantism was sound at the core, and would shake off the temporary paralysis that afflicted it. Now, in the rural districts, it seemed that the measures proposed by some of the leaders would be beneficial for the purpose intended, and that canvassing the truths of Christianity was the best way after all. Accordingly the motion was carried in many places, and religious edifices that had been closed for a longer or shorter period of time were opened again, swept, dusted, and in some instances refreshed with a new coat of paint. Hope revived in the heart of many, but, alas! it was a delusive hope; Protestantism was entering the period not so much of decline, but of dissolution. Before long even Protestant preachers declared that the Reformation had been "a failure."

The truth soon became apparent. The discussions heard everywhere from ministers of adverse sects brought on, as a first result, a new spirit of toleration; but with it the conviction they had previously entertained of their tenets, disappeared; and their faith itself was swallowed up. A Presbyterian, for instance, had been a firm believer in a mysterious and supernatural revelation, because he thought that Calvin and Knox had explained the mystery by their views on total depravity, on the imputable righteousness of Christ, on the eternal decrees of predestination, etc. As soon as he began to entertain doubts of these dogmas his former belief in revelation vanished, and he became prepared to accept the solution given by rationalists to all the questions respecting the human soul. Since he was now solemnly admonished to follow his private judgment, that is, his individual reason, in

his choice of dogmas, logic and impartiality led him to accept reason as his *only* guide.

Just then rationalism received a new and attractive form in the systems of evolution and agnosticism, which rapidly invaded England, and was popularized in this country by a multitude of review articles, pamphlets, discussions on anthropology, pre-history, etc. Owing to the *uniformity* prevailing everywhere in the United States, as previously explained, all these attacks on Christian faith soon reached the most distant parts even of the rural districts; and the multitude, bewildered by the loud assertions of the new rationalists, was at last prepared to listen to the abuse of Robert Ingersoll, who at the present day revives the wild attacks of Tom Paine against the Bible.

Protestantism appeared far from moribund in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, St. Louis, etc. The closing of churches and the dwindling away of congregations, so remarkable in villages and hamlets, had not apparently affected the great centres of population. Quite the contrary. No one had ever witnessed such triumphant prosperity in the outward looks of Protestantism. Magnificent temples were building in the most fashionable quarters of all great cities. Whenever an old church was abandoned the papers took good care to announce that the only reason of the change was the necessity of providing better and more roomy accommodations for the fast-increasing congregations. The people who worshipped in the former edifice—often a rickety old frame building—had all grown rich and their families had removed far up-town to some aristocratic neighborhood. They

were quite ready to open their purse, and to contribute liberally to raise a temple to God worthy of their patrician condition. They wished, moreover, to hear the truths of Christianity in a form adapted to the high culture of the present age. Art must now be allied to religion in all its forms—architecture, sculpture, music; above all, Christian eloquence and the scientific treatment of religious questions. A first list of subscriptions sent round among the members made it manifest that, whatever might be the expense, there would be no heavy debt at the end. Should the edifice itself, with its interior ornamentation, cost anything short of a million, it would soon be paid. A large choir led by one of the best organists in the city; an eloquent preacher, sure of due appreciation from a most refined audience; everything that art and religion combined could furnish in this polished century, could easily be defrayed by the simple *premiums* on the pew-rent alone. That there was no delusion in these tempting anticipations was amply proved by the erection and liberal support of many costly churches in New York and Brooklyn alone. The erection of so many expensive structures in those cities seemed to prove irresistibly that Protestantism was very prosperous. Still in the midst of this astounding prosperity the Rev. Mr. Bellows, I think, emphatically declared before a gaping audience that "Protestantism was a failure!"

Even the Episcopal Church, the last to give way, showed signs of decay. The ministers belonging to the Low Church party became restive in their discipline. The episcopal authority was at times openly set at defiance; and a separation was avoided only because

the bishops did not dare to enforce the rules and to reprove their bold eccentricities in doctrine and conduct. The former Tractarians on the other side were changed into ritualists, imitating the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, apparently with the intention of vexing their bishops even more than the Low Churchmen did. Among the bishops there was no uniformity either of dogma or of discipline.

This unpromising state of affairs continued, without causing disunion, until the Civil War of 1861; then the Protestant churches in the North and South, owing to the political confusion which had spread everywhere, became widely disunited and disorganized. The clergymen of the two sections could no longer meet together amicably; and it is not a matter of wonder that the former union, weak as it had been, gave way in many places, particularly in the border States, in which ministers of the same church were often profoundly divided on political questions. It was remarked at this time that the Catholic Church alone did not show any symptoms of this universal dissension.

Then several Episcopalian bishops declared themselves independent, and carried away with them a number of inferior clergymen. One of those prelates went so far as to consecrate as bishops a couple of his dependent clergy, and there was a prospect of an open schism in the sect which had been until then the most compact, conservative, and respected denomination in the United States. It is needless to mention the state of bewilderment consequent upon these quarrels, among the pious and estimable ladies and gentlemen born in Episcopalianism, and accustomed from infancy

to regard their church as a branch of the Catholic religion.

This meagre sketch can scarcely give an idea of the decay of the Protestant sects in the United States, just at the moment when open infidelity, under the names of agnosticism, positivism, and evolutionism, threatened to swallow up all former beliefs and convictions, and to leave men a prey to their passions, refusing to recognize any master on earth or in heaven.

Continued proscription of Catholics.

The Constitution of the United States prohibited the establishment of a National Church, and left all citizens free to follow their religious convictions, and to organize themselves as they wished. The Catholic Church, then an insignificant body of about 25,000 souls, profited by this law. The see of Baltimore was instituted by Pius VII., and John Carroll became its first bishop. George Washington, replying to a deputation of prominent Catholics, directly after the conclusion of the peace with England, had declared that the citizens belonging to the Church of Rome had been remarkable for their patriotism during the war, shedding their blood on the field of battle, and contributing liberally of their means for the success of their country's cause. He was sure, he added, that they would continue, in time of peace, observers of the law and promoters of the common prosperity in the various avocations of private and public life.

Liberality of the government.

The new States, following the lead of Congress, inscribed freedom of worship on their constitutions, and, except in New Hampshire and Rhode Island, all the disabilities and penal laws which previously kept the

Catholics under the ban were removed, to the gratification of all good citizens.

When the federal government was asked to allow a Catholic hierarchy in the United States, not only no obstacle was put in its way, but owing to the good offices of Franklin, then Minister of the United States in France, all the wishes of the Court of Rome as regards the communication of the Holy See with the American bishops were at once gratified. The Roman Pontiff expressed his admiration of the ways of divine Providence in opening a large continent in the New World to the mild sway of the Church, at the very moment when all the states of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, were bent on opposing Catholicity, nay, of destroying it root and branch.

But if in the higher spheres of government and in official life there was shown a generous liberality toward the Mother Church, the Protestant sects in general remained as bitter as they had been in their hostility against "Romanism or Papistry." Their universal principles of toleration, even toward the middle of this century, did not allow them to proffer the hand of fellowship to the superstitious Romanists. The old prejudices continued to maintain their hold on the majority of the American Protestants, and prevented the closing up of the religious chasm.

Prejudices against Catholics.

I will briefly state the causes of these prejudices against Catholicity and Catholics. The imputation of priestcraft, that is to say, hypocrisy and cunning on the part of the Catholics, and chiefly of their leaders, was deeply impressed by the clergy on the Protestant mind in England, it seems, as well as in the United States;

and this was the chief explanation they gave not only of the preservation but of the extension of the Catholic Church in spite of the initial victories gained by Protestantism. The *axiom* that the Catholics were a cunning set, that their priests were plotters and rogues, became a solemn decree of ostracism against the most inoffensive children of the Roman Church. Brownson records that the Presbyterian ministers always solemnly warned their flocks against having any social, political, or even commercial intercourse with papists. Nay, more: though they professed to believe that their own theological system was superior to any other, particularly to the *superstitious tomfoolery of papism*, still they forbade them to buy, possess, or read any Catholic books.

The most galling consequence of this dark view of Catholicism was the constant state of social wrangling among near neighbors, or rather the total disregard of one another which it produced. In Marion County, Kentucky, where I lived, the Catholic farmers were nearly as numerous as the Protestants; among these last the Presbyterians predominated. I never heard that a Catholic family could presume to visit a Calvinist neighbor, much less ask his good offices in a time of difficulty. They scarcely nodded to each other when they met on the public road. All social ties were broken by this absurd fear of popish plots. *It stood to reason*—this was the usual expression—that a disciple of Calvin or Knox should not receive into his house a priest-ridden papist whose dark designs could never be known.

My visits were strictly confined to the Catholic families

of the neighborhood, where I always found myself at home. Still an occasion occurred which demonstrated the impossibility of obtaining a trifling act of kindness from one of our Protestant neighbors. Dr. Boislinière of St. Louis, who came to spend a few days with us at the college, proposed to me one day to go in his buggy to pay a visit to the Dominicans of St. Rose, thirteen miles distant. I accepted with pleasure, as I had never been there before, and had often promised to go.

It was in summer, and we started early in the afternoon with the prospect of beautiful though warm weather. But in Kentucky, thunder-storms rise rapidly, and the fall of rain is sometimes tropical. Such a storm overtook us when we were just half-way to St. Rose's. A stream which we had to cross had become an impetuous torrent, and in fording it, the gear which connected our vehicle with our horse, broke suddenly, and we found ourselves at the mercy of the infuriated elements.

There was, fortunately, a farmhouse quite near, and we felt sure of a welcome, as a piece of rope was all we wanted. But as soon as I gave my name and my office of professor at the college, we were told to go in a pouring rain to the next house, which was that of a Catholic farmer nearly half a mile distant!

Under the circumstances the only thing which could be of any service to us was a ready wit and a sharp reply, which in the United States are always an "open-sesame" which unbar the closed door. Father Badin was a master in that useful science; and though I think I have already mentioned one of his tricks, it may not be superfluous to make mention of another. Having

one day lost his horse, which fell under him and died on the road, he took his saddle-bags on his arm and, leaving the carcass to its fate, walked to the nearest inn. There was in the barroom a numerous assemblage, among them a Presbyterian minister well known for his broad humor. As soon as the priest appeared the Calvinist preacher went to him. "I hope," he said, "that before your horse died, you had time to anoint him." "Unfortunately I could not anoint him," replied Father Badin, "because the scoundrel turned Presbyterian." This repartee put everybody on his side; and he procured without any expense whatever he needed for the remainder of his journey.

There seemed to be no cure for this first prejudice. Protestants saw in the most inoffensive circumstances proofs of the cunning and hypocrisy of the "papists." A glance, a random word without special meaning, conduct different from that of others, were directly taken as demonstrations of the duplicity imputed. And it must be confessed with Dr. Newman in his *Apologia* that this imputation, which in the eyes of Protestants became a kind of note of the Church, was so "indeed truly, because the presence of powerful enemies, and the sense of their own weakness, had sometimes tempted Christians [Catholics] to the abuse, instead of the use, of Christian wisdom, to be wise without being harmless; but only partly, nay, for the most part, not truly, but slanderously, and merely because the world called their wisdom craft, when it was found to be a match for its own numbers and power."

When I landed, there were comparatively few disabilities weighing on the children of the Mother Church.

In theory they had all the rights of citizens; they enjoyed by right all the social and political privileges granted to citizens by the Constitution. But during more than two hundred years they had been, like the Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland, oppressed by iniquitous penal laws in nearly all the colonies which became afterwards States of the Union. During this long time of ostracism they were often reduced to resort to shifts in order to practise their religion, educate their children, in fact to follow the dictates of their conscience—the most sacred right of man. If, in order to secure these inestimable advantages, they were compelled to use discretion in their language, prudence in their conduct, secrecy in the midst of spies, who could accuse them of cunning and hypocrisy? They only exercised the right of self-defence. The Catholics did not ask for reprisals; they asked only that the religious freedom granted to all citizens should be awarded to them also, not only in theory, but in fact.

But in 1838 it was a glaring fact that Catholics were excluded from all, or nearly all, public offices; that all public institutions—prisons, hospitals, poorhouses, academies for military and naval officers, etc., were in the hands of Protestants, and no Catholic could fully enjoy his religious rights in them. The time had not arrived even for claiming those rights. Proofs without number could be quoted here. Who could be surprised under these circumstances that the Catholics brooded over their wrongs, and were dissatisfied with the partiality shown to Protestants? Perhaps their enemies would have been better pleased if the "papists" had clenched their fists and gnashed their teeth at the

numerous acts of injustice done to them. They never did so. They were cowed by a tyranny which had lasted more than two centuries; and on this account, perhaps, they were thought to be *a cunning, hypocritical set of priest-ridden fanatics.* The Puritans were certainly persuaded of this, and it was an axiom never to be erased from their *vade mecum.*

Prejudice at present.

Has this prejudice, so obvious fifty years ago, entirely vanished at this moment? There is now no doubt a far greater number of liberal Protestants who profess to be friendly to Catholics, hold intercourse with them and with their priests, and seem to be ready to render any service in their power. Puritan prejudices are derided by them, and they appear to be in favor of the largest and most unqualified toleration. Catholic clergymen do not fail to profit by this change, and bless the days in which we live, so different from the past. Still I have heard from acute observers that Catholics can never be sure that these professions of friendship are sincere; and sometimes it happens that after promising their help and good offices men find some flimsy pretext for withholding their cooperation. In a previous chapter I have given the result of my own experience. Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, in all their branches, I have generally found as prejudiced against us as their Puritan ancestors have ever been. There is scarcely any difference between the ministers of those sects and their people. There is always among them a lurking fear of Catholics, and for many of them "papists" are worse than pagans. If there are any exceptions, they are so few and insignificant that they do not deserve to be mentioned.

It is only among High Church Episcopalians—ministers and people—that a kind feeling towards us seems really to exist; and during the whole time of my ministry I have often been under great obligations to them, fully persuaded that they were sincere friends. It was before Ritualism arose, and when Tractarianism was prevalent among them. As to Low Church Episcopalians, they had, I thought, few prejudices against us, yet would have spurned the idea of having any dealings with us.

In general, the idea that Protestant laymen have of Catholic priests is of a forbidding nature. The system of supernaturalism pervading the Church is to them inexplicable. The supernatural truths kept by Protestantism are so few, and so little thought of in social life, that they consider their own ministers simply as well-brought-up gentlemen filling the office of preachers, not daring to trouble the conscience of their flock. A well-brought-up and cultured layman considers his pastor as a pleasant companion standing on the same level with himself and able to discuss literary, social, and political matters with him. In the pulpit the clergyman must not touch political subjects, except in a very general way, because public opinion is against it, but every topic connected with history, science, art, and religion (so far as its social aspect is concerned) is a proper and interesting subject of discussion. The sacred character of the clergyman has totally disappeared.

Judge Wilkinson.

How deeply this prejudice was ingrained in the Protestant mind appears from the history of many conversions. Judge Wilkinson of Kentucky had mar-

ried a Catholic lady of Bardstown, and was seriously thinking of becoming a Catholic. But many difficulties arising from the prejudices now under consideration weighed on his mind. He came to pay us a visit at St. Mary's, and remained three or four days. I had been incorrectly informed that he had actually joined the Church. I was not, therefore, surprised, in a long conversation I had with him in our garden, to hear him speak almost enthusiastically of the happiness the human mind and heart felt when resting on the bosom of the true Church. All the problems of life were at once explained; faith had opened the door which reason alone could not unlock; the Christian religion, so poorly supported by the sects, stood up in its native grandeur, and commanded the respect and the love of the happy convert, etc., etc. I was, of course, delighted, and I confined myself to saying occasionally a word or two in confirmation of the sentiments which issued so naturally from his lips. At the end of the conversation I expressed the pleasure I felt in receiving the confirmation of what I had been told, though informally, of his accession to our ranks. To this he simply answered that I was mistaken, "he had not the happiness of being a Catholic." This was a mystery that I could not explain; and I was so much taken by surprise that I did not call on him to enlighten me; so we separated.

The cat came out of the bag just a year later. He came again; but this time his object was to go through a week's retreat, at the end of which he was baptized, and from that day forward he always remained an exemplary Catholic, firmly attached to his religion. He

died without having experienced a moment's doubt with regard to our holy faith. But what were his feelings when he spoke to me on the occasion of his first visit?

He told me that he did not believe what he had said to me in favor of Catholicity the first time. Having strange and rather dark notions of the real character of Catholic priests, and not knowing me intimately as he did a few others, he thought it better not to raise any question. There would be between us both no controversy and no fear of the least discourtesy in our conversation. He said that at that time he had not the least idea of embracing the religion of his wife. All the prejudices of his Protestant education were then as strong as before; and, as usual among sectarians, he did not believe that the Catholic Church could be right. His eyes were opened in a manner which he could not himself describe. Having read many Catholic books before, he could rehearse the arguments brought forward by the writers. But there was a formidable obstacle which prevented him from deriving real benefit from his knowledge. This was a deep mistrust of the Church herself and her ministers. He could not think they were sincere. He could not say how that want of confidence had gradually disappeared. He no longer experienced the least uneasiness from it. The Church, on the contrary, was in his eyes undoubtedly the interpreter of God's will, and he felt an intense pleasure in throwing himself into her arms.

How could this change be explained? From cold arguments offered to him by Christian apologists without forcing his assent, he had, in a few months, passed

to a state of security he had never anticipated. His mind was made up; his heart entirely captivated by the beauty of Christ's Bride, his imagination entranced by the splendor of his new faith. This evidently was the work of God Himself; and in his opinion God had been induced to pour on him this effusion of His grace by the prayers of his Catholic friends, particularly of his wife and of his innocent children.

I have had frequent occasions to remark the same psychological process in the conversion of Protestants in the United States. After most violent opposition to the Church on account of their prejudices, when they were fully persuaded that truth could not be found in her teachings, nor morality in her precepts, there was at first a vague desire of further knowing her tenets, often with the view of hating and despising her more than ever. They were obliged, however, to confess that things were not as they had imagined them to be. But even when their mind began to be convinced, their heart remained as firm as ever in its opposition; and invariably at the happy moment when they were at last brought to the feet of the Spouse of Christ, they could not explain their conversion except as a free gift from Heaven of which secondary causes had only been blind instruments.

That Protestants are for the most part persuaded that truth *cannot* be found in the teaching of the Church, nor morality in her precepts, is an almost universal fact. The young men who formed a glorious cluster of ardent Christians around Bishop Ives in North Carolina, and called themselves Santa Crucians, were converted to his sect, the High Church Episcopalians, from Methodism,

Presbyterianism, and Low Churchism, by his reputation for virtue and talent. Not a single one of them, before going to him, thought of examining the claims of the Catholic Church. This was told me by Mr. Donald McLes, who became at last a Catholic clergyman. Subsequently, Mr. Shaw of Boston, who from a Congregationalist or Unitarian became a Catholic and died a novice in the Society of Jesus, assured me that he had the same experience. Happening to feel dissatisfied with his own creed, he did not at first think that Catholicity deserved a moment's attention. He was brought to think of her only by what he saw in the city of Rome when he visited it for pleasure and information.

Charge of superstition.

The second indictment which used to be made against the Church by Protestants in 1838 and after is that of *superstition*. The worship of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints, the veneration paid to relics and holy images, the custom of pious pilgrimages to certain shrines, the prescribed days of fast and abstinence, the doctrine of indulgences, and the power of absolution from sins granted to approved clergymen, etc., etc., were in the eyes of Protestants so many absurd superstitions, if not open acts of idolatry.

Catholic controversy has, hundreds of times, explained these doctrines and practices, and proved that none of them is opposed to faith or reason.

Catholic proscription of the Bible.

The third charge made against the Catholics and their Church was that they have always opposed the reading of the Bible; that even now no importance is attached by Catholics to the perusal of the Old or New Testament for the formation of character and the development of the inner Christian life. These and kindred charges

were firmly believed by all the sects at the time of my landing, and contributed greatly to increase the opposition against us. The tables, however, are now turned, and Catholics are the most earnest believers in the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible.

Bigotry in the Troy poor-house.

We often heard the outcry that the Catholic Church sternly forbids Catholics to publish the Bible or any part of it *without comments*. I will relate an occurrence which took place during the Know-nothing excitement in 1857, I think.

I was then in Troy, and, the poorhouse of Rensselaer County being in our parish of St. Joseph's, I had obtained permission in 1852 to occupy a room once a fortnight, in which I heard confessions and said Mass for the Catholic inmates. The year following I was allowed by the keeper to send every Sunday afternoon two young girls, the daughters of Michael O'Grady, whose farm was contiguous to the poorhouse, to take charge of teaching catechism to the Catholic children and prepare them for their first communion.

Everything went on admirably well with great harmony, and much good was done, until the Know-nothing storm swept over the country, and threatened the disfranchisement of Catholic citizens. Fortunately the three superintendents—Democrats—who had been previously elected for three or four years, could not be removed. One of them, by the name of Gregory, however, was as hostile to Catholics as any Know-nothing could be. The two others were good men, one of them particularly, Sidney Smith, a High Church Episcopalian of Lansingburg. A new keeper, however, was appointed, who seemed leagued with Gregory to vex us.

Shortly after, the Methodists obtained from the Board of Supervisors a sum of fifty dollars to buy *moral and instructive books* for the children of the poorhouse; and these moral and instructive books consisted of abusive tracts against the Catholic religion, and were illustrated with insulting woodcuts. Protestant Testaments and prayer-books completed the collection. I had instructed the Misses O'Grady how to act in the circumstances; I had told them, if any attack against us was openly made in these pamphlets, to obtain some of them from the Catholic children and bring them to me. Not suspecting that New Testaments would also be distributed, I had said nothing of them; and unfortunately several were brought to me together with the Methodist tracts. I told the young ladies to take back these Testaments to the poorhouse the following Sunday, and tell the keeper that it was a mistake. But when they were going to do so, the keeper, without listening to them, shut the door in their faces, called them thieves, and forbade them ever to return to the place.

My duty was to see to the matter personally. I went as soon as possible to the office of the Poorhouse superintendents, and found there Mr. Gregory alone. I had not then full knowledge of his malignity, and thought that, being a Democrat, he would show some respect for his party, and some fear of those who had elected him. All my people had voted for him at the last election. But I perceived my mistake very soon, and leaving him in his office I went straightway to Lansingburg, and found Mr. Sidney Smith at his place of business. He had not yet heard anything of what

had happened the previous Sunday. After I told him, he exclaimed that the taking of the New Testaments might become a serious affair without his interference. The present keeper, though apparently a Know-nothing, was under great obligations to him, and the matter, he thought, would be soon settled. He called directly for his buggy, and soon we were going together to the field of battle.

On the way he explained to me what he would do. Mr. Bolton, the keeper, would consent to receive back the New Testaments which were the cause of the difficulty. (No mention would be made of the tracts, which I needed to show how the Board of Supervisors had been imposed upon in voting away public money to buy these sheets containing such bitter attacks on the inoffensive Catholics.) The Misses O'Grady would continue to teach catechism in the Poorhouse. I would make a list of Catholic New Testaments, prayer-books, etc., which I would procure and hand over to Mr. Sidney Smith—who would pay for them—and they would be given to Mr. Bolton for distribution among the Catholic children by the hands of the Misses O'Grady. There would thus be a perfect reconciliation between all parties.

To carry out this programme appeared to me scarcely possible in the midst of the prevailing Know-nothing excitement. In Albany, at that time, the Catholic priest who had charge of the Albany County poorhouse had been forbidden to enter the establishment, without any cause whatsoever. Mgr. McCloskey—then bishop of Albany—through the influence of many friends had obtained that, at least, in case of the serious sickness of the

inmates a Catholic clergyman should be called to administer the sacraments *in articulo mortis*. Still my friend Mr. Smith told me everything would be done, as he announced it to me. And so it came to pass, after a slight resistance on the part of Mr. Bolton. I did not think proper to inquire of Mr. Smith what were the obligations under which this *gentleman* was to him. But I am sure there was nothing dishonorable in the services rendered by my friend of Lansingburg. He was a perfect gentleman and a Christian.

In the course of our conversation in the buggy, Mr. Smith asked me: "How is it, Father, that you attach such importance to excluding from the hands of your flock our version of the New Testament? I know our King James version almost by heart, and I have read several times your New Testament. To tell you the truth, I cannot see any difference between them, except that our own is written in better style."

"My dear sir," I replied, "I have two answers to give to your objection. The first, that will not be perhaps altogether obvious to you, is this: Though you are an excellent Christian and an habitual reader of Holy Scripture, I am sure that you do not consider yourself a theologian and a philologist. There may be—and there are—differences between both texts which may not strike you as important, though a theologian may very well be of a different opinion." Then I called his attention to a pamphlet written a short time before by Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburg on that question, and promised to send him a copy. "It is true," I added, "that you may reply by saying that if some of those differences are of importance in the eyes of Catholic theologians,

they cannot endanger the faith and morals of an ordinary reader. This may be partly true; still the Church is so earnest in her endeavor to safeguard her children that she will put into their hands only a pure and unexceptionable text. The second answer, I am sure, will settle the matter for you as well as for me.

"All sects among the Reformers insist on publishing their Bibles without any notes and comments; and they find fault with the Catholic Church for forbidding the printing of the sacred books without notes and comments on the passages whose meaning is not clear to ordinary readers. I am sure that you will concede to Catholics the right of thinking that the Bible is not always so clear as to require no notes or comments."

Mr. Smith interrupted me, and said with emphasis: "You are right, Father; the reading of the Bible without any explanation is likely to breed fanaticism, and has done so more than once. I reiterate my promise to you that your children in the Poorhouse shall have the Catholic Testaments you are to procure in my name."

This dark cloud of prejudice was the greatest obstacle to the conversion of Protestants. It is even surprising that under the circumstances any of them saw the errors of their sects and found refuge in the bosom of the Mother Church. But those who did so confessed that at first they thought it impossible to try. When they began to study religious questions it seemed to them an act of folly to become a Catholic. No wonder that their toleration did not embrace the Catholics.

Growth of the Catholic body.

The prejudices enumerated in the previous section still held sway toward the middle of this century. Until 1850 or thereabouts, the Catholic Church was scarcely

visible in the midst of the sects whose meeting-houses literally filled the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets of the country. The reader still remembers the description of the few Catholic churches which my companion and I met with during our long journey from Philadelphia to Lebanon in Kentucky. We could say our Mass conveniently only at Pittsburg and Wheeling. It would have required better information than we possessed to discover the few Dominican chapels then existing in Ohio, or the parochial churches of Frankfort and Lexington in Kentucky.

The Catholics being so few, did not dare to raise their heads. Under the shield of the Constitution they could freely build churches, open schools, found asylums, hospitals of their own, etc. But they needed few of these establishments. The innumerable free schools were all denominational and consequently closed to their children. The public hospitals, poorhouses, asylums of all sorts, were in the hands of Protestants, or if they were state or county establishments everything was under Protestant rule. In a great number of poorhouses, even, no priest could show himself and administer the sacraments to the dying Catholics. The reader has not forgotten what happened to Father Du Ranquet the first time he presented himself at the Westchester County poorhouse, a few miles from Fordham. A much longer list of such abuses could be given; these few words must suffice here.

Even in those parts of Kentucky where many Catholics from Maryland had settled at the beginning of this century, and where the names of Bishops Flaget and David, Fathers Badin, Nerinckx, Abell, Reynolds, etc.,

were justly held in veneration by the population, the great majority of Protestants would have no intercourse with papists. The reader still remembers what happened to Dr. Boislinère and myself at the door of a Presbyterian farmer's house during a storm. That most interesting book called "The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky," by Hon. Benjamin J. Webb, contains an anecdote very like my own concerning Father Abell, who, being first admitted by a farmer during a storm, was about to be turned adrift when his priestly character became known. But he was a Kentuckian born and could act with more energy than I; so he forced the rustic to give him supper and a bed. That story is characteristic and gives an idea of the position of Catholics, even in the best portions of the country.

Growth of liberality among the cultivated.

A more liberal spirit began about that time to pervade the upper classes. The same thing is true of the officers of the army and navy. They were perfect gentlemen, many of whom had seen foreign countries, and respected the Catholic religion on account of what they had seen abroad.

About the year 1850 the few Catholic cadets at West Point were not molested on account of their religion, either by the professors or by the Protestant students. They were allowed on Sundays to go to Cold Spring, across the Hudson, the only place in the neighborhood possessing a Catholic church. Father Villani, from Piedmont, Italy, was the pastor, and having occasion to see me frequently in New York he told me many interesting stories about the gentlemen of the Military Academy who always received him with the utmost courtesy. One of the professors, it is true, was a Catho-

lic; but he was not the only one to show his kind feelings toward Father Villani. This was the gentleman who became afterwards General Rosecrans, and whose brother graduated at Fordham College and became bishop of Columbus, Ohio. General Rosecrans was, I think, the first of many officers of high grade to return to the Church. At present there is a respectable number of Catholic generals and superior officers in the United States army.

It was at Fordham that the brother of General Rosecrans, who had become a Catholic before he entered St. John's College, thought of consecrating himself to God in the priesthood. I had many conversations with him which changed my ideas about the probability of finding a sufficient number of vocations for the ecclesiastical state in the United States. I really thought it would be extremely difficult to find almost any young Americans who would think of taking such a step. Nay, Rev. Dr. C. C. Pise had persuaded me that it would be hard, if not impossible, to form in this country an *American* Catholic Church, since the parish of St. Peter's, the oldest in New York, was still entirely composed of Irishmen from Ireland. None of those who had been baptized in that church since its establishment at the end of the last century were members in 1846. This I was told at the time by Dr. Pise. Yet to-day not only do many parishes contain a large proportion of American-born families, but there is in them no lack of vocations for the ecclesiastical state. This is a new and a strong proof that before 1850 the Catholic Church had a feeble existence in the United States. But about that time there was an observable change which has since gone on in-

creasing wonderfully; and it was in the cultivated classes of society that a kind feeling toward Catholicity first showed itself.

It is, therefore, not surprising that in the American navy the same favorable symptoms appeared. I first heard of it from Bishop Hughes—he was not yet Archbishop. During one of my visits to him I found him in great glee. He had just returned from Washington, and told me a remarkable story which I have not read in any of his biographies.

I cannot state the exact time of the occurrence, as I do not find anything in my notes relating to it; but it is strongly imprinted on my memory, and it surely happened under one of the Democratic administrations, probably that of Mr. Polk. The time, consequently, agrees well with the change observed in the army.

The Secretary of the Navy had called the Bishop to the seat of government to offer to Catholic clergymen a chaplaincy in the fleet. Until that time all the chaplains in the army and navy had been Protestants, mostly Episcopalians; and I think that this has continued to be the case until the present time. The Secretary observed at first that the majority of the sailors were Roman Catholics, and the navy officers had no objection—far from it—to see their Irish tars gratified by giving them Catholic chaplains. The Bishop was assured that the officers would assist at the divine service on Sundays with their men, and exact from the sailors a proper respect for their chaplains. These reverend gentlemen would have the rank and the pay granted to the Episcopalian chaplains, and mess with the officers, etc.

Painted by Healey

Photogravure & Color Co.

John Hughes. Abp.

The Bishop was surprised; he had not expected such a proposal. He did not tell me all that passed in his thoughts, but his answer to the Secretary remains still vividly in my memory, though I cannot vouch for the words. After having thanked the administration and particularly the Secretary for their liberality towards the Roman Church, he said in substance that he was sorry to say the Catholic hierarchy of the United States might not find it feasible to accept the proposal at that time. He would have to take their advice before giving a final answer. On account of the dearth of priests and other important reasons he thought that the majority of his brethren in the episcopate would take the same view as he did himself.

"But, Mr. Secretary," the Bishop closed his answer, "if this country should be at war with a foreign nation, and battles should be expected to take place on sea, if our line-of-battle ships must meet a British seventy-four, making it likely that the deck of our ships will be strewn with the bodies of our wounded sailors, we shall give to the government all the chaplains they want, and will consider it a great honor." The Bishop told me that the Secretary expressed his admiration of those sentiments.

This story shows the change in the feelings of the higher classes to Catholics which took place at that time. Twenty years before such a meeting between a Secretary of the Navy and a Catholic bishop could hardly have taken place. In case the President of the United States or his secretaries had wished to make such appointments, the naval officers would have opposed it, and it could not have been carried into execution.

Respect shown to priests by naval officer.

Another incident which happened about the same time was a powerful confirmation of this view. I occasionally visited Rev. Mr. Bacon, pastor of the Church of the Assumption in Brooklyn, who died since then as Bishop of Portland, Maine. It was a beautiful forenoon in the spring. He proposed to me to visit the Navy Yard, which I had never seen, and which was within the precincts of his parish. On the way he told me what had taken place there two weeks before. In the middle of the night he was called to attend a Catholic sailor. An accident had just happened, and two men, a Catholic and a Methodist, had been seriously injured; both the priest and the Methodist minister were directly called. The priest, Father Bacon, was the first to arrive, and was received, as had always been the custom, without any ceremony. The receiving ship was, I think, the old frigate Constitution. From the boat Father Bacon was hoisted up to the deck of the ship, which was in the middle of the stream, and taken directly to the bunk of the poor Irish sailor. As the man was in danger of death, the priest's task kept him busy considerably more than half an hour, and at the end he prepared to go home. A sailor whom he found at the door told him the *Commodore* wished to see him, and he was conducted to his room. I have forgotten the name of the gentleman—perhaps it was Commodore Meade; he certainly was a captain in the navy, and he had the title of Commodore as commander of a frigate, I think. He begged Father Bacon to be seated, and began to apologize for the unceremonious way in which he had been admitted. He said that as soon as the accident happened he had sent a messenger

for both clergymen, but he had given order on board the ship to receive the Catholic priest with marked attention. He did not explain the nature of that attention; but he added that his order had been mistaken and the attention was bestowed on the Methodist minister. He wished to repair that mistake, and, as it could not be done when the night was so far advanced, he hoped the Rev. Mr. Bacon would soon find an occasion to visit the ship, either alone or with some friends, during the daytime. He would then show how he appreciated the character of a Catholic clergyman, though he was not himself a Catholic. "Now we are going to see," added my friend, "what he will do to redeem his pledge."

We soon arrived, and Father Bacon, after sending his card, expected instant admittance. But we were requested to wait for a signal which would soon be given. It was evident there would be some ceremony. From the shore, in fact, we saw a troop of marines filing on one side, sailors on the other; a band of music directly struck up a lively march. When we reached the top of the ladder the Commodore was there ready to welcome us. After a hearty shake of the hand he placed himself between both of us, and proceeded to show us every interesting part of the frigate. Having never studied the phraseology of maritime affairs, ship-tackle, and the like, I cannot speak of them as expertly as Fenimore Cooper, Captain Marryat, or other novelists whose life was spent on the ocean. We were shown at first, I think, the vast room extending the whole length of the ship directly under the main deck. There must have been at least twelve big guns on each side, with the

proper amount of balls, ramrods, etc. I know that at present all this belongs to the past, and the Chinese alone still use them. But at that time artillery had not progressed as much as is the case now. After the fighting field of the ship we visited its hospital, kitchen, refectory, and various halls. The Constitution was an old sailing-ship, and there was no steam-engine on board. What chiefly interested us were the honors paid to both of us as Catholic clergymen. The marines had presented arms when we landed on the main deck; the sailors were all at their posts below or in the rigging; the band went through its usual list of patriotic airs and martial tunes.

At last all this display came to an end, and the Commodore took us to his apartments, where some wine and cakes waited for us. We drank his health, and he returned the compliment; and after a polite conversation of twenty minutes we withdrew. He accompanied us to the deck, where the band was still playing; finally a lively favorite tune was struck up and continued until we had reached the Brooklyn shore.

Such had been, until that day, the humble social standing of Catholic clergymen that both Mr. Bacon and myself considered this pleasant little affair as a sort of triumph for our holy religion. At the present time (1884) a great deal more of ceremonious honor is almost usual. As examples of this may be cited the honors lately paid to Archbishop Ryan, both when he left St. Louis, where he had been coadjutor to the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, and when he arrived in Philadelphia to take possession of his new see. It is evident that the members of our hierarchy now attract the

attention and enjoy the respect of all classes of people, even of non-Catholics. This happy change began to be remarked toward the middle of this century, as I have stated. But for a long time it was not apparent among the commoner class of Protestant officials, and our ministry among the poor in public hospitals, asylums, houses of refuge, etc., has continued to this day to be hindered on many occasions by these persons.

The cause of this change, I have said, was the increasing number of Catholics in the United States.

Prior to this century a great number of Protestants, chiefly non-conformists, had emigrated to North America from England, Scotland, and the North of Ireland. A few Hollanders had come with them, and altogether they formed the mass of the population. Members of the Established Church of England had settled particularly in the colony of New York after its conquest by the English, also in Virginia.

Many Catholics likewise left the British Isles on account of the barbarous penal laws under which they groaned in their native country. The noble enterprise of the Maryland pilgrims under Lord Baltimore, in the seventeenth century, is well known, and would have brought a great number of Catholics from Great Britain, if the freedom of worship which they were the first to proclaim on the new continent, had not been shortly after denied to them by their Protestant fellow colonists. Soon penal laws against "papists, Jesuits, etc.," were enacted in all the colonies; but as it was easier to escape from these enactments here than in the mother country, a number of Catholic emigrants arrived during the eighteenth century, and settled particularly in

Maryland and Pennsylvania, to avoid the persecution carried on by the Puritans of the North. Had these poor English and Irish emigrants been able to bring priests with them, there is no doubt that at the end of the Revolutionary War the Catholic Church would have begun a career of prosperity in all the States of the Union, as it did in Maryland, Kentucky, and soon after in Louisiana and the whole West and North along the former French possessions.

Unfortunately all the Colonies, as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, being almost totally deprived of priests, our holy religion could with difficulty be transmitted from fathers to sons; and after a few generations the sad spectacle was witnessed of many families with Catholic names either practising no religion at all or going to the meeting-houses of their neighbors. This is now a very common occurrence in most of the Southern States, and the Catholic dioceses established in that part of the country scarcely grow in numbers.

Toward the middle of this century Catholic emigration began to flow in an uninterrupted stream, particularly in the Northern and Western States. Wherever negro slavery prevailed the Irish rarely set their foot; this was the chief cause which prevented the growth of the Church in the South.

The prejudices that prevented the Catholics from enjoying all the rights of citizenship have been examined. We shall now consider how, owing to their rapid increase, these prejudices began to subside. It has been seen that the higher classes of Americans were the first to treat Catholics with fairness.

Between the end of 1838, when I landed, and the mid-

dle of 1846, when I came to New York, there was already a remarkable change. Wherever I observed the increase of Catholics, the erection of new churches, asylums, colleges, institutions of every sort, I was struck with the growing respect accorded both to the newcomers and to the old settlers.

Progress of Catholicity in the Southwest.

Before I left the West the progress made in the States of Kentucky, Missouri, and Louisiana was steady and most remarkable. These three States, it is true, had had this advantage over the other Southern States, that comparatively many Catholics had, from the start, settled there, and that they had enjoyed the presence among them of a sufficiently numerous and excellent clergy. Looking at Kentucky in the first place, according to the computation of Father Badin, three hundred Catholic families had come—in 1787, I think—down the Ohio as far as the falls near the present city of Louisville. They continued coming throughout the remainder of the eighteenth and during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Bishop Flaget induced many French priests to come to his help, and after a few years a still greater number of young Americans of his flock felt a vocation to the ecclesiastical state. They could easily attend to the religious wants of the population. In Louisiana this was done by French priests, and in my time the clergy of the diocese of New Orleans under the benignant and strict rule of the pious Bishop Blanc was irreproachable in morals and active in duty. The French creoles of the State retained their Catholicism and took a prominent part in the affairs of the State. Missouri, farther north, formerly a part of Louisiana, received both from France and from Canada

Catholic settlers and French ecclesiastics that gave to that State a Roman Catholic appearance; so that the city of St. Louis was then called the metropolis of Roman Catholicism in North America. Baltimore and New York scarcely competed with it.

The progress made in those three States in the eight or nine years I remained in the West was striking indeed. The number of churches and religious institutions had been constantly increasing; and two very efficient religious congregations of nuns had been founded from purely native elements—that of Loretto and that of Nazareth. Their offshoots are now spread all over the South and the West.

But, most remarkable of all, a steady flow of immigrants from Europe came down the Ohio; so that Louisville was destined to be a very large and important city. This was a great contrast to other Southern States, which received a scarcely perceptible amount of newcomers, owing, as was said, to negro slavery. Yet Kentucky was also a slave State. Before I left the West the number of Catholics coming from abroad and settling in and around Louisville was so great that Rome consented to the removal of the episcopal see from Bardstown to the fast growing emporium on the banks of the Ohio.

In Louisiana, Missouri, and Kentucky there were thus large areas where the Catholic Church already flourished and attracted the attention and respect of the various Protestant denominations surrounding them, though prejudice and estrangement were still common, as was seen, in the lower classes of society. In the other Southern States, the Catholics being few in

numbers and unknown to their fellow citizens of other creeds, hostility to the Roman Church was still almost universal on both banks of the Mississippi. Nevertheless among the best educated and wealthy Americans of Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee a more favorable disposition already appeared, which became conspicuous during the Civil War of 1861 and the following years.

A liberal Mississippi planter.

An anecdote illustrative of that disposition will relieve the monotony of these general considerations. On returning from Louisiana to Louisville in 1842, I took my passage on the *Memphis*, one of the most splendid steamboats running between the two cities Among the passengers there was a gentleman planter, distinguished by his refined manners. He had with him a delicate girl much younger than he was, accompanied by a colored maid. I remarked that he often looked at me in a strange way when I was walking on deck. On the second day of our trip, I think, seeing me seated alone on a lounge, he came to take a seat near me. He addressed me without ceremony, asking if I were not a Catholic clergyman. On my answering in the affirmative, he expressed his satisfaction because he thought I could answer some questions of great interest to him. He told me that the young girl I had seen with him was his wife. He had married her, though she was penniless, not only on account of her beauty, but chiefly for the sterling qualities of her mind and heart. He himself lived in the interior of the State of Mississippi, where he was the owner of a large estate. Around him lived many rich families, and they formed together a most pleasant society of friends. But he had remarked that, his dear wife having received

no education and being altogether ignorant of everything which usually forms the theme of conversation among educated people, felt unhappy, and he sympathized with her. He had, therefore, obtained her consent to take her North to some educational establishment where she would spend a couple of years, or longer if necessary, and come back with a knowledge of music, geography, history, and English literature. He had his reasons for not placing her in a Protestant boarding-school, though a Protestant himself; but wished to confide her to the care of some nuns in Kentucky, of whom he had heard a great deal. They were the Sisters of Nazareth. What he wanted to ask me was what I thought of the probability of her reception in that house, on account of her being a married lady.

This extraordinary confidence on the part of a refined gentleman to an unknown priest may appear strange. Further conversation explained the matter to my satisfaction. The gentleman was extremely afraid of being shown the door as soon as he mentioned his plan in the convent. He imagined the nuns would be shocked at the idea of receiving into their house a married young lady in the midst of so many maidens. But I quieted him by telling him that the only thing which could shock the nuns would be to hear improper language from his wife, and I was sure this could not be expected and feared.

I added that I knew very little of the sisters of Nazareth; but if there was anything in their rules forbidding them to receive a married lady within their walls, they would tell him so with all possible courtesy, and certainly not show him the door. Should this happen,

though I thought it very unlikely, there was another convent—that of the Loretto nuns—where he could apply without fear of being refused. He would only have to drop me a word to St. Mary's College, and I would accompany him to the convent. Proper directions were left with him. But as he never wrote to me afterwards, I am sure that his wife was received at Nazareth.

This little affair gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the dispositions of the higher class of Mississippians toward the Catholic Church. From the second day of our trip till our arrival at Louisville we had frequent conversations on the steamboat's deck. One of my first questions was this, "How could you apply to me, knowing that I was a Catholic clergyman, with such straightforwardness and simplicity? You at least do not share the fears entertained by the great majority of the people toward Catholics, but particularly toward the Roman clergy. Are there many men in Mississippi as tolerant as you are? And how can you trust the dearest being you have on earth to the care of nuns in a convent? Is there no body in your State ready, on the spread of a false rumor, to burn monasteteries and drive out their female inmates, as the Bostonians not long ago drove out the Ursulines of Mount Benedict?"

He told me that, in general, the men of his class, though nearly all of them were Protestants, did not entertain any prejudice against Catholics and their religion. They had frequent commercial dealings with the French creoles of Louisiana, who were all Catholics, and they found in them honesty and gentlemanliness·

He and his friend had a profound respect for the clergy of Louisiana, of whom they heard a great deal. The few Catholic institutions, particularly the educational establishments for boys and girls existing in or near New Orleans, were in good repute among Mississippians. Of late years they had taken a great liking for the Sisters of Nazareth near Bardstown. All the girls who had already graduated in that convent and had returned home felt a deep attachment for their former mistresses, and spoke warmly of the good treatment they had received there. There was particularly a Sister Ellen O'Connell whom all admired and loved. This was the chief reason why he wished his young wife to be admitted as a pupil in that convent. The name of convent was no longer a bugbear for him and his friends in the South, especially in Mississippi. They all had heard with disgust of the burning of Mount Benedict near Boston, a few years before. But Southern gentlemen did not belong to the Yankee race, and they left it to the children of the Puritans to show their hatred for what is respectable and truly Christian. I quote his exact words, because I must leave him the responsibility for them. It is well known that the name of Yankee was despised in the South until the day of the great Civil War, 1861.

Popularity of priests.

The favorable impression made by everything connected with the Catholic Church in the South extended even farther down in the social scale than the class especially mentioned here. Father De Luynes * used to re-

* Father Charles Hippolyte De Luynes was born in Paris in 1805, of Irish parents. His father was the Mr. Lewines mentioned in the Memoirs of Wolf Tone and the Diary of Thomas Addis Emmet

late a humorous anecdote concerning the captains of the steamboats on the Lower Mississippi. He had once gone from Louisville to New Orleans, and found himself in the midst of a number of Presbyterian ministers who were hastening to an ecclesiastical convention convoked in the latter city. Their conduct and pretensions were so obstreperous as to dispose all the people on board against them, but particularly the captain. The old sea-dog—so he called himself—could not restrain himself at last, and in the midst of many cabin passengers he exclaimed: "It is always so when there are dominies on board. Except the Catholic priest,

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as the ambassador of the United Irishmen of 1798 to the French government. Mr. Lewines altered his name, because the English authorities would not transmit letters addressed to him, an attainted man. Napoleon bestowed on him the prefix *De* for improvements made by him in the manufacture of silk. Young De Luynes was brought up at the University of France, where he was the fellow student of Drouin de l'Huys, Lacordaire, and other men of note. His theological studies were made at St. Sulpice. After his ordination by Archbishop De Quelen in 1830, Bishop Frayssinous, the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction, promised him his powerful aid to secure advancement; but the young priest had other views. He felt he was called to be a simple missionary priest. Therefore, after a visit to his mother in Dublin, he started for the United States (1831), and was received with open arms by Bishop Flaget, then of Bardstown. Appointed to a chair in the Bishop's seminary, he was at the same time active as journalist and missionary. His missionary excursions often took him from one to two hundred miles from home. Among the many friends he made in Kentucky were Fathers Badin and Nerinckx, Archbishop Spalding and Bishop Reynolds. After working ardently under Bishop Flaget for some ten years, Father De Luynes determined to become a Jesuit. Accordingly we find him at St. Mary's College a successful professor and admired orator until 1846, when he came East with the rest of the Kentucky fathers. In New York his life was for the most part spent in the ministry,

whom I respect, I would not give a —— for all the others."

When I went to New Orleans in 1842, the boat stopped in the middle of the river, in front of St. Michael's Convent—an Academy of the Sacred Heart—below Natchez. There was a passenger coming from the shore, and all stood up on deck to find out who it was. It was the chaplain of the convent. As soon as the boat came near and the man could be recognized, there was a universal exclamation, "It is Father Ladavière!" What a heartfelt pleasure it was for me to see how he was received! The captain was the first to shake hands with him; the gentleman who shared my state-room gave up his bed as soon as he heard that Father Ladavière was my friend.

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and as a pastor he was beloved and respected not only at the church of St. Francis Xavier in New York, where he long resided, but also at St. Paul's, Brooklyn, and in Utica. In 1851–3 he paid a visit to Mexico, where he received generous contributions for the new college of St. Francis Xavier. After the death of Bishop Reynolds in 1855 he was appointed bishop of Charleston. On learning of his appointment, before the arrival of the bulls he left New York and went to South America. Father De Luynes spoke the Spanish language with the same elegance as French and English, and was highly respected by the bishops of Mexico and Peru. After the appointment of Bishop Lynch, Father De Luynes returned to New York, where he worked in the parish of St. Francis Xavier and among the resident and visiting Spaniards and Spanish Americans. In 1876 his health began to fail, and he died Jan. 20, 1878. His elder brother, Laurent, who was chief of a division in the French Ministry of Public Instruction, where M. Guizot at one time served under him, survived him for several years. M. Laurent De Luynes' son was Professor of Chemistry in the Sorbonne.

CHAPTER V.

THE EXODUS FROM IRELAND AFTER 1846 AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.

From 1800 to 1846 the emigration from Ireland to Canada and the United States constantly increased owing to the wretched "tenure of land," which left the tenant at the mercy of the absentee landlord, so that the improvements made by the farmer on his little plot of ground brought him only an increase of rent and left him even poorer than before. The only means of saving his family from want and famine was to exile himself and profit by the advantages offered to the agriculturists in the foreign countries newly colonized, particularly in the United States.

There was, consequently, nothing surprising in the fact that a large number of Irishmen, chiefly Catholics, crossed the Atlantic every spring, and established themselves in the Northern States of the Union. The English policy, at that time, was to drain Ireland of its inhabitants, and destroy the race if possible. The *London Times* often gloated over the prospect of a renovated Protestant Ireland. Accordingly, from 1815 to 1845 the wave of emigration rose fast, and went on swelling in volume and widening in extent from year to year. In the "Irish Race" I have given some details:

"Midway between the two extreme points of this period of time, that is to say, about 1830, this emigration amounted to between twenty-five to thirty thousand every year. Mr. C. de Beaumont, the French publicist, who at the same epoch could not see how two millions of people were to be transported at once, did not reflect that in the twenty years succeeding that in which he wrote—1829—more than three millions and a half would actually be shipped from the island."

This increase of Catholics I witnessed from the day of my landing in 1838. The effect produced all over the country was very great, though it was nothing compared with the consequences of the exodus which followed. It is to be remarked here that at the same time there was also a German emigration destined in course of time to take gigantic proportions. But it was then small and few people paid attention to it, except in great centres, such as New York and Philadelphia. The Hudson River and the Erie Canal began to carry a great number of Irish people towards the North and West; and this accelerated the building of railroads, which so far had been confined to the Atlantic seaboard. New churches began to be built for the purpose of accommodating the immigrants not only in Philadelphia and New York, but in the Alleghanies as far as Pittsburg and, starting from New York City, along both banks of the Hudson, and up the Mohawk as far as Lake Ontario.

Along the Ohio, the immigration was soon felt as far as Louisville. The number of Irish Catholics who settled in that important city from 1830 to 1840 was so considerable that the see of the diocese was transferred

in 1841 from Bardstown to Louisville. Thereafter the arrival of these immigrants was often to decide the question of the location of bishoprics and archbishoprics all over the Union.

The great tide of Irish emigration which reached the American shores shortly after 1846 was caused by the potato famine of that year.

The ship-fever among the immigrants.

Every ship that could be chartered—good, bad, and indifferent—was engaged in transporting emigrants. They were all slow sailing-vessels. British legislation had left the care of the passengers to the mercy of the transportation companies. Through neglect of ventilation, want of sufficient room, eatable food, and cleanliness, the worst forms of typhus soon appeared. "On the 8th of May, 1846, at the arrival of the Urania from Cork, several hundred immigrants, a large proportion of them sick and dying of the ship-fever, were put into quarantine at Grosse Isle, thirty miles below Quebec. This was the first of the plague-stricken ships from Ireland which that year sailed up the St. Lawrence. But before the first week in June as many as eighty-four ships of various tonnage were driven in by the easterly winds. Of all those vessels there was not one free from the taint of malignant typhus, the offspring of famine and of the foul ship-hole." *

Quebec was not the only place where this spectacle was offered to the public gaze. Many of the plague ships, leaving Quebec, sailed up to Montreal, and the same scenes of woe were enacted at the "Pointe St. Charles." There an enormous boulder raised on the shore testifies

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* Maguire's "Irish in America."

to this day, and will continue to testify for ages, to the thousands of human bodies buried in the enormous pit over which the boulder was erected.

Besides Canada, the harbors of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, etc., had to be protected by severe quarantine laws against the plague which threatened the whole continent.

At Fordham, near New York, where I then resided, we were thunderstruck by the news which came from Canada. The College of St. Mary's, Bleury Street, Montreal, was not yet in full operation; nor was our small house in Quebec as yet opened. Still two of our Fordham fathers who had been sent to give missions in Lower Canada could be used to help the newly arrived immigrants. These were Fathers Du Ranquet and Ferard, who could speak English. During the whole summer of 1847 we heard from them shocking details of the frightful scenes enacted at Grosse Isle and Pointe St. Charles.

Then another letter came addressed to Father Boulanger, our Superior, by Father Felix Martin, Superior of our house in Montreal. Several ships had already unloaded their human cargoes of dying Irishmen at Pointe St. Charles. Hospitals had been hastily constructed at the expense of the city, and heroic physicians were already at work. Of all the priests in Montreal there were only two Sulpitians who could understand and speak English. Some few others, in that extremity, relying on the kindness of Mother Church to her forsaken children, were already in the midst of them, satisfied with some signs of repentance, and consoling them with the blessing of sacramental graces. In all

COLLEGE. IN 1846.
Nº1 COLLEGE 2 INFIRMARY 3 SEMINARY

there were about five or six priests, Father Du Ranquet being the only Jesuit. Father Martin said in his letter that he could and would send immediately two of his own fathers who were able to understand and speak English; but he trusted that two others would come from Fordham.

The letter was given to me to read by Father Boulanger; and I promised him that in a few hours two men of good will would be found in the community, ready to go probably to die among the plague-stricken people. These were Fathers Du Merle and Michael Driscol. I called them to my room and asked them whether they were willing to start immediately on this errand. It was my duty to place before their eyes the dangers they were going to encounter, the probability of never coming back. They both stopped me, saying that they knew everything as well as I did. They considered it a great honor to have been chosen for such a mission; it would be a great gain for them in case they caught the infection and died of it. They prayed that their departure should be immediate. Word having been sent to the brother in charge of the wardrobe before my conversation with them, a few hours afterwards they were on their way North.

Father Du Ranquet,* as was seen, had been at work before Fathers Du Merle and Driscol arrived. He was

* Father Henry Du Ranquet, the scion of a noble French family, was born at Chalons, Dec. 18, 1809. His father was chosen a deputy to the French legislature after the return of Louis XVIII., but the policy of the government, which sacrificed religion to politics, so disgusted him that he resigned in 1815, after sitting for a few months only. Of M. Du Ranquet's six sons, five took orders: three, Louis—the founder of the Madura mission—Charles and Vic-

in fact the first of all Montreal priests to be on the ground. As soon as the news of the arrival of the first ship was known in that city, the Bishop—Mgr. Bourget—went to see Father Martin, and Father Du Ranquet was directly placed at his disposal. They went together to Pointe St. Charles, where the Bishop left the Jesuit father. The following is an abstract of the description of the celebrated *sheds* I received from him:

The plague at Montreal.

There were twenty sheds built of rough boards on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It was in the evening that Father Du Ranquet first entered one of them. No beds nor even bunks had been provided for the first night; the sick, the dying, nay, some already dead, were stretched on the ground in parallel rows. There was just room enough to pass between the rows. When he appeared

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tor, went to Madura. The hardships of their apostolic work shortened their lives, two, Charles and Victor, dying of cholera. The two younger sons entered the Society of Jesus, and both went on the American mission. Dominic spent his life among the Canadian Indians and reached a venerable old age. Henry, the subject of this sketch, after studying at St. Acheul, Billo, and Clermont, entered the Seminary of Clermont, intending to become a secular priest; here he studied theology for two years. But he felt the call to missionary work, and was received into the Jesuit novitiate, where, however, he did not long remain. His health failed. He left for Italy, where he matriculated at the Jesuit College at Milan; he afterwards studied theology at the Roman College of the Society. All this time he yearned to rejoin the Society of Jesus, and on Sept. 3, 1836, he was readmitted and sent to New Orleans. Having completed his noviceship at Grand Coteau, La., he spent the next nineteen years teaching in Louisiana, New York, and Montreal. While teaching at St. Francis Xavier's in the fifties he was called to prepare some criminals for death. This was the beginning of a novel apostleship, which for upwards of twenty-five years made this descendant of the French nobility the servant of the scum of the great American metropolis. During all this time few men

at the door of a *shed* he told the people aloud that he was going to give them absolution, and said a few words to prepare them for it. After reciting the act of contrition, he went from one to the other, and to those he met in a really dangerous state he gave Extreme Unction. There was no question of confession that night; this had been decided by the Bishop.

The good father had no time to think of what he saw; yet it was a shocking sight, such as has been seldom seen in human history. In each shed there must have been more than seventy persons, all down with the frightful disease, all more or less conscious of their danger, all still full of the remembrance of the disaster which had compelled them to flee from the only spot they loved on earth. They felt they were strangers in a strange land. They did not see about them the faces

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were hanged in the Tombs without receiving the consolations of religion from Father Du Ranquet. In 1864 he made his headquarters on Blackwell's Island, whence he was sent to Hart's Island in 1871. The gentleness, sympathy, devotion, and earnestness of this good man impressed equally the criminals and the authorities high and low, Protestants and Catholics. For full twenty-five years Father Du Ranquet toiled and toiled with enthusiasm in this, to most men, repulsive mission, converting sinners, securing for the Catholic poor their rights, and yet earning golden opinions from non-Catholics. During a great part of this time the devoted apostle was suffering physical martyrdom. At times he was hardly able to walk; indeed he was threatened with the loss of one leg, owing to the ravages of *caries*. But the good old man escaped amputation as he escaped cholera, typhus, and other infections. At last, when almost eighty years had whitened his head and exhausted his vitality, his superiors released the sturdy warrior of Christ from active duty among the criminals. Two or three years he spent in retirement, but not in inactivity. On Dec. 30, 1891, he was called to rest, revered and regretted by all who knew him.

of their former neighbors in their native village, who would have rushed to their help had a severe sickness struck them in dear Ireland. Nay, most of them knew not where to find the members of their own families. They had started together, and many of them had in their flight been separated from each other, never to meet again. Look at their faces, look at the torn rags which cover their nakedness, look at the rough ground on which their limbs cannot find repose.

The only man who sympathizes with them is the priest. They expected him when they reached the shore. But is the one who comes to them the only consoler whom Montreal can send? Montreal! the Catholic city, renowned beyond the sea for her churches, hospitals, and convents!

Meanwhile the solitary apostle passed from the first shed to the second, to the third, to the tenth, to the fifteenth. He came out of the last—the twentieth—after three o'clock in the morning, having begun his painful ramble just at dusk the previous evening.

The municipal authorities of Montreal made haste to complete the improvised quarantine of the plague-stricken. But even after these preparations were finished, the comforts of the miserable patients were not much greater, and the inconveniences of the missionary were as great as on the first night. After a few days Father Du Ranquet was not alone; several zealous clergymen of Montreal shared his labors, and the two Fordham Fathers I have previously mentioned—Fathers Du Merle and Driscol—arrived from New York. I will speak of them later on.

With the increase of spiritual help for the poor sick

immigrants there was a corresponding increase of physicians and nurses, though the last were never in sufficient number, and the patients remained often whole nights without any one to aid them. As to the priests, in their holy ministrations the new arrangements gave them more trouble than when the patients were stretched on the ground. The priests were not now satisfied with anointing them in the most simple form; they had to hear the confessions of many. Now, instead of a single bed for each, wooden bunks had been roughly hewn, so as to contain two patients; there were no mattresses, but only straw under them, and the sides of the bunks being mostly higher than the bodies of the patients, the poor confessor had a great deal of trouble in listening or speaking to one without being heard by the other. He had in general to place his mouth at the ear of the penitent or reciprocally; and beside the repugnance naturally felt for physical contact in such a disease, the danger of infection was considerably increased. It is surprising that of all the clergymen who most willingly consented to expose their life in these circumstances, only fifteen or sixteen actually died. Father Du Merle was the only one of our fathers who was carried away by the plague.

On some occasions the natural disgust experienced by the heroic missionaries was still more intense, and required indeed the heroic courage which the Christian religion alone can inspire. It sometimes happened that one of the two patients assigned to the same bunk had died since the last visit of the nurse, and the corpse remained in all its frightful rigidity. Father Du Ranquet said that this was for him the most trying situation. Not

even a sheet had been thrown over the dead body; nothing could be done except to avert the eyes or turn the back to it, if that was possible.

Hence, the same father said, it was a great relief for him to be called to attend the sick people in the open air. Often the sheds were full; still new patients constantly arrived. Fortunately it was summer weather, and the newcomers were accommodated near the banks of the St. Lawrence either on the bare ground with a blanket over them, or on a straw mattress spread carelessly in the shade of a tree. O! then it was a pleasure to cheer up the disconsolate, to encourage the dispirited, to "pour wine and oil" into the wounds of the stranger. Another advantage attended this open-air ministry: there was no fear of vermin, one of the greatest plagues of the sheds. After a few weeks of service these wooden structures contained colonies of bugs in every cranny; the wretched furniture inside—the wool, the cotton, the wood—was black with them; double the number of nurses and servants would not have sufficed to keep this monstrous hospital clean. It is a fact averred by Father Du Ranquet that every time he left the sheds for a few hours and went to our house in Montreal—he contrived to do it nearly every day—he had to take off *all* his clothing and linen and plunge into a bath.

It is time to speak of the two fathers whom I despatched from Fordham on the receipt of the letter sent by Father Martin in May, 1847. Father Du Merle was a Frenchman, of a noble family in Normandy. The simplicity and urbanity of his manners would not suggest to a stranger that he belonged to the proud Norman race. He had come to the United States at the

request of Bishop Bruté of Vincennes, and attended during several years to a parish in that diocese. But becoming acquainted with our fathers he had entered our Kentucky novitiate, and in 1846 had come with us to Fordham.

Father Driscol was an Irishman, as his name indicates. By birth, feelings, and previous sufferings he was a brother to those he was going to assist. He had come to this country a simple mechanic, and was laboring as a stone-mason at the buildings of the Sisters of Nazareth near Bardstown, when, meeting with Father De Luynes, he was happy to hear that, not being yet too old for beginning his classical studies, he could become a priest by joining our community in Kentucky. He therefore became one of our Kentucky novices. As soon as his studies in theology—of the most elementary kind—were finished, he was ordained, and I found him delighted with the prospect of beginning his labors among his countrymen, at the cost of his life if necessary.

Father Du Ranquet had been a week or two occupied in the sheds at Pointe St. Charles when Fathers Du Merle and Driscol joined him; and the three together gave themselves up with courage to the painful life imposed on them by their ministry. There is no need of adding that one Sulpitian at least, Father Connolly, and several secular priests labored with the same zeal in the midst of a constantly increasing crowd of sick and dying people. For infected vessels were steadily coming to Montreal, as well as to Quebec.

Early in the fall Father Du Ranquet was called back to Fordham, to teach in the college. His two companions with Father Férard, who joined them, remained

in Canada, where they spent several years in the sheds at Pointe St. Charles, and in Griffintown, always busy in the midst of the plague-stricken, and meeting all the time with the same spectacle of misery and woe.

Griffintown is a suburb of Montreal, nearly on the banks of the St. Lawrence and contiguous to Pointe St. Charles; it is liable to be overflowed every spring at the breaking of the ice in the great river. During the years which preceded the "exodus," from 1815 to 1846, it had been in great part settled by Irish immigrants. The Sulpitians, who then had the whole city of Montreal under their charge, built for them the Church of St. Anne and took charge of their souls. When I visited them in 1869 there were many thousands of them, living in a wretched state of poverty, though the shocking scenes of 1847 had long before disappeared.

As the sheds were almost in contact with that suburb, and probably many Griffintown inhabitants had relatives among those who suffered and died along the river shore, the terrible ship-fever soon invaded their precincts, and the missionaries, already overwhelmed by their previous labors, had often to walk from the sheds to the village. Father Du Ranquet, who was called back to Fordham in August, 1847, after four months only of gigantic toil, still remembers vividly—1884—the numerous visits he paid to the unfortunate inhabitants of Griffintown. But it is chiefly after he left that Fathers Driscol, Du Merle, and Férard visited that hot-bed of the plague, which was even worse than the first field of their labors. The sheds by that time had taken a less forbidding aspect. The number of nurses had been considerably increased; the floors were almost

clean; there were among the physicians some very skilful men; the sheets and the blankets were often changed and kept tidy. But the houses—shall we call them so?—of the inhabitants of Griffintown were a reproduction of the Irish huts in Connaught. The Irishwomen of the lower class, it is well known, form two distinct species, having absolutely nothing in common. Some of them cannot be equalled by any other women except the French in motherly attention. Spotless cleanliness, sweet smiles and words, devotedness to duty, everything which entitles women to the name of angels, belong above all to many Irishwomen. But the others? Let us not speak of them. However excellent their heart may be, they have not the first notion of the simplest housekeeping. Everything breaks under their hands; you see nothing in their rooms but dilapidated furniture, tattered linen and clothing, broken plates and jugs, etc. Whatever is not besmeared with filth is overlaid with dust. It is useless to continue this description. Whoever has seen it once cannot possibly forget it.

It was in such receptacles of unsightliness that the priest was introduced at the end of a rickety staircase. Fortunately, the axiom prevailing in England that cleanliness is next to godliness does not hold good among the Irish. Often indeed the most ugly and unclean homestead is the place where the commandments of God are best kept; and if the eyes of God's ministers are shocked by the squalid exterior, the soul at least is pure, and his ministry concerns the soul only.

But what an excess of labor did not this awkward fact occasion to the overworked missionary! He was himself compelled to attend to all the details of such a

sick-room, preparatory to a decent administration of the sacraments. When his sacred office was fulfilled, charity obliged him to relieve the wretched family he was visiting, either by distributing money he had already received from benevolent friends, or by making new personal applications to the well-inclined among his acquaintances.

This state of things continued several years in Griffintown; and because the emigration from Ireland constantly increased in number during more than a decade, it was, as it were, a renewal of the fable of Sisyphus. There were always newcomers; and the huge rock was constantly rolled to the top of the mountain, only to roll down again.

But at the same time a great purpose was served. The city of Montreal, which before 1846 counted scarcely 10,000 Irish people, numbered 40,000 of them in 1869 when I resided there and could obtain personal information. The Church of England people and the dissenters were no more the only English-speaking people residing in the city. Should the French population disappear in course of time, if not in Canada, at least in Montreal, the Catholic Church would claim the city as her own. The same process was taking place, at the same time, all over Canada and the United States. Our specific object here is to show how, by this increase in numbers and influence, the Catholics gradually obtained many rights as citizens which they could never have obtained otherwise.

Fathers Du Merle, Driscol, and Férard, after a while, spent more of their time among the Griffintown folks than in the sheds. The gentlemen of St. Sulpice, who

had already built the handsome Church of St. Anne, gave the missionaries food and lodging, and attended to all their wants, besides helping the victims of the disease and the impoverished families of the immigrants. The Irish have to a high degree the noble virtue of gratitude—low-minded and selfish people have not. The first parish established among them could not fail to flourish as soon as the people found means of living. Soon other parishes started up in the neighborhood, and the whole district of Griffintown became a happy Christian community. This transformation was impossible in Ireland, after so many centuries of misrule, unless England adopted a totally different policy, of which there was then no prospect.

Here we will dismiss the story of the emigrant people in Canada. We shall add only a word about the subsequent life of the missionaries. Both Fathers Driscol and Férard escaped the dangers to which they were exposed during several years of labor. Father Du Merle sunk under it, and carried to his grave the admiration and deep regret of the entire people of Montreal. Twenty years later there was not a single Irishman in that city with whom I conversed who did not speak of the good man in terms of the highest praise. All had stories of him to tell which they had treasured in their heart, stories that would bring tears to the eyes of the most callous.

Growth of Catholicity in the United States.

It has been previously seen that from 1820, when Bishop Connolly labored with his priests along the Erie Canal, then in construction, down to 1846, the beginning of the exodus, the Irish emigration constantly increased, and churches were erected along the Mohawk, the Ohio,

and elsewhere, wherever a sufficient number of the immigrants settled permanently. At the same time not a few Catholic Germans began to colonize the West. The stream of Catholic Marylanders which as early as the end of last century poured into Kentucky and the neighboring States, continued to flow during the first quarter of this century, and established a powerful centre of Catholicity along the Mississippi and its affluents. The congregations they formed were essentially American parishes. Their first spiritual leaders were French or Belgian; but God inspired a number of native young men with the disinterested wish of becoming the apostles of their countrymen; and the early annals of the Church in Kentucky contain the revered names of Archbishop M. Spalding, Bishops Miles, Reynolds, and McGill, besides a numerous array of devoted clergymen such as Abel, Clark, Elder, Elliot, Aud, etc.

Later on Ireland and Germany came, to give a greater impetus to the increase of Catholicity. Cincinnati and Covington became half-German cities, and the Irish immigrants along the Ohio became so prominent in Kentucky that the see was changed from Bardstown to Louisville.

It is now time to describe the effect of the exodus from Ireland in the Northern States of the Union. As was seen, the first emigrant ships landed at Quebec and soon after at Montreal. But the number of the famine-and-plague-stricken people was so great that other harbors were needed to receive the thousands who were flying from instant death. From 1839 more Irishmen had gone directly to New York than to Quebec. Of course vessels loaded with sick and dying Irish emigrants also

entered the harbors of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

The plague-stricken immigrants at New York.

The New York quarantine at that time was near New Brighton, on the shore of Staten Island; it is there the first cargoes of infected Irish immigrants were discharged. The prospect was far less discouraging than at Quebec and Montreal. The numerous immigrants who had arrived since the year 1839 had been properly cared for by the authorities of New York, and, as has just been stated, there was a quarantine for infectious diseases in full operation. The great inconvenience was the rapidly increasing number of immigrants for whom there was not sufficient room in the buildings previously erected. The inhabitants of Staten Island could not bear the idea of having the plague among them, and the example of Griffintown in Montreal justified their fears. Soon, therefore, a sandy island, farther down in the bay, just north of Sandy Hook, was chosen for a new quarantine, and since that time an immense establishment has arisen, furnished with all the appliances modern civilization requires. Consequently after a few months of embarrassment—nothing comparable, however, to the dreaded sheds of Canada—the temporal well-being of the newcomers was sufficiently provided for. Meanwhile the Commissioners of Emigration were established to take charge even of those among the immigrants who were exempt from contagious illness. A large island, called Ward's Island, was purchased and appropriated for the noble purpose of helping those who arrived short of means, but able and willing to contribute by their work to the development of their new country. There is scarcely in the whole world anything comparable to

the beautiful group of islands, large and small, with which the arm of the sea called the East River is dotted in its whole length for the good of humanity, of the poor, the friendless, and the stranger.

At the same time the Catholics, who arrived in immense numbers, found priests ready to attend to the sick and dying among them. At Quebec and Montreal only a few clergymen could understand and speak English, so that we had to send the few whom we could spare from Fordham. But those who practised the holy ministry in Staten Island, Long Island, and the territory watered by the streams running through the States of New York and New Jersey were Irishmen or the sons of Irishmen, with a few American converts among them. They were not so numerous as they are at present—1884—and each of them was fully occupied in the parish assigned to him. Nevertheless the time was gone by when from New York to Canada only one priest officiated at Albany, and two, I think, at Utica. There was a sufficient number of priests not only in New York City, but likewise in Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, and Staten Island. Zeal for the good of their former countrymen and fellow Catholics burned in their hearts. There was, accordingly, no difficulty whatever for the bishops of New York and Philadelphia to find men ready "to work in the vineyard of the Lord," even at the cost of sickness and death.

It was truly a heavy task. For while the civil authorities spared no exertion for the temporal relief of the poor of Christ, the ministers of God were bound to "spend themselves" for the good of their souls. Had we the statistics of the immigrants admitted into the plague

hospitals, it would be easy to judge of the labor required of their pastors. But since no record of that army of disconsolate people exists, the best thing is to look at the statistics of emigration. These have been faithfully kept both in England and in this country. Though many of the newcomers were not detained at quarantine except for a few days, the percentage of serious illness and death was comparatively great. Moreover, these statistics will help us to form an idea of the sudden increase of Catholicity all over the northern half of the Union. This increase in about a decade of years multiplied the Catholic churches in the proportion of ten or fifteen to one. We take this interesting enumeration from the second edition of Appleton's Cyclopedia (art. *Emigration*), a most reliable statement of the case. The following is the total number of Irishmen who arrived in the United States in the years indicated underneath:

In 1846	51,752
In 1847	105,536
In 1848	112,934
In 1849	157,398
In 1850	164,004
In 1851	221,213
In 1852	159,548
In 1853	162,649
In 1854	105,931

From 1820 to 1873 the total of arrivals from Ireland to the United States amounted to 2,907,565. I cannot state what was the exact proportion New York received. It cannot have been less than one-half of the

entire number. The harbors of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans received, each of them, only a fraction of the New York amount.

The reader can now judge of the work undertaken by the heroic priests who rushed to the plague-stricken quarantine as soon as they heard of the calamity. They knew the air they were breathing was already pestilential, and that, in spite of the apparently clean walls, floors, and beds, death was lurking even in the bright sunbeams. If there was nothing to shock the senses, as was the case in Canada, the poison was the same, and several of them were to pay the penalty of their zeal. The only difficulty in their eyes consisted in the number of those who demanded their care. They could not give to each of them the time to which every dying Christian is entitled. Nothing, however, was left undone that the Church prescribes on those solemn occasions.

No application was made to us for help. The priests of the neighborhood sufficed for the work; they knew we had sent to Canada those of us that could be spared; and having just taken charge of an important college, it was clear that we should begin with an efficient staff. In consequence our knowledge of the doings at quarantine was only from hearsay. I have even forgotten the number of the zealous priests who died. The only thing clear in my recollection is that a certain gentleman, the brother of the Rev. Mark Murphy of Staten Island, was one of those who shared in the glory of the martyrs by becoming a victim of his charity. There were then three priests of that name in the diocese of New York; the eldest one was the Rev. Mark Murphy, just men-

tioned, the only Orientalist in the diocese, who left his valuable Arabic and Syriac library to St. John's College; a younger brother, who afterwards entered our Society, in which he died later; and the youngest of them, of whom we have just recorded the blessed end, which was then scarcely remarked in the midst of the numerous victims of typhus who were every day carried to their graves.

Lack of Catholic influence.

The respectability and influence of men in the United States are gauged by their wealth. Very few Irishmen have, even to this day, reached that universal goal of ambition. But the respectability and influence of bodies of men are the result mainly of their numbers and united action. Until emigration from Ireland poured in a steady and large stream, Irishmen, and therefore Catholics, were too few to become a potent factor in the politics of the country, especially as they had no competent leaders. In general they joined the Democratic party; but the most influential Democrats were often bitter anti-Catholics. I had often occasion to see it, not in the higher ranks of politicians, because I knew very few of them; but among the ordinary wire pullers, of whom I knew a considerable number, particularly in Troy. One of the most noted among them was a Methodist by the name of Gregory. This man played his game so well that whenever he was a candidate for office he was sure to receive the votes of all the Irishmen in his ward, though he was at bottom one of the most thorough haters of the Irish and their religion I ever knew.

Kidnapping of the Delany children.

I became fully aware of this when the Know-nothing faction became all-powerful in 1854; but long before,

the surly manners of Mr. Gregory, who was then one of the three superintendents of the poorhouse, made me suspect that he was not the great friend of Irishmen he always appeared to be at election times, and I soon had an occasion to test it, and to appreciate how far the influence of Irishmen in politics extended. Among the Irish families whom the famine year had scattered all over the United States, one of the best I ever knew was taken from Castle Garden at New York to the poorhouse at Troy. Their name was Delany. The father and mother already suffered from the first symptoms of the ship-fever, and soon the father fell ill and died. A week after him the mother succumbed, and all her anxiety before she died regarded her three children—a boy and two girls, who, she had reason to fear, would fall into the hands of Protestants. I promised her I would take care of them, and she then chose me for their guardian. I immediately looked for some good people of the parish to adopt the young orphans. It took a full week to arrange this business, and directly after I went to the poorhouse to take the children away. To my great surprise I heard from the keeper that they were no longer in the house, and that Mr. Gregory alone would be able to tell me what had become of them. Running to Gregory's office, I presented my claim to him; but he would not listen to my title of guardian, which unfortunately was only verbal, and coolly said that the children were in good hands, and I should not have them.

Bursting with indignation, I ran to the most influential among my people in the world of politics, and was astonished to perceive that they were truly infatu-

ated in favor of Gregory, because they believed he was a good Democratic leader and the party prospered in Troy under his direction. They promised me, however, that they would see him and get the children from his clutches. But I entertained no hope of their success. I understood the true position of the Irish in the world of politics. They were simply the tools of the leaders, many of whom were their greatest enemies. No one then spoke of the *Catholic vote*, because it had no power; and at that time they could not hope to see their rights fairly recognized until they were able by their numbers to elect men to office, who would do justice to Catholics.

The end of the story, nevertheless, proved that the case was not altogether hopeless. Among those to whom I had spoken I found a couple of zealous men, who after a full month of inquiry found at last some clue to the mystery of this abduction. The oldest girl had got sick in the Protestant family to whom she was consigned, and a few days later I learned that she also had died. The little boy had been sent West, and no one ever discovered what became of him. But the second little girl, only three or four years old, was sent back to the poorhouse by those who had received her from Gregory. As soon as this was ascertained, I ran, not to his office, but to his house—it was late in the afternoon. I had made up my mind to get at least the little girl. The woman who opened the door was his wife, who received me politely enough and took me to the parlor. She there told me that Mr. Gregory was sick in bed. The day was already far advanced. I protested that I meant not to give him annoyance, but that I desired only a short conversation with him. Mr.

Gregory consented to receive me on these conditions. I am sure from what immediately followed that the exertions I had made among the Irish politicians of the Ninth Ward in Troy had excited his fears and procured me some respect in his estimation. On entering his room I found that he was really sick and in bed, and taking a chair I began to speak in a low tone, as the case required, and confined myself to asking him to write a short note to the keeper of the poorhouse directing him to place at my disposal little Annie Delany. This was coming to the point too soon, and some discussion naturally ensued, in which I declared that unless this were done I would the following day make an affidavit before a magistrate in Troy to the effect that the mother of the little girl had made me her guardian. In that case I would put the name of the little boy with that of his sister, and this affidavit would be printed in all the papers of the city whose columns were then open to me.

This threat did not prove effective; Mr. Gregory still demurred on the pretext that he was too sick to write anything. "You are not, sir," I replied; "and to make you exert yourself I will add that, besides the affidavit and the noise it will create in Troy, I will next Sunday give you another blow. As this is not in my eyes a matter of politics, but of religious persecution, I shall denounce you from my pulpit as a hater of Catholicity; hitherto the Irish have constantly supported you and given you a large majority in the Ninth Ward."

This was sufficient. He called his wife, paper and ink were brought, and I dictated the order, which was taken the following day to the poorhouse by Mr. M. Clancy, who adopted the little girl, having no children

of his own. Annie Delany is still living and is a Sister of St. Joseph in Missouri. Subsequent events prevented me from attempting the rescue of the little boy. Gregory's illness became more serious and protracted than I thought it would be. The Know-nothing excitement began soon after, and the Democratic party appeared powerless. Gregory, after his recovery, preferred to rely on the *dark lantern* rather than on the Irish voters. He has since died, praised by nearly all the papers of Troy for his sagacity and ability. Some of them even greatly praised his intense piety.

Cause of Nativism bigotry.

Meanwhile the exodus was in full swing, and many Protestant Americans were struck with terror at the sight of the change it was destined to bring about. Their deep-seated prejudices were envenomed by barefaced calumnies which many firmly believed. The burning of the Ursuline convent at Mount Benedict near Boston in 1834; the excesses of the native mob in Philadelphia in 1844; the universal conspiracy of Know-nothingism in 1854–55, extending from the north in Maine to the south in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and to the west in Kentucky, were signs of the deep hatred entertained by a great number of Americans against *popery*. Mr. John G. Shea in his "Catholic Church in the United States" attributes all those outbreaks of fanaticism to the prejudices which Protestant ministers constantly revived in their books, sermons, and at public meetings convened for this purpose. At the beginning this was doubtless the case, and the Ursuline convent near Boston was burned in consequence of calumnies spread by Puritan fanatics. Mr. Shea names a number of publications in which the writers pretended to unveil the

horrible crimes perpetrated in Catholic religious houses. The celebrated pamphlet called "Awful Disclosures" by Maria Monk was only one of them. The rage enkindled in the heart of the mob by these denunciations must have been terrible, since it entirely overcame the natural kindness felt by all Americans for females and children. The poor nuns were obliged to flee, half-naked, in the darkness of the night, with the little girls they were educating. And what is more significant still, the inhabitants of Boston did not resent the outrage as a stain on their honor, and, though some of them felt ashamed, the destruction of property was never made good by restitution.

Though Dr. Shea is at least in part correct, yet the Know-nothing movement of 1854–55 was also influenced by other motives, especially by the increase of immigration and the changes which this increase portended and was already working out.

The naturalization laws were extremely liberal, and, thank God, they have been so maintained to this day. Any white male person coming from any part of the world and landing on these shores could declare, before a court of law, his intention of becoming a citizen by renouncing his previous allegiance. Five years after his landing and two years after his declaration, his appearance before a court, accompanied by a respectable citizen to testify that his conduct had been irreproachable, entitled him to a certificate of citizenship. He then enjoyed all the rights of citizenship. He could not only vote for all candidates, including the President, but was himself eligible for any office except the Presidency.

For a long time immigration had been slow. Foreign-

ers were needed for the development of the still wild country. Foreigners were accordingly welcome. Their influence in politics up to 1847 was scarcely felt. But when the Americans perceived that they were being overwhelmed by a flood, that in New York alone the newcomers were counted by more than a thousand a day, that the great majority of them was composed of Irish Catholics, and that when landed their first thought was to become citizens and take out their naturalization papers, matters looked very serious. Reflecting men saw the enormous social, political, and religious change that would be the consequence of this new kind of invasion. The narrow Protestants, who were still very powerful, feared the plague of popery, and their prejudices revived and became more intense than before. These people imagined that Protestantism would soon be persecuted; they even believed that the Pope of Rome would organize a vast army in his own states and send it across the Atlantic to reduce the inhabitants of the United States to a worse than negro slavery.

Fear that immigration would change balance of power.

Mr. John G. Shea looks upon these as the only causes of the outbreak of Nativism called Know-nothingism. I think this is an inadequate view of the case. From my own observation I am convinced that there was then in this country a large number of Americans, chiefly in the South, who were but lukewarm Protestants and had too much good sense to be frightened by the bugbear of the Pope and his armies. They thought that the naturalization laws had been imprudently drawn, and as they saw that Congress would not enter into their views and propose the amendment of the Constitution according to their desires, they clamored for a change

in order to bring it about. It was for this object mainly that the secret society of "Native Americans" was founded.

In 1844 I was in Kentucky, and saw little of the world, of which I heard only through the newspapers. However, I sometimes travelled in the interior of Kentucky, and though I spoke English but poorly, I could follow a conversation. In the height of the Native excitement I went to Bardstown, where I spent the night at the best hotel of the place, in order to take the stage the following forenoon for Louisville. After breakfast, being ready to start, I took a seat on the veranda in front of the hotel, where I found half a dozen gentlemen talking together. They were real gentlemen. In my early rambles in the West, particularly on Mississippi steamboats, if I ever found any ruffians who offended my ideas of propriety, they were exceptions. Even they gained on being known, and when I could converse with them and understand their uncouth dialect I was often struck by their good sense and good nature. It was only when they were made furious by dispute, and their honor, as they understood it, was touched, that they drew revolvers or bowie-knives. I have never seen those murderous instruments in their hands; but I am sure they have been used more than once on the Lower Mississippi and its affluents.

At all events the men I met at Bardstown were gentlemen and carried on their conversation as is usual in polite society. They did not appear displeased when I, a foreigner, took a seat near them, though they were speaking of foreigners; and from my dress and what

they had probably heard in the hotel they knew I was a priest.

The theme of their conversation was the news that had just been received from Philadelphia. Two Catholic churches had been sacked and burned; a good many people had been maimed and murdered in the street, and to allay the storm General Cadwallader had to call out the militia and use cannon against the insurgents. Listening to what was said, I found there were two opinions among the speakers. The majority approved opposition to foreigners, but not violence. All of them were indignant that churches of any kind should be burned, and people should be shot in the streets; but most of them wished that a change should be made in the naturalization laws. One only stood out for the Constitution such as it was, and did not like the idea of any amendments. This gentleman, who spoke beautifully, argued against all the others; but there was not the shadow of a threat against him. His argument was that the naturalization laws had worked well for the country, and that to the influx of immigrants was chiefly due its prosperity. The forms opposition to foreigners had lately taken ought to be opposed by the South, he said. To burn churches for political ends was not the way to promote the good of the country. After developing these ideas he came to a peroration which struck me and seemed to obtain the assent of all, since no one replied. From the platform where this conversation was taking place could be seen through the foliage the Catholic college of Bardstown and a corner of the bishop's residence, then called the White House. The speaker pointed it out, and said, in words which have remained

ever since in my memory: "Who among us would listen to firebrands inviting us to burn those buildings, and to injure in the least the venerable Bishop Flaget, whom we all revere? He and his companions renounced France to adopt our Constitution and laws. We all witness the good they have done in this town and the surrounding country. The young men whom they are educating are born Americans and will continue Americans all their lives. What has been done here by foreigners has taken place in all the States of the Union. Is it to punish them for their good deeds that the naturalization laws ought to be repealed, and the rights guaranteed to them withdrawn?"

From this incident and many other little facts of which I was witness I concluded, and have ever since believed, that fanaticism was not for the whole country the chief root of Nativism in 1844. In the South and in many parts of the North Nativist excesses were opposed on political and social grounds. Still a large number of Southerners were opposed to the naturalization laws. Their reasons were very different from the motives which acted in the North, and I shall state the view I have always taken of it.

Explanation of Nativism.

In both the North and the South, Americans were struck by the immense number of relatively poor immigrants who directly on landing complied with the conditions required for acquiring the rights of citizenship, and became citizens after five years. In the North a great preponderance was given to the Democratic party, with which the newcomers generally affiliated. This could not please the Whigs, as the party opposed to the Democrats was then called; but a great number

even of Democrats were afraid that their party, falling into the hands of ignorant foreigners, would be dominated by demagogues; and this was a very legitimate apprehension. Besides, many Whigs and Democrats were still ardent Protestants, and labored under the prejudices against Catholics which the last two or three centuries had fostered. There was accordingly nothing surprising in the fact that a strong Native party should arise in which many would not scruple to carry their opposition to foreigners as far as to destroy property and even life.

In the South also there was strong opposition to the admission to citizenship of the crowd that was pouring into the country, but for very different reasons. This European flood poured into the North only; very little of it reached the South, not only on account of the hot climate, but chiefly on account of the negro slaves, with whom the newcomers were unwilling to labor in common. The Southerners, therefore, saw that the North would soon acquire a great preponderance politically. So far congressmen and senators of both sections of the country had been nearly balanced in the counsels of the nation; nay, the South had until that time preserved a sort of moral preeminence owing to the original leadership of Virginia and South Carolina in public affairs. Thenceforth the North would prevail, and nobody knew what would be the consequence for the proud Southerners. The antagonism of the North and South had reached fever-heat; Senator Benton of Missouri had lately described it with accuracy and force in his "Twenty Years in the Senate." Even then civil war seemed scarcely avoidable. If it broke out, would

the South be able to avoid subjection and the humiliation of civil and social inferiority? The only way of preventing it was to change the naturalization laws, and the sooner it was done the better.

To this consideration was added the superiority of the North in industry and manufactures, owing to the great number of skilled and unskilled workingmen who were every day landing in the Northern harbors. The South had only agriculture to depend upon, and it remained to be seen how long King Cotton would rule the country. Thus Nativism flourished south of Dixie's line as well as in New England and Pennsylvania; and there was no part of the country safe for foreigners, especially for those coming from Ireland. It must be said, however, that the Protestant fanaticism described scarcely extended to the South. In that part of the country the number of Catholic churches did not increase as in the North. The number of Catholics continued to be very small, and they were inoffensive in the eyes of all. Hence the excesses of Nativism in 1844 were confined to Philadelphia; and whilst the later outbreaks of Know-nothingism in the fifties disgraced the States of Maine, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio, in the Southern States and cities there was neither bloodshed nor incendiarism, except at Louisville in Kentucky; and this was the only spot in the South where a large immigration of Irishmen had taken place.

If my knowledge of Nativism in 1844 was comparatively limited, I knew a great deal more of Know-nothingism in 1854–55; and I proceed to detail something of my experience at that time. I had witnessed the arrival in New York of many Hungarian, German,

Italian, and French revolutionists, who, after 1848, repaired to the United States as a land of refuge. Gavazzi and Kossuth, as well as the fanatical Orangemen who acknowledged no country but their lodges in Ireland, were not considered as foreigners by the heads of the Nativist faction; on the contrary, they were welcomed to this country. I was astounded to see Gavazzi treated as a hero; but I did not think there was any danger that he would inculcate his fury into sober-minded Americans. The case of Kossuth was widely different. I was present when he made his triumphal entry into New York. Some of the most prominent men in the country had gone down the bay to compliment him before he landed. I read the speeches delivered in his honor by some of the most honored citizens of this Republic. They almost went so far as to promise him that this country would send him back to Hungary to subdue the tyrants who had defeated him. His reception in New York was that of a prince, or rather of a king. I witnessed the whole affair in Broadway. Only a few regiments turned out. But the line of carriages filled with finely dressed people extended several miles.

Until that day I had had a great idea of the good sense of Americans. The speeches delivered on great occasions were often bombastic, but the oratorical display ended in sensible resolutions. I have always found that the Americans are stoutly opposed to revolution. In this case, on the contrary, there seemed to be a complete change. I did not know what to think, and was afraid that it could not but portend calamity.

A few days after I met the Rev. Dr. Forbes—I regularly saw him once a week at that time—and I could

not refrain from expressing my fears. He laughed, and said that in twelve months Kossuth would be a dead *coon*, and nobody would care for him. So in fact it turned out.

The Know-nothing move-ment.

Meanwhile all the anti-popery men of the country were in a fever of excitement. Mr. J. Gilmary Shea has described this paroxysm of madness in his "Catholic Church in the United States" (page 521, foll.). He says: "Sunday after Sunday Parsons, a fanatical preacher, surrounded by an armed band, thundered away against the Pope and the Church. Orr, a madman who assumed the name of the Angel Gabriel, . . . next followed the same course. Ere long preaching in the open air became the order of the day in the principal cities of the United States; and although the Catholics bore these insults without complaint, they did not, withal, escape being frequently the victims of passions excited by their enemies."

He then describes the march of the scourge. The first symptoms in New York appeared at the end of 1853; a letter published by Bishop Hughes momentarily calmed the excitement. From July, 1854, a series of outrages took place in Manchester and Dorchester, New Hampshire; at Bath, in the State of Maine; at Ellsworth, in the same State, where Father Bapst was tarred and feathered; at Newark, N. J., in September, 1854; at Williamsburg (Brooklyn) in November; finally, at St. Louis, Missouri, after the November elections of 1854, and at Louisville on August 6, 1855.

The reader will remark that except in the two last-named cities the mob displayed its wrath only in the North; after all, St. Louis and Louisville belonged as

much to the North as to the South. However, in May, 1855, Father Nashon, a Jesuit, was grossly insulted and beaten near Mobile, Alabama, i.e., in the far South. But this may happen anywhere at any time; it is an exception which proves the rule.

Intolerant journalists.

Protestant ministers were conspicuous as leaders or at least promoters of the mob. Mr. Shea makes scarcely any mention of the press. A long list of political newspapers could be given whose editors made themselves the advocates of violence against the Catholics. One of them has been lately (November, 1884) conspicuously before the public; Mr. Blaine has suffered in his political prospects by having been the chief editor of the Kennebec (Maine) *Journal.* But there was a paper, of which nobody speaks at this time, whose influence appeared to be very great, and whose aim was certainly to inflame the mob against Catholics, particularly the Jesuits. This was the notorious *Ned Buntline's Own.* The founder and editor of that sheet was Edward Judson, who took Buntline for his *nom de plume.* Mr. John Bigelow, later on, was a publicist with similar delusions. Both failed egregiously; but there was a time when even clear-headed men foresaw real danger to the Church from this contemptible quarter.

It was a young man, an undergraduate in Fordham College by the name of Maurice Daly, who called my attention to these journalistic bigots. Poor Maurice! he was a boy of talent, feeling a strong inclination for politics and journalism. No sooner had he obtained his degree than he associated himself with Denman, the editor of the *Truth Teller,* and began to scribble to some purpose. It then appeared probable that he would suc-

ceed in giving to that old paper a new lease of life. But death struck him after he had been scarcely two years at his task. His last request showed his attachment to his *Alma Mater;* for, in accordance with a provision in his will, his remains rest in our college graveyard.

One day, therefore, he brought me a number of *Ned Buntline's Own.* "You must subscribe to this paper," he said, "or buy it every day in New York. You have here an ardent enemy, and it is proper you should know what is intended for you." Of course I procured the paper for three months, and looked at it every day. Judson had been an ardent "Nativist" in 1844; and since the Know-nothing excitement had begun, he had ardently advocated the platform of this new sect. The Americans, however, were not to be moved by mere ranting, like the Frenchmen and the Italians of our age.

Mr. Horace Greeley.

I am glad, in fact, to say that a considerable number of impartial writers tried their best to prevent the diffusion of calumny, and the Catholic press was not alone in defending religion. Mr. Shea mentions only the *Tribune* of New York, in which Horace Greeley, always a fair man, thought it his duty, in the midst of burning churches, to say: "It is worthy of remark that while five or six Catholic churches in this country have been destroyed and ruined by an excited populace, not a single Protestant church can be pointed out that Catholics have even thought of attacking."

Mr. Greeley even extended his fairness to the Jesuit Order. Having advanced in the *Tribune* some opinions in which he endorsed accusations derived from Pascal's Letters, I, with the cooperation of other

fathers, wrote a long article in which the calumny was refuted. I brought it to his office without even securing an introduction. He received me with great politeness, read my paper, and said that I had a right to be heard, and that he would publish my answer with pleasure. He asked me what signature I wished to use; and when I replied that I thought my own name with my title of President of St. John's College was the most proper signature, he said that was also his opinion. My article appeared the following day without a word of criticism.

Know-nothing pro-gramme.

I must here say a word on the Know-nothing programme against foreigners. If the ravings of the Know-nothing journalists had been endorsed by the heads of the party, Catholics would have been reduced to slavery. But fortunately the Know-nothing leaders had more sense than the enemies of the Jesuits had ever shown in Europe.

Having reason to believe that they would soon be in power, they met in convention in Philadelphia in 1855, and after a serious discussion they published their programme. Of all the articles it contained, only two—the VIIIth and XIth—had reference to the grand object of the party, the treatment of foreigners. Strange to say, they did not even speak of a change in the naturalization laws. They did not wish to frighten the conservative Americans, and they thought their measures would be carried easily, as soon as they should be masters of Congress and of a majority of the State legislatures.

By Article VIII they declared "Resistance to the aggressive policy and corrupting tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church in our country, by the advance-

ment to all political stations—executive, legislative, judicial, or diplomatic—of those only who do not hold civil allegiance, directly or indirectly, to any foreign power, whether ecclesiastical or civil, and who are Americans by birth, education, and training; thus fulfilling the maxim, 'Americans only shall govern America,' etc., etc."

Article XI proclaimed "The education of the youth of our country in schools provided by the States, which schools shall be common to all, without distinction of creed or party, and free from any influence or direction of a denominational or partisan character. And inasmuch as Christianity, by the constitution of nearly all the States, by the decisions of the most eminent judicial authorities, and by the consent of the people of America, is considered an element of our political system, and as the Holy Bible is at once the source of authority and the depository and fountain of all civil and religious freedom, we oppose every attempt to exclude it from the schools thus established in the States."

The substance of these two articles consisted, first, in excluding Roman Catholics from public offices of any kind; secondly, in obliging all children born in this country to receive their education in schools using the Protestant Bible.

It has just been stated that at the time of their convention in Philadelphia the new party expected soon to be in power and sweep the country North and South; yet the Democrats, who had administered the government for a long time, were still in possession, Mr. Pierce having been elected President in 1852. What reason had the Know-nothings for expecting success in the next

presidential elections? Their chief reason was that the Whig party was at that time breaking down, and everybody expected that at the next presidential elections it would exist no more. As the Know-nothings, who called themselves the American party, were ready to replace it; as, moreover, the South, a great part of which had belonged to the Democratic party, was enrolling under the Know-nothing banner, and as many Democrats in the North would do the same through hatred of Catholicity, it appeared likely that the victory of the new party would be complete, and that it would begin a revolutionary period, in which several articles of the Constitution would be radically modified.

This opinion became general after the State elections of 1854. The highest State officers elected—governors, members of Congress, mayors of cities—belonged mostly to the new American party. If I remember right, New York City itself, in spite of its large Irish population, chose a Know-nothing mayor, many aldermen, etc. The new governor—a Mr. Ullman, quite unknown before—took possession of the executive mansion at Albany as governor of the State.

In the city of Troy, where I was then residing, all public officers except a few aldermen and constables belonged to the new party. This was a phenomenal change; for with its large manufacturing population the city had for a very long time been Democratic, even when the county was Whig.

When the new mayor of Troy took possession of his office, and he delivered his inaugural address, he said, among other things, that "the people who had elected them expected changes conformable to the doctrines

of the American party which had been adopted by the American nation. Their victory could not remain ineffectual; and they must carry it out in the city of Troy." This was the substance of what he said.

Happening to go the following day to the Commercial Bank, where I generally deposited my money, and whose officers were all my personal friends—none of them, of course, belonged to the dark-lantern party—I spoke of the speech of the new mayor, and asked the gentlemen whether any of them were acquainted with the ideas of our new civil magistrate, so that I might know from them what I might expect, being a foreign-born citizen and a Catholic into the bargain; they laughed good-humoredly, and Mr. Leach, the cashier of the bank, said that he was sure the new mayor did not know any more than we ourselves what were the measures promised with such solemnity. "I suspected as much," I remarked; "the new party is a venomous mushroom grown up in a night, and destined to die the next day. It cannot kill any of us." They all said they agreed with me.

It was not to be expected, however, that there would be no annoyances for Catholic priests, Catholic schools, etc. I have related elsewhere the trouble I experienced at the poorhouse, and how the difficulty was overcome by the good offices of Mr. Sidney Smith, the excellent Episcopalian of Lansingburg. In Albany, at the same time, there were similar difficulties, as I have stated before.

I could relate many other petty vexations of the same nature, particularly in the Department of Charities in the city of New York. At that time, I think, these

establishments were under the charge of "ten governors." One of them—a certain Mr. Duke—distinguished himself by his zeal in smashing all the furniture belonging to the altar at which the Catholic inmates worshipped God on Sundays. But those outrages became known to me only by hearsay.

Fairness of Mr. John W. Francis.

Personally I had nothing to fear from Know-nothing attacks. I was surrounded by an army of Irishmen, mostly from Tipperary, and all the Know-nothings of Troy combined would not have dared to attack me in my fortress. But it was particularly annoying to read every day in some of the Troy papers the absurd calumnies invented against us in order to inflame the passions of the mob. I thought there was good sense enough in the city to stop this abuse and prevent greater mischief. The *Troy Times*, founded in 1849 by Mr. John Francis as an independent organ, had already acquired a great reputation for ability and sound views. Mr. Francis had started without capital and without support a daily paper, which required incessant labor; and in 1853–54, when I first became acquainted with him, the *Troy Times* was one of the best edited papers in the State north of New York. It was neither a Democratic nor a Whig paper; yet there were often excellent political articles, besides news, to satisfy all tastes. Mr. Francis never attacked anything respectable; on the contrary, he undertook the defence of whatever was attacked without cause. I had remarked in his paper several expressions indicating opposition to the new party.

It was some time in the spring of 1855 that I made up my mind to pay him a formal visit; until that day I had gone to his office only for some trifling business, such as

printing tickets for a concert, etc. I had always found him extremely busy, and we could exchange only a few words. I thought the best time to find him at leisure was at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when his daily issue was out. Though I had a great idea of his incessant activity, I did not really know the whole truth. When I reached his office, I found there only a young man who knew me by sight and knew that my visit would not be tiresome to Mr. Francis. He directed me to go to the typesetting room, at the top of the stairs, the last door in front. I imagined that I would find the gentleman in the midst of his compositors, giving them their tasks for the following day. My surprise was great when Mr. Francis came himself to open the door in slippers, shirt-sleeves, as it was nearly summer, and with a paper cap on his head. The only person in the room with him was his wife, who was setting type for the following day. Mr. Francis was not satisfied with editing his paper; he went to the composing-room with his wife in what he called, I suppose, his leisure moments. And he had done this for several years. Soon after, however, he gave up this drudgery; his paper was well patronized, money came in abundance, and he could pay for all the assistance he needed. This perseverance at the beginning I call truly heroic, and I highly honored Mr. Francis for it.

From the door he led me to a high stool—there were no other seats in the room. "Mrs. Francis, I suppose," he said, "can remain at her task?" "I should be sorry," I replied, "to disturb her," and with a bow in her direction I sat down. My only object, I said, was to ask him whether he would publish some papers that I intended

to write on the subject of Know-nothingism. I had remarked with pleasure, I said, that he did not belong to the party, and perhaps he would not object to publishing some reflections by "a Catholic clergyman in Troy." They would be merely apologetic, and if they gave rise to any controversy, I would take charge of it; Mr. Francis need not fear that it would degenerate into abuse and billingsgate. I knew the usual tone of the *Troy Times*, and highly approved of it. Besides, he himself would have the control of what I would write, in case there were anything in it not compatible with his sense of propriety.

"It is a godsend," replied Francis. "The idea has already come to me several times to write something on the subject editorially. But as the matter is somewhat connected with religion, I did not dare to launch into it. It will come much better from 'a Catholic clergyman in Troy.' Write on, write on; my paper is open to you."

For a month an article of mine appeared every week. The only alterations made by the editor consisted in touching up the style here and there, as I begged him to do. I did not discuss the political bearings of the party, which did not belong to my province, though it might not be difficult to prove that the platform lately adopted in Philadelphia was altogether anti-American in tendency. I limited my efforts to showing that the ridiculous fears of foreigners excited by the papers of the party were mere nursery tales unworthy of sensible men.

One of the remarks of the *Troy Whig*—an organ of the Know-nothings—had impressed many weak-minded

citizens. There were then *ten thousand* Catholics in Troy, it said, while fifty years before there were scarcely a dozen. I took good care not to correct this piece of statistics and to tell him there were in fact *twenty-two thousand;* but I gave a pleasant turn to the affair. Suppose, said I, that there are ten thousand Catholics in Troy, which is more than one-fourth of the city population. If those foreigners, now adopted citizens, were so obstinate in their plan of substituting themselves for the natives as they were said to be, they might, without contravening the existing laws, have obtained at least some offices proportionate to their number. One-fourth of the offices of the city should, therefore, be in their hands, and nobody would have a right to complain. But what was the true state of the case? Here I enumerated by name all the Catholics who had been elected to office; it was the most amusing collection. They consisted of one supervisor of the county, three aldermen of the city, and perhaps half a dozen constables. "Trojans," I said in conclusion, "it is for such a pitiful result that your quiet is disturbed, your former harmony is broken up, and the material interests of the city are endangered!"

The four papers I wrote for the *Times* sufficed to put an end to the foolish talk of an editor or two who had thought proper to advocate the persecution of "foreigners." The faction, however, which had for the moment united the whole South and a great part of the North in the project of passing laws hostile to the Church and subversive of the Constitution could not, of course, be beaten off by my little articles. Had the defence of sound American principles been under-

taken simultaneously in all the States of the Union, it is doubtful whether the good sense of the nation would have been awakened as soon, and whether the collapse of this delusion would have taken place as suddenly as it actually did, to the surprise of friends and foes.

At the presidential election in 1856 the Democrats, in spite of the Know-nothing explosion of 1854, elected their candidate, Mr. Buchanan, against Colonel Fremont, the choice of the Republicans, a new party opposed to slavery, which succeeded the Whigs. A third party had lately been formed in the South, in favor of extending slavery to the Territories, and had nominated Millard Fillmore for their candidate. Buchanan received 174 electoral votes, Fremont 114, Fillmore only 8—those of the Maryland. Buchanan received the votes of all the other slave States, besides those of five free States; Fremont those of the eleven remaining free States. There was no longer any question of the Know-nothing party. What was the chief cause of this unexpected revolution of opinion?

For a long time a struggle had been going on between the partisans and opponents of slavery. The whole South was unanimous in favor of slavery; in the North a good part of the Democrats was inclined to support the South in order to prevent a disruption of the Union. For several years, when there was a meeting of Democrats, you could see the Union devices around the platform, you could hear the appeals of the speaker in favor of the Union.

In the midst of this agitation, some anti-Catholic fanatics in the North, and a great number of politicians in the South, thought they could turn aside the danger

of disruption by calling the attention of the nation to the supposed designs of foreigners and papists on this country. They succeeded in raising an outcry which a few months before nobody would have dreamed of. The antislavery cry remained almost dormant for several years. If the delusion had lasted a few years longer, laws would have been passed which would have indefinitely retarded the growth of the Catholic Church. It would certainly have stopped immediately the flow of immigration.

Fortunately, when the time arrived for the election of a new President of the Republic, men opened their eyes, and saw they were going to stultify themselves by listening to the mad shouts of a few fanatics and of a greater number of Southern schemers. The country as before divided itself into two large parties, the time-honored Democracy and a new party called the Republicans. The great Know-nothing faction, so powerful the year before, had dwindled down to the few votes of Maryland. The election of 1856 was the death-blow of the Know-nothing party, because it identified itself with slavery.

The permanent downfall of the enemies of the Church in the United States resulted from an outbreak of men's passions in another direction. The four years of Mr. Buchanan's administration were the prelude of the terrible Civil War, under the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln, elected in 1860. The history of the fearful struggle is well known; and though the loss of life and property was truly appalling, the emancipation of the slaves proved ultimately favorable to the South as well as to the North; the bravery and military virtues displayed

on both sides; the prominence given to the true patriotism of the Catholics on both sides; the gradual reunion of the two sections of the nation, henceforth working together for the prosperity of the Union, have perhaps more than compensated for the horrors of that fratricidal war.

Since then opposition to Catholicity has almost ceased, the former prejudices have almost vanished. In the political struggle for the Presidency in November of this year—1884—both parties have entered into a sort of competition for the votes of the Catholics; and a Protestant minister having cast a slur on Catholicism by associating *Romanism* with *Rum* and *Rebellion*, both parties rebuked him.

The German immigration.

I have hitherto spoken of the Irish immigration only, and this assumed such gigantic proportions after 1846 that it would have sufficed solidly to establish the Catholic Church in the United States, and to secure to her children most of their rights. But a steady stream of German colonists had, as early as 1820, flowed towards the United States. A goodly number, of them, however, were Protestants or infidels. It has been seen that after the failure of the revolutionist schemes in Europe (1848) many freethinkers made the United States their home.

Catholic Germans also arrived in great numbers. Many of them went straight to the West, and settled in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, etc.; whilst many remained in the great cities of the East, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore. As early as 1842 I was struck by the prominence the Germans had attained in the Catholic population of Cincinnati. It was the first time I visited the city, and I was surprised when

I found that the German churches outnumbered the Irish. Bishop Purcell, who honored me with his hospitality, wished to give me an occasion of witnessing the fervor of the German congregations. He had made the Rev. Mr. Ferneding, a most worthy clergyman, known for his eloquence, his vicar-general for the German Catholics. It was agreed that I should sing late Mass in order to have a genuine view of these colonists from the Fatherland. The church, a very large one, in the best style of modern architecture, was crowded to its utmost capacity by a flock remarkable for their earnestness. They came to pray, and showed it by their devout demeanor. A good organ directed their chant, as they were accustomed to congregational singing. I imagined I was again in Europe. The Germans were not confined to the northern bank of the Ohio. Covington in Kentucky was mainly peopled by them. When that city was made a new see, a few years after, Rev. Father Carroll, a native-born American of Irish parents, was appointed the first bishop, and before long the awkwardness of his position became evident. However, he was a very prudent man, and managed to administer his diocese so as to offend nobody. But at his death the Propaganda, better informed than before, procured the appointment of a German bishop, Right Rev. A. M. Toebbe.

The presence of so many German Catholics in southern Ohio and northern Kentucky struck me at the time; the Irish exodus, which came soon after, prevented my paying much attention to it. Had I remained in the West, and travelled in Indiana and Wisconsin, I should have found myself in the midst of thickly settled colonies newly arrived from Germany.

When in 1846 our Kentucky colony came East to settle in the suburbs of New York City, I noticed that great numbers of European immigrants had come since my landing in 1838. The French and Spanish-speaking population had increased considerably, and the Irish exiles were beginning to pour in. But the Germans, who had scarcely been spoken of before, were the theme of conversation all over the city.

The Catholics, who now composed the great majority of the new arrivals, settled in greater numbers in that part of the city extending from the Bowery to the East River. First and Second Avenues and Avenues A, B, C, and D swarmed with them. In this district the Rev. John Raffeiner, a native of the Tyrol, had begun to work as early as 1833, and built the Church of St. Nicholas on Second Street near Avenue A. He left it in the hands of German Capuchins, whom we found in possession of it in 1846, and went to build other German churches, namely, St. John's in New York, Holy Trinity in Boston, Holy Trinity in Williamsburg, and a fourth church at Macopin, N. J.

Mr. M. Oertel.

Among the Lutheran ministers who then arrived on these shores was Mr. Maximilian Oertel, a graduate of the University of Erlangen, who was scandalized by the loose notions of American Lutherans, and became a staunch Catholic. He was the first to found a Catholic German paper in the United States; and his example was followed by many Catholic publicists among his countrymen. Catholics do not appreciate sufficiently the services rendered to the Church by German popular writers who have spread among their fellow Catholics the knowledge and love of their religion.

Catholic Germans in New York.

This movement was in full swing when we came to live in New York. Bishop Hughes, being aware of its importance, called to his diocese some of the German Redemptorists who were building the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer in East Third Street, a few blocks from St. Nicholas, when we took possession of our college at Fordham. There was no fear of friction between Redemptorists and Franciscans, because there was work enough for the two orders. It is owing to these two churches, chiefly to the former, that this part of New York has become almost altogether German. A rapid walk through the district will show it. The signs painted over the stores, the commodities sold in them, the language you hear, the dancing on the sidewalks, the cut of their clothes and the stuff they are made of, everything suggests Germany.

If you walk in those streets on a Sunday, you are impressed with the solemnity of the day of rest; all the stores are closed, and the church-bells are calling the faithful to prayer; the churches to which all appear to go are those of the Holy Redeemer and of St. Nicholas. Should you enter, you will find the inmates to be German Catholics.

Father Rumpler was then the rector of the Church of the Holy Redeemer; I soon became acquainted with him. Father Pottgeisser, one of the Jesuit exiles from Prussia in 1848, came to live with us at Fordham, and often went to help Father Rumpler and his brethren.

The Tractarian movement in England, under the lead of Pusey, Newman, Allies, etc., had extended to this country. Already several Episcopalian ministers with Bishop Ives of North Carolina had been received into

the Church. In the Episcopalian Seminary in New York several young men professed Tractarian views. Bishop Onderdonk, though personally inclined to Puseyism, as it was called, was forced by the Low Church party to investigate affairs at the seminary, and several of the students were removed or retired. One of them applied to Father Rumpler for advice, and as a consequence others did so. Four, I think, applied to be received into the Redemptorist Congregation. After their novitiate in Belgium, they returned to this country, and formed a part of the community in Third Street.

The Redemptorists thereafter began to give missions both in English and German, and their labors became nearly overwhelming. Many, however, said that their object in coming to this country—which was to evangelize the Germans—might suffer from what seemed to be so promising an extension of their work. The providence of God found a solution of the difficulty. The English-speaking congregation of St. Paul the Apostle was founded, and the Redemptorists continued to be, as before, the most efficient guides of the German Catholics.

The Redemptorists had opened a house in Baltimore long before their New York house was founded. It was to the Baltimore Superior, Father Alexander, that Bishop Hughes applied in 1842 when he thought of procuring their services for the Germans of his diocese. Father Rumpler in fact belonged to the community of St. Alphonsus in Baltimore when he was sent to New York. The Baltimore house had already given proof of its efficiency and shown its ability to direct the German congregations. I spent a happy day with the

Redemptorists in Baltimore in November, 1849, on my return from Georgetown, and witnessed with edification the good order of their pious community, and their public services in their Church of St. Alphonsus, then one of the finest in the city.

This same church has this year—1884—been the scene of imposing ceremonies, and has afforded strong proof of the importance of the German element of the Church in the United States. During the Plenary Council which is to terminate next Sunday, December 7th, sermons were preached every day in English by archbishops and bishops. But the Germans, many of whom scarcely understood English, were also to have their speakers. Every day, therefore, Bishops of the Western States, whose dioceses are largely composed of German congregations, appeared in St. Alphonsus' Church, and spoke in their native language to the numerous Germans of the city and the neighborhood.

Progress of the Church.

The first Provincial Council of Baltimore had met in the year 1829. With the Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. James Whitfield, there were present the Bishops of Bardstown, Charleston, Cincinnati, St. Louis (who was also administrator of New Orleans), and Boston. The Very Rev. Wm. Matthews was administrator of Philadelphia; the Bishops of Mobile and New York were in Europe; and Bishop David, coadjutor of Bardstown, who had been named his procurator by Bishop Dubois of New York, could not go on account of his health.

Undoubtedly the Church had made great progress since Bishop Carroll was appointed to the see of Baltimore on August 15, 1790; at that time the Catholics

in the United States numbered only 40,000. In 1829 the Catholics had increased to the number of 500,000, the population of the Republic being estimated at 12,000,000. Immigration from Europe had contributed very little to this result, since immigration became important only in 1830.

At the opening of the Second Council of Baltimore in 1834, Mr. J. Gilmary Shea says in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* (July, 1884), "a church was erected at Burlington, the first in Vermont, and New Hampshire had a second one at Dover; while a priest exploring the new town of Milwaukee found twenty Catholics as the nucleus of a congregation." The absence of Catholics was remarked at the time all over the West; immigration had not yet reached it.

When the Third Council of Baltimore was convened in 1836 new sees were erected at Dubuque, Nashville, and Natchez; and (says Mr. Shea) "the next year (1837) two priests, sent from the St. Lawrence at the request of Bishop Provencher, said Mass for the first time in Oregon." It was the year after I landed in America. I can now give my own experience.

I have described the state of the Church in Kentucky, which was then one of the strongest centres of Catholicity in the United States. Florida had been acquired at the beginning of this century by the United States from Spain, and Louisiana from France. Florida brought only a small accession of Catholics, but the creoles of Louisiana formed a valuable addition to the Church in the United States. The first titular American bishop, the Right Rev. Leo De Neckère, consecrated in 1829, died in 1833. Before him there

had been two Spanish bishops besides the Right Rev. Bishops Dubourg and Rosati. The moral and religious state was indeed deplorable, since Bishop Dubourg could not take possession of his see; he therefore, established it at St. Louis, then a village, as did also Bishop Rosati after him. This disorder lasted until St. Louis was made an episcopal see, when Father De Neckère was placed at the head of the New Orleans diocese. He is on this account called the first American bishop of New Orleans by Mr. Shea.

I knew Bishop De Neckère's successor, the Right Rev. A. Blanc, personally, and I have already spoken of my visit to his diocese in 1842. All his priests at that time were French; the Irish immigration began only later. Bishop Blanc made New Orleans the best organized diocese of the Union after that of Baltimore.

The territory called Louisiana comprised the whole country west of the Mississippi, as far as the Pacific Ocean.

South of Kentucky the diocese of Nashville included then the whole State of Tennessee. I twice conversed with the Right Rev. Dr. Miles, the first bishop of Nashville. The number of Catholics was scarcely 1500 in 1842. The prospect of growth was far from hopeful. In the faculty of St. Mary's College, Marion County, Ky., to which I belonged, there was talk for a time of opening a college at Nashville; but a closer inspection of the subject prevented us from undertaking it. The only Catholic church in the chief city of Tennessee was the cathedral, which had a few hundred worshippers. What we learned from the bishop satisfied us that the time for opening a college at Nashville had not

Votre affectionné Serv.
+ Joseph W. de Ven.

AFTER A PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION
OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS

arrived. Memphis, on the Mississippi, was a more promising spot; but the Dominicans had been placed in charge of the Catholics there, and the greater number of them were Germans. It was likely that German immigration would predominate there. We preferred to turn our eyes northwards, and opened a school at Louisville.

On the right bank of the Mississippi, particularly in the State of Missouri, at the time of my visit—1842—the prospect was much brighter. Bishop Rosati was then bishop of St. Louis. I became acquainted with him at St. Mary's College when he came to visit us with Bishop Flaget. His diocese comprised, besides the State of Missouri, the whole of Arkansas and two-thirds of Illinois. Towards the west it extended indefinitely and embraced in theory the whole country to the Pacific Ocean. No bishop had yet been appointed for Oregon.

At the beginning of this century the state of religion in Missouri was far from hopeful. St. Louis contained only 4000 inhabitants, who had not yet availed themselves of their city's admirable situation. The Catholics were then French or Spaniards; and, "with the exception of fifteen or twenty small towns inhabited by early settlers from France or Spain, this vast region was a wilderness, the hunting-grounds of the savage Indians, and the undisputed domain of wild beasts." *

The moral and social state of Missouri, however, was more encouraging than that of the country farther south. Bishop Dubourg and after him Bishop Rosati, though they bore the title of Bishops of New Orleans,

* Lives of American Bishops. Rosati.

would not live in that city, and resided at St. Louis before it was made an episcopal see.

When Father Rosati, then a priest of the "Mission" (a Lazarist), reached Missouri in October, 1817, St. Mary's of the Barrens was chosen as the permanent residence of the "missionaries," and this was the spot first sanctified by the labors of Rosati, Timon, Odin, De Andreis, Tornatore, and many others. This house became the nursery of priests not only for the members of the "Congregation of the Mission," but also for the secular clergy of the West. The Jesuits soon after arrived to take charge of the classical education of young men belonging to Catholic families. From their first settlement at Florissant, where they opened a novitiate, they found their way to St. Louis. The college previously opened by Bishop Dubourg was placed in their hands and became the "University" so well known in after-times.

Besides those important establishments the holy bishop had churches built wherever the number of Catholics permitted it. Nor did he forget to build a cathedral, second only to that of Baltimore in the East. The cathedral of Cincinnati was then only designed, and those of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, looked more like parish churches than like seats of bishops.

In 1842, the year of my visit, Bishop Rosati was in Europe. He died in Rome the year following. I then saw for the first time his coadjutor, the Right Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, still alive, thank God, who has seen his flock grow wonderfully during his long episcopate. But even at that time St. Louis had received the name of *Rome of the West.* In 1842, from Cairo up to St. Louis,

both banks of the stream were overshadowed by thick forests. At that time I saw there a scene which I shall never forget. Running with a velocity of seven miles an hour, the irresistible current in the spring flooded the country for miles on both sides, uprooting trees by fifties or hundreds at a time, violently throwing them on sand-banks, and causing the formation of islands or promontories. It was a frightful picture of devastation which kept me for hours on the upper deck of the steamer, looking with intense interest on the wild scene. Suddenly a large expanse of land was seen to the left, bare of trees and covered with buildings of every description, among which rose the spires of many churches, most of them surmounted by the cross. Thirty years before a few hundred families from Canada or Mexico lived there in the midst of the primitive forests. Now it was a large American city, with splendid streets, bazars, and banks, but chiefly churches. The Catholic cathedral was the finest monument the city contained, and the Jesuits had just finished the Church of St. Francis Xavier and the college which bore the name of St. Louis University. The gentlemen of the Mission (Lazarists) governed the theological seminary of the diocese, and gave missions all over its extent. Numerous sisterhoods were placed at the head of the female schools and of hospitals. A medical establishment had been founded by a wealthy Catholic of the city (Mr. Mullamphy), and Christian Brothers had charge of the parochial schools.

All this change was evidently due to two bishops, one French, Dubourg, the other Italian, Rosati. The former being in Rome in 1815, proposed to Father De Andreis, a Lazarist of the Roman province, to accom-

pany him, and devote himself to the distant mission of Louisiana; De Andreis recognized in that call the voice of God, and suggested the idea of taking with him Father Rosati of the same order and province. The two Lazarists started together, and after a long and tempestuous passage reached Baltimore. Meanwhile Bishop Dubourg, who had made Pope Pius VII. consent to the establishment of his see at St. Louis instead of at New Orleans, remained some time in France to find men and means for his new diocese. He returned on the *Caravane*, a French ship of war, with five priests and twenty-six young men. They arrived at Annapolis on July 1, 1817; and the two Lazarists reached Baltimore the 26th of the same month. There is no need of detailing the hardships and dangers they met on their way through Pennsylvania and down the Ohio and the Mississippi. De Andreis and Rosati, accompanied by Bishop Flaget, rode on horseback across Indiana and Illinois, until they arrived, some of them on October 17, 1817, the others on January 5, 1818.

What did they find on reaching St. Louis? Bishop Dubourg could perceive scarcely any improvement in the city he had formerly inhabited. The wretched residence he had occupied was in ruins. When Fathers De Andreis and Rosati arrived with Bishop Flaget, the only bed in the house was of course assigned to the venerable bishop of Kentucky, whilst the two Lazarist missionaries slept upon buffalo-robes on the floor. The only Catholics in the city and in the whole country belonging to the future diocese of St. Louis were those whom Bishop Dubourg had left behind him when he went to Europe.

In Italy Bishop Rosati with his friend De Andreis had worked in country missions within the Papal States. It was hard work, which, however, could give them no idea of what they might expect in this country. Wherever they went in Italy they found well-established parishes with pastors ready to receive them in their houses; they found schools for children, hospitals for the sick, religious of various orders to help them. The first thing they had to do in America was *to create* parishes, schools, asylums for the sick, the aged, the orphans. The reader now understands what I mean when I say that "they made the country." The task before them was formidable. But the two Lazarists were no ordinary men. With learning they united abundant prudence and indomitable energy, as well as the true apostolic spirit. They were destined to give a new impulse to the good work in St. Louis.

Dr. Dubourg, always on the move, soon departed, leaving De Andreis and Rosati to begin their operations. The two Lazarists selected St. Mary's of the Barrens, eighty miles from St. Louis, as their first home. It was composed of several log cabins. The largest of them, a one-story building, was their *university;* it contained four rooms—one for the theological department, another for philosophy and literature, and two others were tailor and shoemaker shops. A second log cabin became the refectory and dormitory; the third and last remained unfinished until 1834, when it was used for servants.

Father Rosati had been made Superior. Not satisfied with this and the Professorship of Logic and Theology, he began to work for the people, and built a church

in the neighborhood, which he dedicated in 1820, two years after his arrival. The same year Father De Andreis died, and left Father Rosati alone. He had, however, five or six clergymen whom Bishop Dubourg had brought with him, and among the twenty-five young men who studied under himself at the Barrens he soon found new missionaries. There is no need of describing the hardships of this life, well known to all those who exercised the ministry in the West fifty years ago. The constitution of the good man was strong. When I knew him in 1840 he already wore on his sweet face the first marks of premature age. I have seldom in my life looked on a countenance so winning and attractive; and all hearts being wedded to him by the strongest affection, his own zeal was easily communicated to his colaborers. Not only no scandal, no disturbance of any kind ever troubled the diocese during his life; but the clergy both secular and regular gave the example of all Christian virtues. St. Mary's of the Barrens has been justly called the "fruitful mother of priests and bishops in the Southwest."

The Catholic people, too, increased wonderfully. The population was no longer composed of a few thousand Frenchmen and Spaniards. New parishes were springing up everywhere; schools, asylums, houses of refuge clustered around many of the new churches, and the blessings of civilization followed those of religion.

The beneficent influence of Catholicity will appear with equal clearness from the labors of Bishop Loras *

* The Rt. Rev. John Mathias Loras was born at Lyon on Aug. 30, 1792. His father was a flourishing merchant there, highly respected, so that his fellow citizens chose him a member of the Council in 1793.

Mathias Eyers Dubin

in Iowa. Of this new State it can be said that it was, like Missouri, largely made by bishops and monks, and by Irish and German immigrants. The greatest impulse was given to that immigration by Bishop Loras himself.

This prelate was born in Lyons in 1792, and was brought to this country in 1829 by Bishop Portier of Mobile. After seven years spent in the missions of Alabama, under the guidance of the bishop—a truly apostolic man like Dubourg and Rosati—he was appointed first bishop of Dubuque in Iowa in 1837. I cannot speak

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This was shortly after the execution of Louis XVI., which led to an uprising (1793) of the city of Lyons against the terrorist government. But the rising was soon crushed, and M. Loras with his two brothers and two sisters fell into the hands of the Republicans, whose chiefs at Lyons were Collot d'Herbois and Couthon, two of the most cruel monsters produced by the French Revolution. M. Loras' fate was soon decided; he was condemned to death. Mme. Loras (née Michalet), accompanied by her eleven children, the youngest, the future bishop, in the arms of his nurse, threw herself at Couthon's feet and implored mercy. But in vain. M. Loras, his brothers and sisters, and twelve other members of the Loras family were guillotined and their property confiscated. Mme. Loras, an energetic lady, brought up her orphaned family with the aid of one of her husband's clerks, M. Tallon, who afterwards married the eldest daughter. The Rev. Louis de Cailly, a nephew of the Bishop, in his "Memoirs of Bishop Loras," gives a touching picture of the family life of the Loras and the Tallons. The result proved the value of Christian home education. Two of the Loras boys became Trappists, while Mathias devoted himself to the American missions. Of the Tallon family five members dedicated themselves to the service of religion. Mathias Loras was the fellow student under the Abbé Balley of the celebrated Curé d'Ars; the friendship which grew up between the two boys lasted through life. Of his theological education there appears to be no detailed account. He was ordained priest in 1817 at Lyons, probably by Mgr. Simon. Shortly after his ordination he was appointed head of the *petit seminaire* at Meximieux, and in 1824

here of Bishop Portier, because I never saw him and never set my foot on the soil of Alabama and Florida.

At the arrival of Bishop Loras in Dubuque "his diocese was a vast region unknown to him. The unfinished church of St. Raphael at Dubuque was the only Catholic church in the Territory, and the Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, its pastor, the only Catholic priest." * Before proceeding to his diocese, however, Bishop Loras had gone to France, and brought back with him two priests and four seminarians. These gentlemen were destined to be the apostles of the vast region extending from Iowa and Minnesota on the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains in the east—the wild domain of the Sioux and

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advanced to the position of Superior at Largentière. He proved a successful educator, but he was not satisfied. He longed to be a missionary. So, after working for ten years in these seminaries, he resigned and joined a society for home missions, to prepare himself for the American missions. In 1829 Mgr. Portier, bishop of Mobile, came to France to enlist volunteers for his diocese; the Abbé Loras was one of his first recruits. The new missionary reached Mobile Jan. 6, 1830. He was forthwith appointed Bishop Portier's vicar-general, rector of his cathedral (30 ft. in length by 20 ft. wide), and president of the seminary and college at Spring Hill, besides being entrusted with the care of several small stations several miles away. Energy and efficiency characterized his work, and his success was so marked that in 1837 the Third Council of Baltimore proposed him to Rome for the newly established see of Dubuque. When he reached his diocese he found that his clergy consisted of one priest, the Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, and that he had one half-completed church. Father Thébaud has so graphically painted for us Bishop Loras' wise and energetic administration that we need only add that, though his diocese had been divided in 1851, yet shortly after his death (1860) its Catholic population is stated to have been nearly 60,000. Bishop Loras died on February 20, 1858. He had once said Mass in his unfinished cathedral.

* Clarke, Lives of Deceased American Bishops.

Ojibway tribes. At first Bishop Loras seemed to have forgotten the religious congregations—at least of men; he had Sisters soon enough. But before long Trappists and Benedictines made the wilderness flourish; and he chose for his coadjutor and successor Father Clement Smyth, the Abbot of New Melleray, the founder of the Cistercians beyond the Mississippi.

Bishop Loras had taken possession of his see on April 29, 1839, and I visited him with Father De Luynes during the summer of 1842; we had the honor of receiving his hospitality during a whole week. On our way up we had stopped at Davenport, then a rising town on the Upper Mississippi, and we had paid a visit there to the Rev. A. Pelamourges, one of the two clergymen the bishop had brought from France. The enterprising priest had already built a church; nay, more, he had purchased a large plot of ground destined in course of time to be in the very centre of the city, and embracing an area several blocks in extent. From him we learned that Bishop Loras had made it his policy in temporal matters to purchase as much land as he could wherever he built a church or an educational institution. His successors, if not he himself, would find it to their advantage when the price of land should have increased twenty or fifty fold. He carried out this policy in Dubuque, where before his death he became the owner of real estate extending ten miles along the Mississippi River.

Before reaching Dubuque we discovered that the bishop had already at least one community of Sisters founded by a clergyman lately received into his diocese, the Rev. T. C. Donaghoe. Our steamer having stopped

for a short time at a village or little town whose name has escaped my memory, the ubiquitous Irishman ran towards us as soon as he saw by the cut of our coats that we must be *Soggarth aroons*. He evidently wanted to communicate important news. As soon as he could speak in his excitement, after having ascertained that he was right in his conjectures, he begged of us, when we reached the bishop's house, to let him know that Mr. Donaghoe had left the place for Europe the day before, and that there would be no Mass there the following Sunday unless the bishop sent another priest. This was puzzling indeed, but we did not fail to report it to the good bishop, who smiled—though he appeared a little vexed—and explained the matter to us by saying that Mr. Donaghoe was an excellent man and a most zealous priest; but he was at the head of a community of Sisters, and had probably gone either to Ireland or to Rome for some purpose of his own. "He would, however, have done well," he added, "had he written me a note, and not been content to convey the news to me by one of his countrymen."

We were not many hours under the roof of the good bishop before we found out that his time was well occupied. What with all his improvements at Dubuque, cathedral, schools, convents, etc.; with the building of churches throughout his extensive diocese; with the appointment of priests as soon as he could catch them or ordain them, the twenty-four hours of each day must have been well employed.

Still this did not suffice. The first time we ate dinner with him we became acquainted with a middle-aged clergyman, by the name of Joseph Cretin, whom he had

brought from Lyons with Mr. Pelamourges, and who was the whole chapter of the Dubuque cathedral. At the beginning of the dinner I imagined that the zealous bishop would speak of his lonesome situation, of which we already had an inkling. But no; we were told that Mr. Cretin was going to start in a few days for the North, and establish his headquarters at Prairie du Chien. The object was to revive the Indian missions, interrupted since the travels of Father Hennepin in the seventeenth century, and to evangelize the Canadian *voyageurs* who came there for the fur trade. This was the object of the bishop, who remained alone in his cathedral to secure the salvation of these souls perishing in the northern wilderness. But God extended his loving projects. The final aim was the foundation of a new diocese—that of St. Paul, Minnesota—of which Mr. Cretin was destined to be the first bishop. The new State and the new church were to throw Iowa and its church almost into the shade.

Nothing of this was said at table. It was not suspected even by Bishop Loras, who had gone a few months before to Prairie du Chien, and had heard of the numerous Indian tribes roaming in the wilderness of the Northwest. They had nearly forgotten the doctrines of Christianity preached to their ancestors by the Recollets and Jesuits two hundred years before. Still they were clamoring for *black robes* as if they had been abandoned only the day before. Bishop Loras directly made up his mind to carry out this mighty undertaking, and Mr. Cretin, being the only missionary he could dispose of, was at the time of our stay at Dubuque closeted with him the greater part of two or three days. We

saw him depart with the zeal and disinterestedness of an apostle. The work of this missionary forms a remarkable chapter in the story of the spread of Catholicity near the head-waters of the Mississippi.

Plan settle Catholics in the West.

I must now speak of the Bishop's second great design. His mind was already engrossed by it during the week Father De Luynes and I spent under his roof. Although his plans took a much larger extension afterwards, he had already matured the chief detail. After Mr. Cretin's departure this scheme was the chief subject of conversation at table. This was the plan of attracting European immigrants to the vast plains beyond the Mississippi.

The exodus from Ireland, which was to take place four or five years later, was not then dreamed of. Still every week saw a great number of Irish immigrants landing on the Atlantic coast, chiefly at New York. The Germans also came in constantly increasing numbers. So far most of them had remained in the East. The intention of Bishop Loras was to draw them to the Great Lakes, and what was then called the Far West, and particularly to settle them on farms as agriculturists. Just now bishops and priests are working hard to prevent Catholic immigrants from settling in the manufacturing centres of the Atlantic seaboard, where their children are in great danger of losing their faith. Bishop Ireland of St. Paul, particularly, has made himself famous by his advocacy of this measure; and his success has been the chief cause of the spread of religion in the West, once a great prairie, now covered by cities and villages.

This plan first germinated in the mind of Bishop

Loras. I heard him outline it when seated at his table; and I need not say that I immediately became a strong partisan of his views.

The plan succeeded fairly well. As Bishop Loras welcomed every Catholic who came, he soon multiplied his congregations, and he found priests to take charge of them. He did not exclude from his plans the Indians of the West. Having despatched Father Cretin to the North, he sent Father Ravoux to the West around Bembina and Council Bluffs "to evangelize the Iowas, Sioux, Mandans, Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Gros Ventres, and Pawnees."

In Mr. Clarke's life of Bishop Loras we read: "In 1855 the Catholic population of Iowa increased 150 *per centum* a single year. The churches and stations provided for their accommodation increased in the same time nearly 100 *per centum*. . . . He commenced his episcopacy in 1837 with one church, one priest, and the only Catholic population reported, that of Dubuque, 300. . . . The year of his death, the diocese of Dubuque alone—St. Paul had been separated from it—possessed 107 priests, 102 churches and stations, and a Catholic population of 55,000!"

Bishop Loras' admirable plan of Catholic immigration, which succeeded in his diocese under his management, was a failure when we consider the whole West. As I witnessed the chief causes of the failure, I may say a word on the subject. The correspondence of Bishop Loras with the Eastern bishops and transportation houses, with many individual immigrants, and the countries they came from had attracted attention to his plans. Many Catholics doubted their wisdom, particularly in New

York and Philadelphia. Their success depended mainly on the priests. But the thoughts of the clergy were taken up with the care of the multitudes that landed in their localities. In 1846–47 hospitals were to be visited, orphan asylums enlarged, churches built, schools organized, etc. Who had time to think of colonizing the Far West?

Besides, several influential bishops in the East did not favor the plan. We are scarcely able, they said, to provide for this multitude of unfortunate outcasts; if they are to be sent West to prevent their being corrupted in our large cities, will the Western bishops be able to take care of them? The West has so few priests, so few churches, that the great majority of these immigrants will be spiritually abandoned and left without the sacraments; their children will become the prey of proselytizers. This view was strongly urged by the bishop of New York.

A society was formed in the New York diocese to promote emigration to the West. The Rev. John Kelly, pastor of St. Peter's Church in Jersey City, accepted the presidency of this organization. The assistant of Rev. Mr. J. Kelly, the Rev. Mr. Coyle, went West for the purpose of establishing communications between the West and the East. But after several years of fruitless exertion he came back completely disheartened, and died soon after his return.

Bishop Cretin.

I can say only a few words of the permanent establishment of the Catholic Church in Minnesota.

After his first visit to the Indians and Canadians living around Prairie du Chien and the Falls of St. Anthony, the Rev. Mr. Cretin returned to Dubuque, where he

acted as vicar-general to Bishop Loras until 1851. He was then appointed bishop of St. Paul, proceeded straight to France and was consecrated by the bishop of Belley, his former diocesan. He then applied for help to his old friends and acquaintances. With six priests and some money he went back to St. Paul in the summer of the same year, 1851. St. Paul was then a small village, as St. Louis had been before the arrival of Bishop Rosati. Its Catholic population consisted of a few hundred Indians, half-breeds, and Canadians.

Soon, however, the exertions of Bishop Loras for the success of his colonization scheme brought to the country large numbers of Irish Catholics. The aims of the missionaries, who at first thought almost exclusively of evangelizing the red men, were extended so as to embrace men of all nations, particularly those from Erin.

In the five years of the episcopate of Bishop Cretin, who died, exhausted by his labors, in February, 1857, churches and schools were built, congregations, asylums, hospitals, etc., were founded. His success was astounding when the slender means at his disposal are taken into consideration.

Bishop Bruté.

North of the Ohio, Bishop S. G. Bruté (appointed and consecrated Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana, in 1834) found his new diocese, which embraced the whole of Indiana and half of Illinois, nearly as destitute of priests and churches as Dubourg and Rosati had found Missouri, and Cretin Minnesota. My acquaintance with Bishop Bruté was extremely limited. I saw him only once at Rome, whither he went soon after his consecration, in 1836–37. My only conversation with him

consisted in asking and receiving his blessing. He died the year I reached Kentucky, in 1839. He had already procured twenty priests for his diocese, and begun the restoration of the old church at Vincennes, which he made his cathedral. Besides, he erected other churches where they were most needed. Bishop Bruté powerfully contributed to the development and extension of Vincennes.

I have related the establishment of Catholicity in the Western States until about 1850. The removal of our Kentucky mission to New York having taken place in 1846, I will now portray the rapid development of the Church in the East, where I have since resided.

CHAPTER VI.

CATHOLICITY IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 1850 TO THE PRESENT DAY.

The division of the United States into the provinces of Baltimore, New York, and Cincinnati in the East and North; of New Orleans and St. Louis in the West and South; of San Francisco and Oregon on the Pacific Coast, took place in 1850, after the Seventh Council of Baltimore, held in the preceding year. Thenceforth each province would hold its own Councils and regulate the discipline within its precincts. The affairs of the Church in the nation would be discussed in plenary or national assemblies, of which the archbishop of Baltimore would be the head, though he was not invested with the title of Primate. He was to be Apostolic Delegate, however, and represent the Pope in discussions and in the resulting decrees.

When we arrived at New York in 1846 we became acquainted with several gentlemen who had labored to create officially and unofficially the means of protecting the immigrants who were pouring in in a mighty flood. Two of them, Messrs. Andrew Carrigan and John E. Devlin, had taken a great interest in Fordham College from its first opening four years before. I frequently visited them. Mr. Devlin, at the

time of our coming in May, was very busy procuring the incorporation of the college; and I remember that the first time I saw Mr. Carrigan he had just returned from Albany, where the last steps for the creation of the Ward's Island Commission to safeguard the immigrants had been agreed upon. People were just then beginning to talk of the prospect of famine in Ireland; the year following the exodus began.

Bishop Hughes afterwards gave to our Society the spiritual charge of all the islands purchased for charitable and corrective purposes by the city in the East River; he placed secular priests in the hospital at Quarantine. The next object of his solicitude was to build churches, schools, and asylums in sufficient number for the accommodation of the newcomers; and the number of these establishments founded by him enables us to judge how greatly the Catholic Church increased, and how much popular prejudices diminished, owing to his activity. I will examine in brief the mighty influence wielded by Archbishop Hughes while the Church of the United States from a missionary institution was becoming a normally organized branch of the Catholic Church.

Archbishop Hughes.

Among the distinguished prelates who governed the Church in America the Most Rev. John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, was one of the most conspicuous. Having had many opportunities of intimately knowing him and appreciating him thoroughly, I observed how he applied all the powers of his great mind and all the tenderness of his noble heart to the temporal and spiritual relief of his unfortunate countrymen who were thrown on our shores.

Almost the only quality claimed for Archbishop Hughes by his greatest admirers and criticised by his enemies was his aggressiveness. This aggressiveness could not but strike everybody; he belonged essentially to the Church Militant, and from the beginning of his public career to the last day of his life he was engaged in the most ardent advocacy of what he considered the good of the Church and of the people. But in my opinion there was a side of his character which has been little remarked, and which was nevertheless a most important element for a just appreciation of his personality. This was his extraordinary prudence. Nobody seemed to notice it; but I had so many occasions to observe it that I came to consider it one of his marked characteristics, and the one to which he owed most of his successes. Had he been without it, his constant warfare would have often terminated in inglorious defeat and in the loss of his prestige, which grew greater and greater as he advanced in life. He had inherited his prudence from his ancestors, at least from his father. I read in the "Life of the Most Rev. John Hughes," by Mr. R. H. Clarke: "The father—Patrick Hughes—was better educated than most men of his class, and was a peaceable and prudent citizen amidst the factious and often lawless proceedings and excitements of his day." Mr. Clarke speaks of the end of last century, and of the end of the rebellion of the "United Irishmen."

Young John Hughes showed the same prudence in the steps he took to gain admission into the Seminary of Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg. In spite of delays and disappointments, he never despaired, never made a false step. He was rewarded by the esteem of his

superiors, particularly of the Rev. Mr. Dubois, then president of the college.

After his ordination, October 15, 1826, and a few months spent on the mission at Bedford, Pa., he was called to Philadelphia, and began his brilliant career at a time when there was strong opposition to Bishop Connell. The unfortunate Father Hogan was in full swing. Mr. Hughes of course supported the bishop's authority. He took care, however, to avoid being in the trouble caused by the impulsiveness of Mgr. Connell. Even in controversies with Protestant clergymen of various sects, which obtained for him a great reputation, he always wrote and spoke in accordance with the rules prescribed by charity and good breeding; so that he was elected a member of the Wistar Club of Philadelphia, an association mainly of Protestant gentlemen for social purposes. During his stay at Philadelphia he won the esteem of all, and was always the candidate of his brother clergymen for a bishopric. He mainly owed this to his invariable prudence and amenity.

In 1837, when he was consecrated bishop and made coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. Dubois, he found himself in a very unpleasant situation; and I have always been convinced that his extreme prudence alone enabled him to overcome the difficulties that for many years beset him. No biographer of Archbishop Hughes has ever told us what I am going to say. Still it was perfectly well known to a great number of clergymen and even of laymen about 1846, when we arrived from the West. In case this is ever printed, the editor must examine whether it can be done without injury to any one. I personally think that even at this time there

J. Power

would be no great harm done, but I leave it to the decision of future superiors. Of its truth there can be no doubt.

The Very Rev. Dr. Power,* for a long time Vicar-General of Bishop Dubois, had most deservedly obtained *Rev. Dr. Power.*

* The Rev. Dr. John Power was a native of Rosscarbury in Ireland, where he was born June 19, 1792. He received his education at Maynooth. After his ordination he was appointed professor in the diocesan seminary of Cork, and afterwards curate of Youghal. The congregation of St. Peter's in New York, being without pastor in 1819, induced the young priest to accept its rectorship. Immediately after his arrival (1819) he developed great activity in every direction. He was not only a good theologian, but a man of great eloquence, which was ever at the service of his bishop, of his fellow clergymen, and of the Catholics in every part of his diocese. He was active as an author also, having translated part of the Royaumont Bible, compiled the Layman's Directory, the precursor of the later *Catholic Almanacs*, and written the *True Piety*, one of the first, if not the first Catholic prayer-book published in America. By his sympathy and aid he had a share in the establishment of *The Truthteller*, the first Catholic weekly in New York. When in February, 1825, Bishop Connolly died, Dr. Power in the six years of his stay in the diocese had given such clear proof of learning, eloquence, and executive ability that he was appointed vicar-general and administrator of the diocese till the appointment of Bishop Du Bois in October, 1826. Dr. Power soon gained the confidence of the new prelate; he accompanied Dr. Du Bois during his visitation of the diocese in 1828, and together with the Rev. Felix Varela administered its government during the bishop's absence in Europe (1829-31). Shortly after Dr. Du Bois returned the two vicars-general entered into a controversy with Rev. Dr. Brownlee, a Calvinist, and successfully defended the Church against his attacks. Subsequently, finding old St. Peter's inadequate to the wants of his congregation, he built the new St. Peter's Church. At its dedication the coadjutor, Bishop Hughes, officiated. The reader has gathered from Fr. Thébaud's pages how popular Dr. Power was with the clergy of the diocese and how eager they were to have him for their bishop. No doubt these facts were well known to Bishop Hughes; still so great was his confidence in the veteran vicar-

the esteem, nay, the admiration of all classes of citizens, but particularly of all Catholics, and he was evidently the choice of the clergy of New York for the high position of coadjutor. The noble character of Dr. Power acquits him of all improper ambition. I am sure that he felt very glad when he saw that the mitre had been bestowed on another. Bishop Hughes himself was fully convinced of this, and knew that he had no better friend in New York than the Very Rev. Vicar-General. On his first visit to Rome in 1839–40 he appointed Dr. Power administrator of the diocese during his absence. No bishop would do this, if he had the least doubt about the fitness or loyalty of the person he intended to appoint his substitute. Dr. Power showed, by the way he administered the diocese when he had full control of it, that the confidence of Bishop Hughes was not misplaced.

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general of Dr. Du Bois that he continued him in the position, and left the diocese in his and Dr. Varela's care when he left for Europe after Bishop Du Bois' death in 1839. After the return of Bishop Hughes, Dr. Power was continued in the position of vicar-general to his death. Besides the esteem of his bishop, he enjoyed the universal love and respect of the Catholic clergy and laity. To non-Catholics also he was favorably known as a gentleman, a scholar, and an orator. For thirty-two years he was the idol of his flock at St. Peter's. He died April 19, 1849, after a long illness. Nearly three thousand persons visited St. Peter's to look for a last time at their beloved pastor's features, and Bishop Hughes preached a glowing eulogy at his obsequies.

The vicar-general's brother, Dr. Power, was a well known practitioner in New York. His descendants are represented in the families of Gebhard and Neilson.

To Rev. James H. McGean we return our thanks for his permission to copy the fine engraving of which we present to our readers an excellent photogravure.

But at this very time the clergy of New York, particularly of the city, were loudest in their discontent about the choice which had been made. They had heard and approved of the great things achieved in Philadelphia by the Rev. Mr. Hughes. But why was he sent to New York, when some see might have been found for him in Pennsylvania, and the man they had always admired in New York for his eloquence, zeal, and ability, a man known to and loved by all classes of citizens, might with so much profit for religion have been placed at their head? *Opposition to Bishop Hughes*

I have heard that when Bishop Hughes was consecrated in 1837 there were very few clergymen, if any, except Dr. Powers himself who did not harbor these feelings. I know personally that in 1846 one-half of the Catholic pastors were still openly arrayed in opposition to their bishop.

The prudence of Bishop Hughes was apparent in the way he met opposition. After the opposition of his clergy came that of some lay people. They were strongly attached to the system of trusteeship adopted by the Catholics from that long prevailing in all Protestant congregations. A law establishing this system had been passed in the State legislature, and when the new bishop arrived he found it in vigor in all the churches of the diocese. Not only the temporalities of every parish were in the hands of the trustees, but they claimed to control the nomination of their pastors. Bishop Dubois' last years were embittered by the proceedings of the trustees of his own cathedral. Bishop Hughes had witnessed the same evil in Philadelphia. In New York, being himself the bishop, he felt it his duty to *Trusteeism.*

put down the system and do away with it. But it took a long time before he crushed it. The law was against him and in favor of the trustees, and he had to use a great deal of prudence before he obtained his end. But at last, having convoked a meeting of the cathedral congregation, they passed a resolution forbidding the trustees to interfere with the rights of the head of the diocese as established by Catholic doctrine and custom. The trustees who signed this resolution were kept in office; the others were obliged to resign and gave way to other trustees. Later on the change was made in St. Peter's by the authority of the bishop, who deposed the existing board of trustees, and brought in a new board. I was then in New York, and I heard one of the best lawyers of New York—Mr. Glover, a Catholic—declare that this was altogether against the law, and that the bishop would repent of it. "Why!" he said, "the legislature could confiscate the whole property of the Catholic Church in New York. Bishop Hughes is not above the law, and he will feel it by and by." Bishop Hughes never was prosecuted for this bold move. The legislature did not punish an act which had the approbation of the Catholics, the true owners of the property. But how great was the prudence and sagacity the great bishop showed by waiting until he was sure of having the whole body of his spiritual children ready to obey him!

This characteristic quality of superior minds appeared in all the measures undertaken by him in behalf of the Catholic cause. At this time controversies were frequent among Protestant sects, and the ministers of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist denom-

inations appeared to be the only Christians in the land. Would they condescend to enter the lists with Catholic bishops or priests? They carried their condescension no farther than in their own discussions to throw in a word of abuse on "papistry" here and there. Bishop England, it is true, had begun the work of enlightenment before this in North and South Carolina, and many Protestant converts were the fruit of his labors. But although he had founded the *Charleston Catholic Miscellany* to propagate the truth, and the few Catholic papers published elsewhere reproduced many of his gentlemanly and forcible attacks on Protestantism, what sectarians read a single page marked with the "papist stigma"? The Catholic body was small, insignificant. It was proper to sound the trumpet, and wake up an echo that had been dormant until this time. Catholic immigration was pouring in, though the great exodus had not yet commenced. It was highly proper that the newcomers should be welcomed, and learn on landing that the Holy Church for which they had so long suffered in Europe was beginning her days of triumph in America. Bishop Hughes was the first to do it on an extensive scale. But with what prudence and caution! Following the example of Bishop England, if he spoke plainly and openly, he never resorted to abuse; he was always courteous in whatever he said or wrote. Thus he treated controverted points with Dr. Bedell, an Episcopal minister of Philadelphia; with Dr. Delancey, whose organ was the *Church Register;* with several others of less renown. But the controversy which made him famous was his written and oral discussion with Rev. John Breckenridge, the great Pres-

byterian champion, who had challenged him to a debate, and whom he answered in a masterly manner. But, always prudent and circumspect, he accepted only on condition that he was not to remain on the defence, but would be allowed to attack whenever the opportunity should present itself. He did it most effectively; from this time forward the unprovoked attacks on the Church have in great measure ceased, chiefly owing to the resistance and the triumphs of those two illustrious defenders of the faith, Bishops England and Hughes.

His long discussions against the "Public School Society"; his firm opposition to Nativism and Know-nothingism, as well as to the spread of revolutionary doctrines at the time of the arrival of Louis Kossuth; his acceptance of a quasi-political mission to Europe when the Civil War broke out, exemplify the same prudence and sagacity. Though many men in the South were scandalized, and several eminent members of the hierarchy complained of him at Rome, the Pope and the Propaganda did not blame him after his reasons were heard. His great object, he said, was to give to Catholic prelates in this country a consultative voice in public affairs; and he certainly succeeded, since Presidents, secretaries of state, governors, and publicists requested him to serve his country, and they consented to all the conditions he imposed to save his ecclesiastical character and his conscientious principles of conduct.

What I admired in him at that time was his simplicity in the midst of all his honors. I never remarked any change in him when he came back from Washington or Albany, and I met him either in his house at the old Cathedral, or in the cottage of his sister, Mrs. Rod-

rigue, at Fordham. He was ever the same affectionate and pleasant companion, ready to enjoy a laugh and to relate an anecdote.

I remember that when we came from Kentucky in 1846 the number of Catholic churches in New York City was about double what it was when I landed in 1838. The increase was at the rate of a little more than one church a year. The increase in schools, orphan asylums, etc., was not so great, because in most cases the enlargement of existing institutions sufficed. The growth had been uniform, normal, and healthy. The people had scarcely felt the expense and had contributed gladly. But now more than a thousand Catholic immigrants landed every day. The Irish, moreover, for the most part remained in the city. At most they sailed up the Hudson as far as Albany and Troy. A few years later I found a number of them employed in the iron foundries of the last-mentioned city. But few migrated from New York to Connecticut or Massachusetts. The body of those who so greatly affected the character of the New England States landed at Boston and Portland.

New York City had to entertain her guests and provide for them. This duty devolved mainly on the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In 1852 Archbishop Hughes, speaking on the progress of religion since he took charge of the diocese, declared that the number of churches had increased from seven to twenty-two since his arrival in New York. He saw he could not furnish sufficient places of worship for the crowds that were daily arriving. He therefore proposed to unite all the faithful of the city in an organi-

zation to defray the cost of building new churches. He called it an "Auxiliary Church Building Association." The plan was well received and worked well for a short time. But in the end it failed; the archbishop could never persuade one congregation to help another for any length of time. He had failed in this in 1841 when he proposed the formation of a "Church Debt Association," in order to relieve the existing churches which the trustee system had loaded with debts. He was not more successful in 1843, when he proposed to the capitalists of Belgium his *Emprunt Catholique de New York*.

The only resource left was under divine Providence to combine his own efforts with those of his priests, who were by this time devoted to him and to the Church. I feared at the time that the valiant archbishop might succumb under so enormous a load. But, strange to say, everything after a while worked like a charm. How the money came I could never understand; but the work on the new buildings never stopped until they were completed.

Meanwhile the archbishop had no time to think of debts. Besides his usual duties of visitation, confirmation, correspondence, he had now almost weekly to dedicate a new church or lay the corner-stone of another, or to bless graveyards, etc. Mr. J. R. G. Hassard in his "Life of Archbishop Hughes" remarks that "on occasions of this sort he generally preached. Sometimes he performed dedication services in two different parishes, with the addition of a sermon on the same Sunday! Wherever he went he must officiate, preach, and receive a throng of admirers."

When the Church of the Immaculate Conception was

consecrated on May 15, 1858, it was announced that this was the ninety-ninth church erected and dedicated in the diocese while under the guidance of Archbishop Hughes.

Simultaneously with this important work, the establishment of Catholic schools and the foundation of religious and charitable institutions went on apace; and everybody wondered how one man could manage so many enterprises at once. The Brothers of the Christian Schools were introduced into the diocese from their mother house in Paris; the boys' parish schools were to be placed under their direction, after proper arrangements made with the pastors. The Sisters of Charity of Mother Seton, after the departure for Emmittsburg of those who preferred to be annexed to the French *Filles de la Charité de St. Vincent de Paul*, were to continue to teach the Catholic girls. Thus Catholic families would be enabled to have their children brought up under religious protection.

An institution to help Irish servant girls was the device of the archbishop himself. For their relief Sisters of Mercy—a new religious congregation founded in Ireland by Catharine McAuley—were brought from Dublin and opened a house in Houston Street, where these friendless wanderers were charitably received until a situation could be found for them.

The growth of Catholicity was witnessed not only in New York, but also in the New England States, in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, and even in Kentucky and Louisiana. The other Southern States did not share in the advantages of this immigration. Though the large cities received the greatest part of this gain in population, towns and villages

began also to see their Catholic population swell in a marked manner. Churches were built and priests stationed in many places which before were without them. "By 1859 the 1081 priests and 1070 churches of 1850 had more than doubled, having risen to 2108 clergymen ministering in 2334 temples of the living God." This was the increase of nine years only.

When the Civil War of 1861 broke out Protestant prejudices were gradually giving way to a better state of feeling. They were not dead, and occasionally they broke out again with a sort of fury. The determination of the Catholics not to send their children to the public schools, and their occasional claim of a part of the public money for their own denominational schools—which had increased to the number of 2500 in the whole country—irritated the numerous partisans of the State schools. They charged that it was the intention of Catholics to make "papists" of their children, and they protested that no money should ever be given them for this purpose.

About the same time the government became anti-Catholic. The broken-down Whig party had just given place to the Republican party. The leaders of the latter were soon in dread of the Catholics, a large majority of whom had always supported the Democrats. They used their influence to injure the Church. The annexation of Texas, which had taken place a few years before, and that of California gave to the new President almost absolute control over the new Territories. The population of Texas, of New Mexico, Arizona, etc., was Mexican and consequently Catholic. The Washington government

placed over these simple and religious people as governors, agents, judges, etc., Protestant bigots or infidel cynics, "selected," says Mr. J. G. Shea, "apparently for their coarse and brutal hostility to everything Catholic." The same policy was adopted for the numerous Indians living on the frontiers. Still at that time the Catholic population was already estimated by the best judges at two and a half millions.

There is no doubt that the Church suffered from the Civil War equally with the whole country. The immigration from Europe was checked for a while. Many Catholic families suffered losses on the battle-fields; property was destroyed; well-to-do people were impoverished; the building of churches, of schools, of asylums—except orphan asylums—was either interrupted or delayed; Catholic colleges were closed or turned into hospitals. But the attitude of the Catholic body more than compensated for all these evils.

At the very beginning of the sectional struggle John C. Calhoun of South Carolina called the attention of the whole country to a remarkable fact which, in his opinion, did the greatest honor to the Catholic Church. He showed in a masterly pamphlet that the division of the country was complete and irretrievable. Not only were there two governments, two armies, in fact two nations, contending for supremacy, if not existence. Even religion was profoundly divided. All the sects were broken asunder; the Southern Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, refused to acknowledge as their brethren the members of the same denominations in the North. The Catholics alone remained united; and the bishops in the Southern part of the country

gave faculties in their dioceses to Northern clergymen who happened to come South. The laymen of the Church accepted the ministrations of both, according to circumstances of place or time. Religion to them was above the strife of parties. The great Southern statesman expressed his admiration of this conduct.

Loyalty of the Catholics.

But the attitude of the Catholic body was likely to produce a still deeper impression on the mass of the people. In the North (of which alone I can speak from personal knowledge) they largely refused to submit to the draft, because this measure, adopted by the government after some hesitation, was an innovation. Until that time voluntary enlistment had been the rule; and at first Irish regiments had been organized with a great display of patriotism. This had scarcely been expected, because the Irish-American belonged almost entirely to the Democratic party, and this party was said to be opposed to the war and even to lean strongly to the side of rebellion.

In 1861 the Catholics, though they were Democrats, stood firm for the Union and against secession. They did not treat their enemies as rebels, nor shoot them when they were taken prisoners. The most clamorous Republicans who advocated this enormity soon perceived that the American people were not on their side but on that of the Irish-Americans; the war was carried on in a civilized manner, as between belligerents. This fact must have made a deep impression on all right-minded citizens.

There were Catholic chaplains on both sides. The Rev. Mr. Ryan—known as the Poet-priest of the South—animated his friends the Confederates with his stirring

St. Joseph's Seminary and Church.
Purchased by Father Thébaud in his Second Term as President of St. John's College.

songs; in the North the Catholic chaplains could obtain from the military authorities anything they asked for. Instead of being disliked and disturbed as formerly, they were treated with honor; and occasionally government vessels were placed at their disposal when they wished to consult their bishops or attend to their own spiritual welfare. A complete revolution was taking place in the public opinion of the country.

This change was even more marked in the popular estimate of the religious orders. I mean the communities of Brothers and Sisters throughout the country. The former prejudices against convents, monasteries, ascetics of every denomination, gave way because of the charitable work to which they devoted themselves. At a time when these institutions were proscribed nearly all over Europe, the United States offered them a refuge. The female congregations, particularly, were respected by all classes of people. There was now no fear that their houses should be burned over their heads. They often obtained favors from their State and city governments. Their parochial schools, it is true, did not receive any share of the public money, owing to the unjust legislation of the past. But their industrial, charitable, and academic establishments, when they called on the public for support, received from legislative and municipal authorities generous appropriations, without which they could often not have subsisted.

The Sisters in the war.

These kind feelings increased in strength as the Civil War of 1861 progressed. All the resources of both parties were called into requisition. Clergymen and religious were not required to bear arms; but they came either as chaplains or nurses. The Americans

were especially struck with the heroism of the women. The female sex in the United States is known to be highly respected. In their ambulance service for the battle-field the Americans had organized squads of men nurses; men only were thought able to bear the hardships of the war. They were aware that in the Crimean War an English lady, Miss Nightingale, had devoted herself to the hospital service. But she was considered an exception. Few Americans knew that Miss Nightingale could have done nothing had she not been helped by French Sisters of Charity; and they were totally unaware that Napoleon I. first employed the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul on the battle-field. In fact he re-established the order for that purpose; all religious orders had been destroyed by the French Revolution.

Whether the Washington government first applied to the Mother Superior at Emmittsburg for Sisters to nurse the wounded or whether the Sisters volunteered their services, I do not know. But these excellent ladies acted as nurses in all the armies North and South, and they soon became the favorites of the soldiers and the officers. At the end of the war reports were written to the federal government from the various armies full of the highest expressions of respect and gratitude. These reports are now in the national archives. It is since that time that the female religious of all orders have acquired their present respected position. Let me quote an instance of the respect in which they are held.

There was then in Troy an English physician, Dr. Thorne, known to everybody in the city. The Irish

liked him, though he despised them; I often met him at the bedside of my poor parishioners. He belonged to the extreme atheistic and materialistic school, and went so far in his expression of his opinions as not to scruple to propound them in presence of the simple women and good Christian men of my parish. On two or three occasions I thought it my duty to speak to him privately on the subject, and to remonstrate on the impropriety of such language in the presence of these people. He confessed that I was right because I was a Catholic priest and could not view the subject in the same light that he did. I never thought of trying to convert him, though some good ladies of my acquaintance, whom he often visited, imagined that it was not impossible, and they hoped to bring him round before he died. Unfortunately I was in this case a better prophet than they were. The poor man died of apoplexy, and continued in his unbelief to the last moment.

But he had also continued his endeavors to inoculate others with his atheism and materialism, though I do not think he had any notable success. He believed that the whole system either in the Catholic Church or in the Protestant sects was a mass of absurdities and superstitions.

In France or in Germany infidels regard everything connected with Christianity as odious; not only is this religion contemptible and absurd, but it becomes hateful and detestable to them.

But Dr. Thorne had not this feeling. He never ridiculed the exterior rites or signs of religion, and he sincerely admired the self-sacrifice of its ministers.

He was especially enthusiastic in his admiration of the devotedness of the female religious, whom he knew well, because, being called to their bedside when they were sick, he was acquainted with convents and the unselfish life of their inmates. He made no distinction between the various orders. Dr. Thorne spoke in the highest terms of all the Sisters, black, white, or gray; and in this he did not differ from the mass of the American people. On one occasion he confessed to me that if all Christians practised charity—or benevolence, as he called it—he would sincerely regret his want of faith, for he did not think there was anything more worthy of respect than the religious orders of the Catholic Church.

Catholicism in 1884.

One word more about the rapid increase of the Catholic people during the period under consideration. The number of the faithful in 1830 was reported to be five hundred thousand, a great advance on the Catholic population at the beginning of this century. In 1844 it amounted to more than a million. Six years later, in 1850, it had increased to two millions and a half, a wonderful fact due principally to the enormous immigration which followed the famine in Ireland during 1846–47. From 1850 to 1859 the number of priests and churches more than doubled, and indicating that the population had again doubled.

To conclude these statistics, when the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore met in November of this year (1884) there were at the head of the American Church a cardinal, eleven other archbishops, fifty-eight bishops, and six mitred abbots; the number of regular and secular priests amounted to more than seven thousand

It is said that the last census of the United States, not yet published, will show that the Catholics throughout the Union amount to nine millions and a half.

Of this large number, scarcely two millions were foreign-born. More than seven millions, consequently, were American citizens and enjoyed all the privileges conferred by birthright. Because of their former disabilities Catholics had very seldom been elected to prominent offices. They were represented by a few aldermen, inferior judges, members of assembly, supervisors, etc. A Catholic had been chosen in 1882 for mayor of New York; but though his party carried the other city offices by majorities of forty or fifty thousand Mr. Grace's election was secured by a plurality of two thousand only. Until then it was believed that the Catholic vote could be neglected. But in 1884 the gathering of more than seven hundred archbishops and bishops, theologians, heads of religious houses, and other Church dignitaries for the celebration of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, showed the numerical strength of the Church. Politicians and statesmen began to speak of the importance of securing the Catholic vote, as they called it.

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Common schools.

When I landed in the United States, public instruction—especially primary teaching—was almost altogether in the hands of Protestants. With the exception of a few day-schools for girls, directed by Sisters, in important cities or towns, there were scarcely any elementary schools for Catholics in the whole country. Catholic parents had no means of educating their children except by sending them to schools most dangerous to their faith. The children could not learn their religion except in church on Sundays, and the instruction they received from their Sunday-school teachers was often contradicted by what they heard or learned during the week. Catholic schools for boys under Brothers were almost unknown. The public schools were then far more objectionable than they are to-day. The old histories, geographies, even arithmetics and readers, books saturated with prejudice, were used everywhere. New ones did not discontinue the abuse of the Church, nay, occasionally they repeated it with greater bitterness.

The Catholics had been so long trodden down by their foes that they dared not complain; and the only remedy for the evil was the strong faith of the parents, many of whom knew their religion so well that they

The College of St. Francis Xavier, West 15th Street, New York.
Father Thébaud's Residence, 1869–1885.

could refute the objections of Protestants and defend their Church. What they saw and heard at home often led boys to glory in their faith; and the Catholics of to-day are the outcome of former persecution.

To my personal remembrance, it is only since 1850, or thereabouts, that the Protestant school committees in places saw that their books required expurgation. The popular voice of the Catholics became not only louder, but imperative, as it were; to-day it would be difficult to find in books used in non-Catholic schools any remains of former intolerance and bigotry.

However, there have always been other objections to the use by Catholics of the public schools; measures lately adopted or to be adopted by the hierarchy require parochial schools to be attached to every Catholic church in the country.

The chief objection to non-Catholic schools is based on the evils of intercourse between Catholic and non-Catholic boys. Among the latter there is now but little religious feeling. The indifference of Protestant parents, chiefly of the fathers, cannot but react on their offspring, and almost closes their hearts to the influence of religion. Hence the children attach no importance to the great questions of the soul, and long before they reach manhood they are bent upon enjoying only this life and its pleasures.

In their Catholic fellow students their non-Catholic companions often see simpletons losing a part of their time in exercises of devotion, which they contemn. American boys are usually considerate enough not to ridicule the religion of their playmates, and their parents

would not suffer them to do so. But the bearing of these young sceptics of twelve or fifteen cannot but produce a harmful effect on the faith of their companions.

That this view is correct is proved at the time for the first communion of Catholic children. The pupils of the parochial schools give satisfaction to the priest both by their piety and their knowledge of their religion. The Catholic children who have been sent to the public schools have never learned catechism in their classes. Many of them have not come to Sunday-school in spite of many warnings on the part of the pastor. A month or two before the day assigned for the first communion they appear at last with a dejected look, as if they came to a very distasteful task. In spite of all efforts they learn only the most necessary part of Christian doctrine; it is evident from the first that they will soon forget what they have learned with so much repugnance, and that they will remain ignorant all their life of what religion teaches and prescribes.

My experience in Troy during fifteen or twenty years has convinced me that intercourse between Catholic and non-Catholic boys at school is most injurious to the spiritual welfare of our children. What I have seen in other parishes has confirmed me in this opinion. It is a pity that this is the case; for it is not good for American Catholics to be socially strangers to people of other creeds. It would be far preferable for all to associate as far as possible. But the care of the soul requires the sacrifice of all minor objects. Hence the American bishops are now agreed as to the necessity of bringing up our children in Catholic schools.

An almost universal consequence of intercourse between Catholic and non-Catholic boys is the unwillingness of the Catholic boys to hear Mass on Sunday. The Protestant nations of Europe and America are praised for their faithful abstinence from manual work and commercial transactions on the Sabbath. In doing so they show good sense and religious feeling. But they feel themselves under no strict obligation to attend at church every Sunday. Formerly, it is true, in the States of Connecticut and Massachusetts a citizen who did not appear in his pew on the Sabbath would have been suspected of not being "orthodox," and would have brought on himself and his family the censure of the minister.

But this is changed now. The Protestant churches are thinly attended on Sundays, except when an *important* lecture has been announced by the minister, or some renowned preacher is to hold forth on a popular topic. Non-Catholic boys at fourteen often neglect to go to church on Sunday, and the Lord's day is passed in excursions or in fishing or boating parties. Their young Catholic companions are naturally tempted to do likewise. The Catholic parents who send their children to the public schools are often far from rigorous in requiring their children to observe the precept of hearing Sunday Mass. In our churches those pews are oftenest unoccupied which have been rented to people wavering in their faith because of habitual association with persons of another creed.

It is a pity, I repeat again, that such is the case. It is to be hoped that this country will not be divided into two classes hardly associating with each other, as

is the case unfortunately in France at the present time. But there is scarcely any danger of this, because when all the needed parochial schools have been provided the faith of Catholic youth will be sufficiently safeguarded, and their intercourse with Protestants in politics, commerce, etc., will no longer be a danger to their religion. This is already true of those American Catholics who have received a college education. If some of these—as was sometimes the case a few years back—appear lukewarm in the practice of their religion and weak in their faith, an increasing number are now steadfast and practical Catholics. With a good post-graduate course in our colleges all danger to their faith will be warded off, and we shall have men of influence in the country, who will be the proper advisers and leaders of their coreligionists.

When all our children of the humbler classes, particularly the boys, are properly educated in parochial schools, then the peril of associating with people of other creeds or of no creeds will cease, or at least be minimized.

Public school instruction.

Let us see what kind of instruction is received in the public schools. I say "instruction" advisedly, because education, properly so called, is not their object. Decent behavior in class is all that is required of the public-school boys. The formation of character, the fostering of virtuous habits, the repression of vice by awakening the conscience; in fine, the gradual development of the moral man, which is the best part of education, is regarded of secondary importance in the common schools. This duty is left to the parents, who, whether they are able to do so or not, have had

it imposed on them by God as a strict obligation. Those parents who cannot fulfil this duty, owing to their own want of knowledge, have to choose teachers of morals for their offspring, and the state has no right to interpose obstacles. But the teachers in the state schools are not expected to impart to their pupils such moral training as we speak of here. What kind of instruction do they give?

If we listen to many friends of the public schools, no higher instruction is needed to make the people of the United States a great nation. So far do they carry this error that many of our legislators honestly think that the state is not interested in fostering any instruction higher than the primary. There was a time when yearly appropriations of money were granted in Albany to the colleges in which classical instruction was given; and the faculty of St. John's College, Fordham, to my knowledge twice received a grant of six thousand dollars. The principle on which this was done was that though the colleges are independent of state control, still they contribute to the welfare of the commonwealth by the superior instruction they give; without it our country could not compete with European states—without it our professions would be uncultured, and the higher government offices filled by men lacking in suitable preparation.

Still the New York legislature refused to grant the appropriations to the colleges of the state on the plea that the instruction given in the common schools was the only training needful to the commonwealth. Some speakers added that the instruction given in the classical colleges was good only for the aristocracy,

which it was not the policy of the Republic to encourage. Let the gentlemen who wished to have their boys receive a college education pay for it.

This happened about 1850, and since then no college has received a penny from the state.

I remember that about this time, or a little before, I had several conversations with Professor Rosecrans—now General Rosecrans. He was then professor at the West Point Academy, and his younger brother had come to take his degrees with us. Though the action of the Albany statesmen had not yet taken place, I knew what were their opinions on higher education. One day I mentioned the matter to Mr. Rosecrans. "I wonder," he replied, "that you are surprised at it. Do you not know that our own academy at West Point finds great difficulty every year to obtain the paltry sums that are needed for the support of the institution most necessary to the country? What could the government do if it were closed? Not only should we have no capable officers in the army, but there would not be any science of engineering in the United States; and without engineering what could be done for the improvement of the country? The nation would remain forever in an unfledged state. To our disgrace we should remain dwarfs in the presence of the European giants." I replied that I had heard or read something of the discussions in Congress about the West Point appropriations, but I thought that they were only the talk of fools such as are found everywhere. I imagined that the great majority of congressmen felt the necessity of being generous to so important an institution

as West Point. Mr. Rosecrans replied that I took too charitable a view of the political gathering at Washington. When he had spoken of West Point being in danger of being closed, he had expressed himself figuratively. But the details of those discussions in Congress every year showed unmistakably that the Military Academy was not in good odor with many of our lawgivers. They found it too aristocratic; and urgent needs were often neglected by them.

The same system of primary instruction is not followed in all the states of the Union. The constitution of the country and our principles of self-government do not allow the federal government to interfere in public education. Nay, originally each state left teaching entirely to individual enterprise. Even at this day the colleges which impart secondary education are free to follow their own methods. The State of New York has a "Board of the Regents of the University," authorized by the legislature to correspond with the colleges, assist at their examinations and exhibitions, and to grant charters to new colleges. The charter of St. Francis Xavier's College in New York did not come from the legislature as did that of Fordham, but from the Regents of the University. Still these gentlemen have never imposed their ideas of pedagogy on the faculties of the colleges, even of those who received their charters from them.

On one occasion at the yearly meeting of the convocation at Albany, where two of the Regents presided over the deputies sent by the various colleges, they made an attempt to carry a measure which would have given them some real power.

The proposition of the Regents was couched in terms of great moderation and seemed to be entirely harmless. But the effect was "tremendous." Deputy after deputy rose, and in polite terms, certainly, but very pointedly, they all declared themselves adverse to the proposition, and each of them declared that his college would never consent to such a regulation.

The speeches became at last so caustic that the two Regents who presided left their seats and stood at the end of the hall near the door. They did not return till the "vial of wrath" had been entirely poured out by the speakers, and when they addressed the meeting again they said that from what they had heard they were convinced there had been a mistake on the part of the gentlemen who represented the colleges.

At first the same liberty was allowed to the managers of primary schools. Consequently there was not among them any strict uniformity. In the South, before the Civil War of 1861, the colored people were excluded from the privileges of instruction (so that it was penal to teach them to read). The primary schools which existed were left to the mercy of good-natured but ignorant teachers. The rich planters—who formed an aristocracy—would not send their children to be educated in the same rooms with those of the *poor whites*. They had private tutors in their splendid mansions until the boys and girls could be sent to college or to the convent. Evidently primary education could not flourish there.

It is, therefore, in the North that the public schools took their rise. New England was their birthplace, and

the teachers at first were mostly from the New England States.

The Bostonians from early days had their renowned college of Harvard at Cambridge. But in course of time it became too expensive for ordinary students. Only the rich could give a college education to their children, and elementary schools were founded. When their original creed, founded on the strictest Calvinism, gave way to dreamy thoughts on religion, most of the churches were turned into Congregationalist or Unitarian meeting-houses. To the strict dogmas of Calvinist orthodoxy succeeded the broad tenets of Arminianism, socinianism, followed by agnosticism and practical atheism. The majority, however, were sensible men, and they understood that morality—the foundation of states—cannot rest on total unbelief. The population increasing rapidly, chiefly from immigration, they were frightened by the prospect of a numerous lower class to whom universal suffrage would give great political power. As religion, divided up into countless sects and despised by the superior class of citizens, could no longer be relied upon to regulate the conduct of artisans and mechanics, they looked to instruction as the best means of maintaining public order. This led to the organization of the modern public schools in the United States. Systems were devised; programmes were laid down; books were printed in which the morality of the decalogue was still inculcated, not as coming from Moses on Sinai, but as written by Nature in the heart of man.

It is very remarkable that the expurgation of the old text books, of which I spoke above, began in the New

England States. Not only every trace of the old Puritanism was carefully erased, but many points in history, geography, and science which might give offence to Catholics were suppressed, and the teachers were not encouraged to insult the religion of Irish parents. They thought, I suppose, that superstition would soon give way before enlightenment.

That I do not exaggerate will appear from the following fact. The Right Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, third bishop of Boston, was one of the most remarkable prelates that labored for the Church of God in this country. Learned, far-seeing, he was well acquainted with the institutions, tendencies, idiosyncrasies of New England. Born and bred in Boston, he could judge of the position, dangers, as well as advantages common to the Catholics from their surroundings. Ardently devoted to the Church, he would never have yielded one iota of her rights, and he was ever ready to fight her battles when occasion required. Yet it is well known to all those who knew him that he thought that there was no great danger for the children of Catholics if they frequented the public schools in New England. He had himself received his primary education in one of them; and though he acknowledged that Catholic parochial schools were better, still he thought that as long as we could not have one of them in each parish we might avail ourselves of the help offered us by the state. He did not share in the exaggerated zeal of some bishops who ordered their priests to refuse absolution to all parents that sent their children to the public schools. A few prelates went so far in their ardor as to make this

a reserved case; but they saw their error before long and withdrew their hasty orders.

Elementary teaching in New England.

The public schools of New England, particularly of Massachusetts and Connecticut, became the great model, adopted in the other states, East and West. They were of three degrees—primary schools, grammar schools, and high schools. The programme was enticing, and when drawn up it appeared sure of success and destined to be profitable to the nation.

Children of six or seven years were admitted into the primary schools. They were taught the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Occasionally they received there the first instruction in geography. The methods were excellent; the books, particularly the readers, were well adapted to their age; and the consequence was that in all the Northern States the young Americans could spell and read with the same emphasis and the same attention to punctuation. Their writing was neat and accurate. The best models, all of the same kind, were placed before their eyes. Thus the uniformity so remarkable everywhere in this Republic was cultivated even in the elements of instruction.

French elementary instruction.

It will not be useless to compare the American method with the method adopted in my native country when I was a child. At that time—1810—the primary schools were exactly those of the *ancien régime*. Reading was not confined to the modern idiom—the French—and to the material characters or types of our age. We were taught to read Latin as soon as French; and when I was seven, old sheets of parchment were put in my hands written several centuries before, containing deeds of conveyance, and decisions of courts of

law, in the obsolete characters of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. This was more scientific than anything found in the modern primary schools of America, and probably was due to the fact that no children studied the first elements but those who were destined to follow a learned profession. But in 1810 very few boys who went to school in France could aspire to the higher studies. Learning how to read Latin or the intricate manuscripts of four hundred years ago was useless. The greatest misfortune, however, was that, the attention of the children being divided, they seldom knew how to read their own language well.

The same was the case with penmanship. They were bound to know and write at least four different characters or letters, namely, the common French, the English, *écrire à l'Anglaise*, the Gothic or German of three hundred years ago, and finally *la ronde*. The result was that they seldom wrote well. The methods also were very imperfect; the children were not taught how to hold the pen and form their letters uniformly; they were allowed to follow the best way they could the model placed before their eyes. I remember that when I began to write—at four years of age—I was kept six months spoiling paper with only bars and circles—*des bâtons et des o.* Still I never bound myself to one manner of writing those simple characters.

These were the chief defects of the system. I would not, however, condemn it altogether; there were in it features which proved of great use afterwards, when the time came for classical studies. First, our taste for reading was formed beyond what was the case with the pupils of the American primary schools. Th

books in this country are all modern and confine the reading of the boys to the subjects of the day. In France a multitude of literary works belonging to many ages and many nations are found in all the old houses. The child who feels inclined to read is gratified to an extraordinary extent outside of the schoolroom. At home, besides books of devotion I early perused with avidity the History of Brittany, by Dom Lobineau, from the colonization of the country by the Britons of Wales to the annexation of the dukedom to France, when Anne de Bretagne married Louis XII. The wars with England particularly made of me a frantic patriot. Who among us did not know that renowned "Combat des Trente," when Beaumanoir, dying of thirst on the battle-field, was told by his companion to drink of his own blood which was pouring from his wounds? There were also to be found in our own house the Chronicles of Froissart, in the original French of the fifteenth century, which my study of old parchment manuscripts at school enabled me to understand at least in the main. "Les Mille et une Nuits," translated from the Arabic language into French by Galland; the Bible history with fine engravings, called "La Bible de Royaumont"; the description of fairyland in the "Contes de Perrault," gave great variety to my private studies, besides the Fables of Lafontaine and the Télémaque of Fénelon, which I confess I could never go through. I do not know how among all these treasures I also found at home the Encomion Morias, yes, L'Eloge de la Folie, by Erasmus, of which I could not read more than twenty pages. It disgusted me when I found that it was full of abuse of the monks

whose houses had been desecrated a few years before in my native city by monsters whom I had been taught to abhor.

In a circle of houses near my own, where I was always welcome when I was allowed by my mother to go there, I found other books which gave far greater expansion to my ideas. I was seven years old when a good granny put in my hand the tale of Psyche and Cupid, translated into old French from the Latin of Apuleius. I could not, of course, understand the beautiful allegory, which was also unknown to the old woman who lent me the book. But the splendid description of the mysterious palace, the strange command given by God to poor Psyche, the ardent desires of the enchanted woman who at last betrays herself and remains desolate, fascinated me even at that early age, so that I never forgot the story.

The same venerable lady gave me a French translation in prose of Paradise Lost. Whenever I returned a book I was always asked what I thought of it, and I remember my infantine criticism of Milton's masterpiece. My opinion was given on the supposition that it was a true history, and that everything had happened exactly as it was related. "The beginning is right," I said, "and the creation of the world and the sin of Adam and Eve are exactly reproduced as I read them in the Bible of Royaumont. But there are many things of which I have strong doubts, and some even that I cannot believe at all. The rebellion of the angels in heaven, for instance, and the way they fought are absurd. I have always heard that angels are pure spirits; how could they be cut into pieces by

a cannon-ball, and the two parts unite again, as the writer says in his book? There is besides that purgatory of fools in the moon to which he sends monks and papists with their rosaries and scapulars. I do not know who are the papists—at that age I was perfectly ignorant of it—but I know the monks from the fine churches they had here in Nantes which have been pulled down and burned. Was the writer a Jacobin?" That was my unsophisticated opinion of Milton at that time.

It would go beyond my scope to state in detail the full number of books that fell into my hands before I was ten years old. I would have to speak of Klopstock's Messias, the primitive noëls and ballads of Marseilles, in which I read with wonder the history of St. Mary Magdalen in her cave of la Ste. Baume, the ramblings and martyrdom under Trajan of St. Eustachius with his wife and children, and an indefinite number of stories of crusaders who related their fights with Saracens and Turks.

That a child should cram his memory with so many fables was not the best means of making a practical man of him, nor a utilitarian always exact in his calculations, strong in arithmetic and the rule of three. But it was a fair introduction to a protracted study of the ancient poets and historians, running through fully seven years consecrated mainly to the literature of Greece and Rome; then the severe realms of logic, philosophy, and the sciences were at last reached to complete the formation of the mind.

Grammar schools.

The grammar schools became the chief instrument of popular instruction, especially in Massachusetts. It was

intended that as far as possible all citizens should reach the degree of knowledge imparted in the grammar schools of the state. By this means it was supposed that the mass of the people would become imbued with moral ideas calculated to lead them safely in the path of duty. Though religion was not totally discarded, and the Bible was read and prayers were said before class, still no religious formulary was taught, no programme of religious study was laid out, and in the examinations not a word was said of it. All that was required of the citizens was peace, good order, and obedience to the laws; this they thought was secured by a uniform grade of instruction bestowed on all alike, giving compactness to the moral feelings, and better fitted, in their opinion, than the voice of jarring sects to open the way to universal contentment to secure the agreement of all in following the same road of natural righteousness. It is certain that it has introduced into the country greater social uniformity than can be seen in any European state.

The time occupied in going through the curriculum of primary and grammar schools is in general eight years. In the grammar classes the chief study is the English language, with history, geography, and arithmetic. As a kind of embroidery over the whole, music, French, grammar, drawing, and natural philosophy are sometimes taught to the pupils who wish it. But of course at that age—from ten to sixteen—the study of those additional branches cannot be thorough and exhaustive. It cannot be expected that on finishing the school course they will be able to speak any modern language but their own, or that they will be proficient in natural philosophy and science.

The chief aim of these schools is to make the pupils know, and write, and speak their language well. As in the primary schools, the methods they follow are excellent, the books placed in their hands are the best that can be procured. A book as soon as it is adopted by a number of schools brings large profits to author and publisher. Consequently there is warm competition among pedagogical writers to produce the best text-books. In the school committees that have the choice of books for the schools under their care, there are usually men of sense who know how to make a good selection, and when the teacher, urged on by the prospect of a large salary, wishes to give a proof of his ability—which is generally the case—the result must be satisfactory to the friends of popular education. It would be unjust to refuse to acknowledge the efficiency of the system as far as this goes. The same must be said of the study of history, geography, elementary mathematics, etc. The material part of popular instruction is admirably carried out. Only those boys and girls who are naturally dull show little improvement, as is the case everywhere.

This explains why the mass of Americans belonging to the lower classes speak their language correctly and can write accurately for ordinary purposes. It is one of the features which strike an intelligent foreigner who lands on these shores. Nowhere in Europe is this seen. In my youth I found it to be the case in a few large centres of population in France, such as Paris, Lyons, etc. Everywhere else the language of the people, even in cities, was full of provincialisms and barbarisms. Yet there was a great number of primary schools in the

country. But grammar was very poorly taught owing to the fact, already mentioned above, that for several centuries all education in France was a preparation for the study of the classics. No French grammar, that I remember, was put in my hands when I was a child. I never perused any book on the French language except the primer or spelling-book. A Latin grammar was given to me when I was ten years old. The idioms of French were taught me simultaneously with the Latin syntax of Lhomond; and it was only after I had studied Latin three years that I began to be instructed in the "participes français" and the irregular verbs, prepositions, etc.

Nevertheless the study of the French language was carried on afterwards with better results than those obtained for English in the public schools of this country. But these were due chiefly to translating from the Greek and Latin. In writing our "versions," as they were called, we were required to render the sense of the ancient authors into idiomatic French. I remember what pains I took to render the meaning of Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar, Lucian, and Xenophon into such French as would be pronounced to be the language of good society. This is the best way of acquiring a thorough knowledge of a living tongue. The American way of instruction is not that which will produce a large class of good writers.

After the study of the vernacular, which was justly considered the most important, history, geography, and mathematics were, and are still, the branches most insisted upon. Of course, as is usual with all nations, the history and geography of the country itself is thor-

oughly taught. And this is the more necessary in the United States because, owing to immigration, foreigners arrived in crowds. If this teaching were neglected, after a while the mass of the nation would be ignorant of the origin and life of the republic which has so generously granted them the rights of citizenship. It is necessary to make Americans of them, and to create in their breasts a deep interest, nay, a love for their new country. The children of the immigrants must be moved by feelings of patriotism, otherwise there will never be concord among the old and new citizens. The geography of the United States is also most important, not only on account of the travelling propensity of the people and their inability to remain long in the same spot, but also because the whole political system requires an exact knowledge of states, districts, and counties.

The class books of history and geography deserve the same commendation as the grammars.

Of the other branches of study pursued in the grammar schools, music, modern languages, etc., there is no need of speaking here, because they practically amount to almost nothing. The boys and girls who go through the grammar schools only seldom need them in life. They soon forget what they have learned.

Both in the primary and the grammar schools there are excellent features which I have commended as extremely useful to the state; though these schools are to a certain extent injurious to the faith of the Catholic children, particularly on account of their association with Protestant boys and girls. I have praised those studies through which a correct knowledge and pronunciation of the English language is

acquired and spread throughout the land. By this means the uniformity so remarkable in this nation is fostered.

High schools.

Of the high schools, on the other hand, it is difficult to understand the object. To form a right estimate of their value requires more knowledge of them than I have. What I have seen of them in the State of New York was not of a nature to excite my admiration.

Before entering the high schools, the pupils must have studied the primary and grammar branches for about eight years. The majority stop here, and they are wise. It is, therefore, a small minority who enter the high schools, into which they are received after a thorough examination. Here the programme is of an almost encyclopedic nature; since, in the language of Appleton's Cyclopedia (second edition), "the course of instruction occupies from three to five years, and embraces generally the ancient and modern languages, the higher mathematics, philosophy, etc."

But this programme is far more comprehensive than any course of studies pursued in the best colleges of the Union. It is identical with the programme of European universities; of course in those great centres of enlightenment the student never undertakes to go through all the courses of the university programme, but is satisfied with a few adapted to the objects he has in view for his future life.

Normal schools.

The *normal schools*, which have a much more practical object than the so-called high schools (since they are intended to form teachers), are scarcely alive, and certainly have never been prosperous. In the State of New York, at least, they are languishing, and excite

the ambition of young people only in towns or third-rate cities, never in hamlets or large cities. The laws which govern the administration of the state schools do not oblige the superintendents, examiners, and administrators to select teachers among the graduates of high or normal schools—a sufficient proof that their usefulness is not thought very great, since the heads of the system often choose the teachers of the lower classes from those who never went higher than the grammar classes.

There is a class of educational establishments which does not enter into the scheme which has just been commented upon; I mean the academies for boys and seminaries for girls.

These academies are private undertakings carried on as speculations by enterprising men, who devote their life to "preparing boys for college." In the colleges the elementary knowledge of the classics, mathematics, philosophy, etc., is presupposed, and candidates are not admitted except after examination in these branches. The preparation for this examination is the object of the academies. The students learn English, Latin, and Greek grammar; read easy ancient authors, and go through the elements of geometry, algebra, and conic sections or analytical geometry. The celebrated academy attached to Columbia College, under the direction of Dr. Anthon, was the most popular of these institutions.

Colleges and universities.

Colleges and universities (so called) in the United States are private corporations over which the state has no control, though they receive their charters from the state. The legislature of the State of New

York, it is true, has established "the Board of Regents of the University," who are empowered to "visit" the colleges, and be present at the examinations and annual commencements. The presidents and faculties of colleges receive them with courtesy when they come, but they would not allow the Regents to interfere in their curricula, their discipline, and their financial concerns. The Regents annually receive from the colleges a report on their course of instruction and a statement of the amount of their property, revenue, etc. The Board of Regents in New York can also grant charters. Still the Regents leave the autonomy of the colleges in the hands of their president and faculty. I have said that *most* colleges send an annual report to the Regents, because I think that Columbia College in the city of New York has never condescended to forward such a report, by way of protest against this attempt of the state to interfere with superior instruction in the state.

The federal government at Washington is still more careful to stand aloof in the matter of public instruction. They leave even the municipal government of the District of Columbia free to organize its primary, grammar, and high schools. For a long time there was no federal official to look after colleges and universities. But lately a Bureau of Education has been attached to the Department of the Interior, I think. This is a bureau of statistics only. It was important for the federal government at least to be informed of the care taken of higher education in the various states; this is the only object of the Washington bureau.

Universities. The first question to be briefly examined is: Are

there any universities in this country? I once listened to a lecture by Professor Henry, held in New York, in which he discussed this question. He first spoke of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford in England, and he showed that there is an immense difference between those venerable institutions and the best universities here, namely, Harvard University and Yale. Whenever the learned old lecturer made some pointed reflection on the inferiority of our universities, there was universal applause among the audience, which was evidently composed in the main of the purely English element of the great city. But the reasons Professor Henry gave, certainly were convincing. In this country very few persons understand the immense difference between a university and a college. The gentlemen who compose the legislatures of the various states are so completely ignorant on this point that often when they grant a charter to a new college they give to the institution the power of granting all the degrees granted by the highest and most complete universities in Europe.

I was struck by this absurdity when I learned, on my first arrival in Kentucky, that the wretched little college confided by the bishop to our care might grant every year to some of our hopeful students or to respectable gentlemen of the country the high-sounding degrees of Ph.D., LL.D., D.S.T. (Doctor Sacræ Theologiæ), or even in a more humble way the degree of Dr. Mus., though none of us knew how to sing or play on any instrument. Nay, the legislature often granted the title of university to an establishment scarcely worthy of being called college. From Appleton's Cyclopedia (second edition), art. "United States," we learn that in 1881

there were in the United States 343 educational institutions classified as colleges and universities; and in the art. "College" of the same Cyclopedia 72 of these are called universities. It is in all conscience ludicrous enough.

In the long but deceptive list of institutions in which the highest education is supposed to be given there are two only which in general opinion are real universities, Harvard and Yale. Are they universities in the sense that is attached to the word in Europe? They catalogue in their registers faculties of Letters, of Law, of Medicine, of Divinity. But the same is true of many of the 72 universities to which that title has been granted by charter. Every one admits that for the great majority of them it is a mere pretence. Harvard and Yale themselves do not require for admission into their freshman class anything like the requirements of European universities. When a young man presents himself to the Board of Examiners at Cambridge or at Yale he need have pursued only a course in any respectable academy or grammar school, and come prepared for the usual studies carried on in all the colleges of the Union. This is a tacit admission that their rule is not different from that of other colleges. The advantages the students expect to find there are a more aristocratic class of companions, a larger library, perhaps more experienced teachers in the ordinary branches, and undoubtedly more flashy lecturers on what is called "modern science" —a very problematic way of understanding education.

During the last few years Harvard has shortened the old classical course, in order to give more time to the lectures of which I have just spoken. Many intel*li-*

gent educators consider this step as little likely to aid the development of the student's mind. If this policy is persevered in, the United States may expect a lowering of intellectual training and acquirements in the educated classes, and a corresponding degeneration of its literature.

Religion in colleges

More than three hundred non-Catholic "colleges and universities" present from the point of view of religion a medley in which it would be difficult to find any system, good, bad, or indifferent. As each religious denomination naturally wishes to possess some colleges of its own, there are (outside of the Catholic colleges) Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, etc., colleges. Not that each one contains only pupils belonging to its denomination. They do not exclude from their classes students of any religion or of no religion whatever. They profess to leave them all free to think and do as they like in point of creed. If they do not put catechisms into their hands, at least they do not take away from them the devotional books given to them by their mothers. Religion is never treated as something of no value or contemptible; and I am sure that even in the schools which do not belong to any denomination there are some services or prayers, on Sundays and at night, to remind the students that they have a Master in heaven. I have never heard of an agnostic college.

Yet the spectacle offered to the view in this country is a sad one. A nation so fond of uniformity in everything else, even in dress, meals, lodging, daily life, and moral habits, appears hopelessly divided on the most important point of man's welfare in this world and the next.

St. Mary's college.

As centres of learning and sources of culture there is a great difference between college and college. In 1840 or thereabouts they were far less advanced in the West than in the East. I soon became well acquainted with our college of St. Mary's, Kentucky. St. Mary's * was a

* St. Mary's College, Marion County, Kentucky, was founded in 1821 by the Rev. William Byrne, a native of Ireland (b. 1780). Father Byrne, though not remarkable as a scholar, was a good disciplinarian and organizer, and a man of unbounded energy. He opened his school in an abandoned still; he was the president of the institution, its chief disciplinarian, and universal professor. He worked so earnestly and successfully that he soon planned a more suitable edifice. He himself worked at its construction. Once or twice his college was reduced to ashes, but this only injected new vigor into the undaunted president. When in 1831 the Jesuits came to Bardstown, the Rev. Mr. Byrne turned over his college to them; the Jesuit fathers, however, insisted that the founder should remain at the head of the institution till his death. This occurred in 1833, when a cholera epidemic visited Kentucky. The Rev. Mr. Byrne, though far from robust, insisted upon attending to the sick, caught the infection and became its victim. Father Chazelle was then appointed president of St. Mary's, and proved Mr. Byrne's worthy successor, equally energetic, equally devoted, and equally successful. He it was who expanded the course and enlarged the buildings. He also wrote the dramas mentioned in one of Father Thébaud's early chapters. The boys of St. Mary's at first were mostly the children of the Catholic farmers of Marion County. Among the earliest scholars was Martin J. Spalding, afterwards archbishop of Baltimore. Under the Jesuit fathers the number of students increased steadily, and the college soon drew its patrons not only from the neighborhood, but from the entire State of Kentucky and from the southwestern states in general. Often more than one-half of the boys were Protestants, who, though, as Father Thébaud tells us, only one or two of them became Catholics, nevertheless brought away from college an affectionate remembrance of their old professor. Father Walter H. Hill, S.J., who attended St. Mary's from 1834 to about 1840, has furnished us with a list of some of the students who attended St. Mary's in his day. Among them were the sons of Governors Clark, Pope, and Shelby;

college in no way inferior to the non-Catholic colleges in the West in point of learning and culture. We always

William Garrard of Garrard County; Dr. Edmund Gillespie of Pittsburg, a near relative of Secretary James G. Blaine; Judge Newman of Kentucky; the poet O'Hara; Pierce Grace, brother of Archbishop Grace; Thomas Churchill; some of the Breckenridges; Hon. Zach. Montgomery, Assistant Attorney-General, and his chief, Attorney-General Augustus H. Garland, of Mr. Cleveland's first cabinet; besides a long list of distinguished clergymen. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Garland, though not a Catholic, sent his boy to Georgetown University. Nor need we wonder at the attachment of these men to their old professors. The present writer knew many of the members of old St. Mary's after they came to the East, and was struck by their intellectual power, their scholarship, their solid virtue, and their distinguished bearing. They were all good instances of that almost extinct species, the gentleman of the old school. Among them Father Hill mentions Father William Stark Murphy, later president of St. John's, Fordham, a man of great executive power and an English scholar of very high attainments; Father Larkin, whose scholarship ranged from Latin and Greek grammar (he wrote a very original work on Greek grammar) to the highest flights of theology; Father Charles Hippolyte De Luynes, a courtly man, of comely and impressive appearance, a correct and powerful orator, a learned exegete, and a deep and original thinker; Father Michael Driscol, whose warm sympathetic heart never lacked eloquent words and never failed to reach the hearts of his hearers, in spite of his humble descent one of nature's noblemen; Father Thomas Legouais, whose boy-like proportions was full of magnetism for the American boy; Father Mignard, the very type of the kind, virtuous, pious, convinced, earnest, simple, dignified French priest of olden days; Father Simon Fouché, the most amiable and gentle of teachers and scholars; lastly, Father Thébaud himself, a man with his eyes open to all that was good and noble, enthusiastic for all that was charitable, zealous for God, the Church, and his order; a convinced American, who was a warm admirer of the great work of Washington and his friends, and of the people of the United States, and yet not blind to their weaknesses; a good theologian and philosopher, a lover of nature, a student of science, a historical scholar and a poet. These men at St. Mary's together with Fathers Chazelle

had as many Protestant as Catholic boys under our charge, and the Protestant families along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers would not have confided their children

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and Ladavière and others worked with zeal, energy, and intelligence in bringing up the boys of Kentucky and the Southwest from 1831 to 1846; under their direction the institution grew in the number of its students (which reached some 150), in the size and attractiveness of the college buildings, in the character of its outfit, in the perfection of its work. It is hard to conceive how all this was possible when we learn that the tuition fees under the first president did not exceed six dollars per session (quarter?), and that they cannot have been much greater in Jesuit times. At the same time the boys, Shelbys and Clarks, future judges, governors, and attorney-generals, readily agreed to give one day weekly to farming, hewing of wood, etc., besides taking charge of snuffing the tallow candles which after sundown lit up the study-halls. The play-time was given not only to sport, but also to the cultivation of the æsthetic muses, the practice of the band, whose artistic rendering of "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" inflamed the Catholic neighbors with patriotic ardor, and the performance of Father Chazelle's dramas of "Hawk Eye" and "Benedict Arnold," the mysterious beauties of which remained a sealed book to Father Thébaud because of his imperfect knowledge of English. Place in this frame as a setting the picture of one hundred and fifty or two hundred sturdy Kentuckian youths, struggling away morning, noon, and night to master the difficulties of the classics, mathematics, and English, spurred on by their teachers, most of whom would have been ornaments to the best faculty at that time in the United States, and we enjoy a sight that the United States will probably never see again.

Space forbids our entering into further details; suffice it to say that Father Chazelle was succeeded as president by Fathers Murphy and Thébaud under whom the Jesuit exodus to St. John's, Fordham, took place.

In 1847 St. Mary passed into the hands of the secular clergy, who maintained its prosperity. In 1871 the Fathers of the Resurrection, an Italian congregation, took charge of the college and have since zealously and vigorously worked for its expansion. In 1893 St. Joseph's College of Bardstown, an institution founded in 1819, was consolidated with St. Mary's, which has thus become the only college of the diocese of Louisville. Long may it flourish!

to us if we had been inferior in point of teaching. What did I find in St. Mary's when I arrived there at the beginning of 1839? On account of the absence of all state supervision, the faculty of every college was the only ruling power known in its constitution. They were the only ones authorized to prescribe rules for the discipline of the house, the admission or expulsion of students, the order of the day, and the division of time. Above all they were absolute masters over the course of studies, the methods to be followed under the direction of the teachers, the English, Latin, and Greek authors that were to be studied, and the length of time required for graduation. The members of the faculty of St. Mary's were nearly all French and had brought with them their French notions of a thorough study of grammar and a long training in Latin themes, i.e., in translating from English into Latin. They were shocked at first by the impossibility of carrying out this programme, but when I arrived they had already adapted themselves to the exigencies of the place. As they were ignorant of the curriculum usually followed in the Protestant colleges, that is to say, of the previous academical course required for admission and of the four years' course preparatory to graduation, they found themselves obliged to look to their next neighbor for a practical solution of the problem. This neighbor was the Catholic college of Bardstown, twenty miles distant from them. On inquiring about it they were surprised to hear that their custom was to receive all boys who presented themselves, classify them as well as possible, keep them as long as they could, and grant them their degree when they refused to stay.

This statement astonished our fathers. They saw the necessity of forgetting all their French notions and their own *ratio studiorum*. After settling on the best plan according to their views, they found that they could not make their course of studies longer than three years. Even those students who had not been at an academy insisted on completing their course in three years. When I left in 1846 it had been a solemn fact that none of our graduates had spent more than three years in the college. Still the programme of studies printed in our prospectus was sufficiently long and fair; but it was understood that this should be carried out when possible.

The reader may ask what kind of scholars came out of our hands; and as it is a fair question, it must be fairly answered. The reader may be surprised to hear that our *scholars* came pretty well up to the common standard of the country; nay, more: the education of those Kentuckians produced results in after-life, of which, compared with the results of European education, this country need not be ashamed.

It must be said that not only the Kentuckians but the Americans in general are precocious, practical in their views, and used to look straight before them, and to strike in the right direction on all occasions. There is no reason to fear that in any contest with Europeans they will be second best. Wherever they now appear in Europe they are received as the peers of the best society. How could this be if those among them who have received all the education available in their schools have given so little time to the ancient culture, to the great authors who for nearly two thousand years have

been the pattern offered to educated people? What I witnessed in our college of St. Mary's in Kentucky may give a very probable answer to this question.

Of course the boys could not become great scholars. Most of them came to us without the least knowledge of the elements of Latin and Greek. As they did not intend to stay more than three years, and they were then to receive their degree of A.B., the last year was entirely consecrated to the study of Logic, Ontology, Natural Philosophy or Physics, and to complete their course of mathematics as far as Trigonometry. Some study of Homer in Greek and Virgil in Latin could scarcely be considered as the crowning of classic studies. They had only two years to go through Latin and Greek grammar and Latin and Greek literature. Everybody will understand that they could scarcely be called scholars in any sense of the term. All they could do was to translate into literal English the ordinary authors of Rome and Greece, such as Cæsar's Commentaries, the Epistles of Cicero, and the Eclogues of Virgil, Xenophon's Anabasis, and Lucian's Dialogues. As to writing or speaking Latin, it was altogether out of the question. Among the many funny translations I remember one which made me laugh heartily. The English sentence, "The earth swallows water" was turned into the following Latin: *Terra hirundit aquam.*

As I have said, St. Mary's College was on a par with all the Western colleges. In the East the case was somewhat different. Education in America was not as far advanced as in Europe. Wealthy parents often sent their children to England. How is it that the boy

who must be content with the instruction afforded by American colleges, were able to hold their own with the educated classes of Europe?

In English-speaking countries the test of education is the correct use of the English language; in countries where English is not understood there are always some educated Englishmen who secure for Americans admission to good society. By their manners they can show that they deserve it; and they never, or very seldom, appear inferior to the people among whom they travel or with whom they trade. The proof of it is that Americans are everywhere received with open arms, and find friends in Paris as well as in London, at Constantinople as well as at Cairo. This they owe chiefly to their English education at home.

I was struck by the ardor of all our boys in St. Mary's to acquire a thorough knowledge of their mother tongue. I was thirty-two years of age when I reached the place, and I thought the best means to learn to speak English was to begin with the first elements of the language. For six months I went regularly to the lowest English class. The teacher was an American—a Mr. Conden—who made a profession of teaching and did not intend to become a priest, much less a religious of our order. He was a pompous man who kept his class in perfect order, though he never used harsher means to enforce discipline than speech-making, in which he was grand; I truly admired him. He was thoroughly posted in the elementary branches which he had to teach. The books used by his pupils were a primer, a speller, a reader, and an elementary grammar containing the declensions of nouns, adjectives, and

pronouns, and the conjugation of verbs regular and irregular. At that time there were not so many text-books as at present. The text-book of grammar used by our boys were the well-known compilations of Lindley Murray.

I could not but wonder at the attention given by these little boys to the earnest lessons of Mr. Conden. He was most strict in spelling, and admirably taught his pupils to divide the syllables of each word. When they came to read a whole sentence, he made them find out where the accent naturally fell and what the punctuation required of them in reading. I had never been put under such a training when I learned the elements of my native language in France. If I read well, as I thought I did, it was rather the result of training my ear in conversation than of any teaching by my instructors. In my Kentucky class a great deal of attention was also given to the prepositions and verbs, as these parts of speech play so important a part in the English tongue. In France we paid scarcely any attention to them.

This class of little boys was not, of course, a part of the triennial curriculum of the college. Nothing but English was taught in it. The few details I have given regard only the morning exercises. In the afternoon the class studied arithmetic and the geography and history of the United States. Though I never appeared among them after dinner, I soon knew that these branches received the same attention from both teacher and pupils. There is no doubt in my mind that American boys attach a much greater importance to the acquisition of knowledge than most of the French

lads do. I never found in America lazy fellows such as you find everywhere in French schools and colleges.

In the collegiate course the chief attention seemed to be given to the study of Latin. Greek and English was almost on a level with them, especially if you considered the short time given to English literature. However, you soon perceived that in the eyes of the boys English composition and style, a proper enunciation, and in general the art of oratory, were of paramount importance in their judgment. These points were especially attended to by the master of elocution appointed by the faculty. It is true, in our Kentucky college there was no proper course of elocution. But there were several occasions in the year when speeches were made and delivered before the students and even before strangers: Washington's Birthday; the 4th of July; the commencement or exhibition day, about the middle of the same month; finally extraordinary occasions. The preparation for these displays secured to our boys serious training both in composition and delivery. The speakers went out with the English teacher appointed to this work, and in one of the groves on our farm they practised the elocution which had already been taught them in their classes. The boys attached a great deal more importance to this branch of their studies than to the reading or explanation of the Latin or Greek classics, to which they gave but little time. All our Western boys wanted to shine as orators. In their estimation, no one in the whole world was superior to the great Henry Clay or to John C. Calhoun. If they thought they could not aspire to so high a place, they wished at least to shine in their native

College and Church, of St. Francis Xavier, West 16th Street, New York.
Father Thébaud's Residence, 1869–1885.

county among those who knew them and whom they knew. As American boys are nearly always talented, it was surprising to a Frenchman like me to see what progress they made and how well they succeeded, though their knowledge of the classics was so limited.

It is true they eagerly studied the English classics, who had formed their style on that of the ancients. They all read with earnestness the masterpieces of old England. Shakespeare was in their hands, and something of Swift, and Pope, and Gray, and Goldsmith, and T. Moore. The great English authors are more eagerly perused in North America than in England. Far more copies of the English classics are sold on this side of the Atlantic than on the other. Our boys partook of this wholesome taste; and during their recreation-days many spent a good part of their time in poring over the acknowledged models of British literature. But they often preferred to poetry the great patterns of eloquence who have rendered illustrious the Parliament and the bar of Great Britain and Ireland. It was because of the interest they took in reading the noble speeches of Edmund Burke, of Grattan, of Lord Chatham, and others, that I myself devoted some of my time to the same study; and though my chief inclination has always been toward pulpit eloquence, and though the Protestant preachers of England cannot compete with our Bossuets, Bourdaloues, and Massillons, still in political and forensic oratory I felt obliged to concede that France has nothing better to offer to the student of eloquence than England.

In the selection of books to form their taste, no one could object to the preference they gave to American

writers. Patriotism is a praiseworthy virtue; and all nations prefer their own authors. In the case of our American boys it must be said that they had no contemptible models in Washington Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Bryant, among literati and historians; in Henry Clay, Calhoun, and Daniel Webster, who were giants among parliamentary speakers. Moreover, these models spoke of things better adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the American youth than English writers could do. Their own authors often discussed matters connected with their history, their political and social views, which they could not find in books written on the other side of the Atlantic.

A most remarkable feature of our Kentucky college was the small attraction novels had for our boys. Occasionally some well-known tale of Walter Scott or of Cooper was found in their hands. The "Pickwick Papers" of Dickens had already been published, and everybody made it a point to read it. The sea tales of Captain Marryat would perhaps have been favorites, if the author had not poured out his abuse on the North American Yankees. But the reading of these novels scarcely interfered with that of the masterpieces of English and American literature best calculated to form the taste of the students, and to give to their memory and their mind wholesome information and instruction. There was another book which at that time all devoured with avidity—"The Clockmaker," by Judge Haliburton of Halifax. It was not exactly a novel, but rather a picture of Yankee character and language. Nobody can now imagine the effect it produced on the Americans; it led them to study purity of language, and pointed out

to them the danger they were in of adopting a ridiculous jargon, which was at that time spreading from the New England States all over the country. Mrs. Trollope abused the Americans by reproducing their provincialisms, which she represented as the language of the country; she also contributed powerfully to warn the Americans against that danger. But in the book of Judge Haliburton there was perfect good nature and not the least tinge of abuse or caricature. He made his Yankee speak exactly as the common classes of society spoke in New England; and on reading "The Clockmaker" it was impossible not to smile at the absurdity of the jargon, and to feel the importance of avoiding the least approximation to it in conversation. "The Clockmaker" is a masterpiece, one of the most remarkable books that were ever published in North America. It is surprising indeed that there has never been a second edition of it; but the first and only one that appeared sufficed to confer an immense benefit on the United States. I have said that at present there is in this country more uniformity of speech and writing than in any other land where the Anglo-Saxon predominates. In my opinion this was due to two causes: first, the uniformity of instruction in the public schools; and secondly, the salutary warning the Americans received from the author of "The Clockmaker."

In describing the course of studies in our Kentucky college of St. Mary's, I gave a description of the course of college instruction in the Western and Southern States. As we sometimes received students from non-Catholic colleges, and half at least of our pupils were Protestants who had received their elementary instruc-

tion in Protestant institutions, we could hardly be mistaken in forming this estimate.

Eastern colleges.

When we arrived in New York we found ourselves in a different atmosphere. St. John's College, Fordham, had been founded by Bishop Hughes on the model of that of Emmittsburg; Georgetown had endeavored to follow the English classical schools; the College of St. Mary's in Baltimore had adopted in the main the French secondary-school instruction. There was no uniformity in the Catholic colleges of the East.

Harvard.

Even Harvard and Yale were not true universities; they were colleges, though of a superior order. Harvard, called at first Newetowne, was founded in 1636, four or five years after the landing of the Pilgrims. The school being removed in 1639 to another place, the village where it was now established was called Cambridge, in honor of the English university of that name, in which some of the American founders had taken their degrees. The name of Harvard was given to the new institution in honor of the Rev. John Harvard, who by his will left £700 as an endowment. Thus Harvard began very humbly, and the faculty did not presume to aspire to a name higher than that of college.

But since that time its external progress has been wonderful. Owing to the number of its students, many belonging to rich families, and the generous legacies, bequests, and gifts made to it by many men of note, most of them its graduates, Harvard College has grown so as to leave all other educational institutions of the country far behind. The divines, lawyers, statesmen, and scientists who have begun within its precincts a life of honorable study, and reached even

European fame by their intellectual and patriotic labors, we cannot enumerate here.

For a long time the friends of Harvard have worked toward securing for it a place among the great universities of the world.

As has been seen, the students are not required to pass a much more serious examination for admission than those of other colleges; and the course is completed in four years, exactly as in other colleges. This defines the real *status* of Harvard.

To correct this inferior educational grade two measures have been adopted. The first is the multiplication of courses of study. Thus there are classes of Anglo-Saxon and modern English, Hebrew and Sanskrit, modern Greek, German, French, etc. There are also advanced courses of physical science, chemistry, and astronomy, etc. Our purpose is not to disparage any of these attempts at imitating the highest studies of European universities. Harvard by its wealth, by its precious collections of books, by its scientific apparatus of the latest and most costly kind, and by the high remuneration given to the ablest professors of special branches, is rendering an inestimable service to the nation. It is the first step taken toward the establishment of a university strictly so called. But as these special studies are not in the least connected with the curriculum of the college, and are mere means which attract students to become specialists, it is evident that these courses do not as yet constitute it a university. It is only if postgraduate courses should replace the undergraduate course that a real university would be constituted.

As if four years were too long a time for a complete general education, considerable time is given at Harvard to athletics, i.e., to boat-races and to baseball. From Cambridge has also come the proposal to shorten considerably the study of the classics, and introduce political economy, science, and modern tongues, as a means of mental discipline and of general education. If these innovations should be adopted in our colleges, there would soon be an end of the highest training of men's minds.

The second step taken by Harvard to become a university was the organization of courses of divinity, law, and medicine as part of the college programme. Because universities have always had faculties of theology, medicine, and law, forming with the faculty of art the four great branches of universal study, it was thought the object intended would thus be attained. When those faculties are once in full and successful operation no one will refuse to Harvard the proud title of university.

Visits to Harvard and Yale.

A few words now about Yale. In 1848 all the Jesuit colleges of northern Italy were closed; even the Roman college was taken from them. The professors were driven to other lands. Among the crowd of exiles the great astronomer De Vico landed at New York. He took up his quarters at Fordham, and expressed the desire of visiting Yale and Harvard. He had obtained from Father Arago at Paris letters to Professor Silliman at Yale and to the professor of astronomy at Harvard. I was glad to have the opportunity of visiting those institutions as Father De Vico's interpreter. We went first to Yale, and found Pro-

fessor Silliman. The old editor of *Silliman's Review* was not of a very communicative disposition; but the name of De Vico acted as a charm, and after a short conversation he proposed to take us to see the college. After a visit of an hour and a half I had a fair idea of Yale College. I have read reports on the curriculum of this college, and nearly every year went through the record of the exercises at the "commencement." These take up more than a week, and I doubt whether there is a college on earth so rich in public exercises *fin d'année*, as a Frenchman would say. Of course this *wealth* of public declamations does not constitute a university. Yale deserves this title even less than Harvard.

From New Haven I went with Father De Vico to Boston, and we took our lodgings with the Right Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick, the excellent bishop of that city. The object of Father De Vico in visiting Boston was to talk with the Harvard professor of astronomy, with whom he had been in regular correspondence; I have forgotten his name. That gentleman was absent; of all the heads of departments no one was then at Harvard except the president, who was no other than the Hon. Edward Everett, at that time one of the best known men of the country. The bishop of course went with us to Cambridge, and as soon as Mr. Everett heard that the Right Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick had come with Father De Vico he came to the parlor and offered to show us everything of importance at Harvard. He had often heard of the Roman astronomer, and was only sorry that the professor of astronomy was absent, but he would do his best to replace him, and we might also see the assistant professor, who was then in charge

of the observatory. The bishop was of course to be the interpreter between Mr. Everett and Father De Vico. On the way from Boston to Cambridge I had had time to explain to the bishop the questions that interested us. "Monseigneur," said I, "the chief topic of the conversation will no doubt be scientific, pertaining to the stars. I am of no account on the present occasion. But as Father De Vico is interested also in the general course of instruction in an American college, I am sure that he will not object to what I propose." The Italian father exclaimed at once that he would be delighted to learn what I proposed from so sure a source as the president of Harvard.

We rambled through the college for about three hours. In the observatory we were received with the greatest *empressement* by the young gentleman who had charge of it in the absence of the professor. He had with him two or three young men who studied under his direction. A great many things were said of the comets described by Father De Vico, after whom a new comet discovered by him had been named.

Bishop Fitzpatrick asked many questions about the course of study, in which he said Father De Vico took the greatest interest. The reader, therefore, sees that I have drawn my information to write the sketch I have given of the programme of instruction at Harvard not only from reports and hearsay.

It is needless to say that Harvard was Yale's model. For admission into the freshman class they required about the same elementary knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics, and of mathematics; there is a four years' course required for the degree of A.B. The

studies which followed were at the option of the student, and directed to a professional career. They had no connection with the college course. The faculties of theology, law, medicine, science, and art, which are open to the students as higher branches of study, form a separate course, at the end of which the degrees of bachelor, master, and doctor, in each faculty, are granted. In all official programmes this is kept honestly in view. Yale is never called anything but a college; and it is only when degrees are granted at the end of the professional studies that the faculty of the college assumes the character of a university.

The reader will understand that in saying what I have said of Harvard and Yale I do not intend to disparage two of the best institutions of the country. They do honor to the land, and they have done much to spread true culture over the North American continent. A great nation cannot do without institutions of this kind; and we Catholics must look eagerly for the time when we shall have our own universities as generously endowed and supported as the rich educational institutions in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

The two great colleges of New Jersey and New York, Princeton and Columbia, follow nearly the same course of studies as other American colleges; the four collegiate—called at Princeton academic—classes form the basis of instruction. At the end of the course the degree of bachelor of arts is conferred on successful students. Columbia seems to me to have a great advantage over Princeton from the fact that there has always been connected with it a grammar school in which the pupils are prepared for college, while at Princeton the pupils

are received from every quarter, and the college course must feel the confusion resulting from so many differing feeders. Besides, Columbia has for a long time had at the head of its grammar school the celebrated Dr. Anthon, an excellent classical scholar who has published many editions of the Latin and Greek classics with notes from European sources. Thus Columbia has conservative methods of teaching calculated to develop the mind according to received principles of pedagogy. During the last fifteen or twenty years Princeton has had the advantage to have as president the well-known educator and author, Dr. McCosh, who labors to spread in this country the true maxims of metaphysics as the groundwork of philosophy. Thus in these two seats of learning, which have never claimed a higher rank than that of colleges, a generation of young men is formed from whom the country may hope bright intellectual results. The large sums with which both have been endowed by their founders, their state authorities, and by rich friends, are far from being wasted, since sound higher instruction is imparted to a class of citizens whom no nation can do without in the race for superiority. Unfortunately both Princeton and Columbia have lately been invaded by the mania for innovation.

The other non-Catholic colleges need not attract our attention. The two which have been last spoken of are after Harvard and Yale the most prominent colleges in the United States. The so-called college we had in St. Mary's, Ky., of which I spoke at some length, fairly represented the ordinary non-Catholic colleges in the West and South. St. Mary's could scarcely be called a

grammar school, and no higher rank can be awarded to the majority of Western and Southern colleges even at this time. We proceed, therefore, to the consideration of Catholic colleges. So far they have scarcely held their own, and Protestants in general have scarcely noticed their humble existence; yet in my opinion they are destined to hold a high place in the future world of intellect in the United States.

Catholic colleges.

Previous to the American Revolution the Catholics in the English colonies along the Atlantic labored under grave disabilities and were subjected to penal laws nearly as vexatious as those in the mother country. One of their greatest grievances was that they could have no schools of their own. Had they opened any college or even primary school, these would have been instantly closed and the teachers punished. But as soon as Bishop Carroll was consecrated in 1790 he attended to the educational needs of the growing generation of his flock. Georgetown College, which had been planned in 1788, was founded in 1791. A year or two after some French Sulpitians—Rev. Mr. Nagot at their head—driven away by the Revolution in France, landed at Baltimore and soon opened a theological seminary and a college near the cathedral of the bishop.

The former Jesuit Fathers of the Maryland mission, who had continued to form a kind of community after the suppression of their society in 1773, undertook to carry on the college of Georgetown. The newly arrived Sulpitians were placed by Bishop Carroll at the head of his theological seminary at Baltimore; they also opened a college for boys. The Sulpitians even thought that

an institution destined to educate the youth not only of one city but of the whole country was a necessity, and the College of Emmittsburg was founded for that purpose.

The new colleges not being endowed, their only means of maintenance were the fees of the students. Consequently all candidates—from ten to twenty—were welcomed, and a curriculum had to be adopted embracing almost the entire course of primary and high schools, together with the classical education necessary for honestly granting the degree of bachelor. When I reached this country the few Catholic colleges then existing were conducted on this absurd basis.

The reader will perceive at once the extraordinary number of teachers required in such an institution, each teacher having but a few pupils. A fact stated in the early history of Harvard and Yale is interesting, as it strikingly illustrates the difference between them and our colleges. The presidents of those seats of learning actually undertook to *teach* all the classes with the help of two or three assistants.

The reader knows what immense sums the non-Catholic institutions have received from the state or from wealthy benefactors. It is a sad fact that the Catholic colleges have received almost nothing even for their first establishment. If some of them are not now overwhelmed with debt, it is due to the strict economy practised in them.

I come now to the programme of studies at Georgetown and Emmittsburg, such as it was when I became first acquainted with those places.

I became acquainted with the scheme of studies at Georgetown in 1846. We had just come from Kentucky to Fordham, N. Y., and found the college of St. John in such a state of confusion, as regards the curriculum, that we thought of radical alterations; but before making any change it was proper to inquire how our fathers in the District of Columbia were proceeding in their system of teaching. Rev. F. Blenkinsop, then Prefect of Studies at Georgetown, gave me all possible information on the subject, and Georgetown became the model we adopted in St. John's the year following. The programme at Georgetown was still about the same as it had been from the beginning of the institution under the direction of Archbishop Carroll, Father Molineux, and others. It was based on the plan of the English grammar schools. This was the best that could be done under the circumstances. We changed some of the names in the branches of the programme, keeping, however, the substance. For instance, the class of *humanities* at Georgetown was called by us the class of belles lettres, in consequence of some stupid remarks of Mrs. Trollope, who in her celebrated satire on Americans had heartily laughed at the idea of the Jesuits pretending to "humanize" the boors of the United States. *Studies in Georgetown.*

There have been many improvements since that time; but in 1846 all the Catholic colleges in the United States contented themselves with teaching the elements of a classical course. In the East the curriculum covered five or six years, and consequently the Eastern colleges had greatly the advantage over our college in Kentucky. I do not remember whether they had already suppressed the commercial course in Georgetown; but it

was still a feature in most of our institutions. In speaking of the highest non-Catholic colleges we have deplored the introduction of scientific courses as likely to throw into the shade the all-important classical studies. But the commercial course, as it was called, in our colleges was far worse. The students learned little of science, and acquired only the most primary instruction in the ordinary English branches with a course of commercial arithmetic and bookkeeping. This ugly feature of our institutions has, thank God, disappeared almost everywhere.

The great difficulty for us was to find teachers well grounded in the ancient classics and desirous of devoting their life to teaching. Both conditions were found nowhere among us. The first could scarcely be said to exist in this country. Even in the old non-Catholic institutions whose means were so abundant and which could so easily afford to give large salaries to their professors and teachers, the dearth of competent instructors was everywhere felt. There were, moreover, no good editions of the classics. In Catholic schools Professor Anthon's publications were universally adopted; but the teachers, many of whom had not received a thorough training in those studies, were not competent to turn them to the best advantage.

This deficiency of Catholic instructors was so great that in all colleges except those of our Society the professors of the lower classes, and even occasionally of the collegiate course, were seminarians who at the same time followed a theological course for the purpose of preparing for ordination. How could they do both well? In the Jesuit colleges, though this was not so

glaring a feature, because it is altogether opposed to our constitutions, still often the superiors thought that necessity compelled them to leave our constitutions inoperative on account of the small number of our novices and juniors.

Moreover, neither in the colleges directed by Sulpitians or secular priests, nor in those controlled by the Jesuits, could there be found men willing to devote their whole lives to teaching. The need of priests in parishes and missions was in fact so imperious that candidates for the priesthood looked to parochial and missionary work as the paramount object of their lives.

The same condition had existed in France after the Revolution. All ecclesiastical establishments having been destroyed by this awful tempest, and most of the clergymen having died either on the scaffold or in exile, the main object kept in view for the restoration of the Church was the speedy ordination of parish priests; classical studies were thrown in the background, and both teachers and pupils were satisfied with the simplest training in ancient or modern literature.

Besides their theological seminary and day school in Baltimore, the Sulpitians, it has been said, founded the celebrated college at Emmittsburg for the Catholic youth of the United States.

I have never visited Emmittsburg; but on our arrival at Fordham we found St. John's under a system of teaching different from anything I have seen elsewhere. We were told that the order of the day and the division of classes were the exact reproduction of the system followed at Emmittsburg. Bishop Hughes, the founder of the institution, and the Rev. Mr. Hurley,

then its president, had been educated at Emmittsburg, which had already given many bishops to the country. I can scarcely believe that Bishop Dubois, who was the founder of the great Maryland college, had been instrumental in giving to it an organization similar to that we found in vigor at Fordham. Nothing certainly that Bishop Dubois had seen in France could give him the idea of such a system. But whether originating with him or introduced after he left Emmittsburg, the system of studies in 1846 was and had been for many years what we saw in operation at Fordham when we arrived.

An almost encyclopedic system of instruction was in vogue, beginning with the lowest grade of the primary schools; rising afterwards to the branches of what is called a commercial course; passing on to the elementary grammar classes for Latin and Greek; next embracing a so-called course of Latin, Greek, and English literature, with the usual branches of mathematics; finally devoting the last year of collegiate life to philosophy, higher mathematics, evidences of religion, etc.

Each of the classes was given to a professor or teacher. The students when admitted to college were examined, and to each of them a number of classes were given to follow, adapted to his former degree of instruction, age, capacity, etc.

This seemed to be very wise and even scientific. But the first consequence was that every pupil had three, four, or five different teachers. There was no one in the college to whom he could look as the special director of his studies. There was not between pupil and teacher that close acquaintance which gives to schoosl

of secondary instruction their most precious advantages. Such a system as I am now explaining is proper in universities when the student has received a good previous training by which his mind has been fully developed, so that he can study by himself, helped only by what he hears in class. It cannot suffice for the first training of the mind.

A second inconvenience of this system, most fatal to the discipline of the college, was the multiplicity of classes given to different professors. Each class lasted only three-quarters of an hour. After every period of forty-five minutes the bell rang, and all the students who had classes assigned to them at that time came out of the study-room, crossing each other in the yards in all directions; the study-room was never empty, and the prefects of discipline could scarcely ascertain whether the students took the road to their classes or were playing truant.

From the first day that we took charge of the college all complained of this confusion, which, in spite of the best efforts, could not be remedied; and unfortunately what the discipline lost in strictness and efficiency the teaching far from supplied in the training of the mind, or even the acquirement of knowledge. We felt great comfort in adopting the programme of studies and the order of the day followed at Georgetown.

We now come to the steps which have been taken since 1846 to obtain in our colleges a higher degree of instruction than was possible at the beginning of that time. My observations will refer particularly to the colleges of our Society, with which I am best acquainted.

We have a little book called the "Ratio Studiorum,"

which from the beginning of our Society has directed our course of instruction, both in the houses in which the young men of our Society are formed and in the colleges open to outside pupils. It is evident that when the normal institutions in which our professors and teachers are trained are wisely and effectively conducted, the classes in our colleges for young men from the outside must be above the average, nay, can almost reach perfection on account of the thorough training of the teaching body.

This "Ratio Studiorum" is not a dead letter, good for Europe three hundred years ago, but now superannuated and behind the age in which we live. It has kept progressing; and many of our General Congregations have modified it, taken some things away, and added others according to the circumstances of the time and the rational fluctuation of thought. Nothing essential in the requirements of study has been thrown away or allowed to lapse; but when the suppression of some ancient branch or the addition of a new subject was required by the exigencies of the times, after due consideration the change was made, and a new edition of the "Ratio Studiorum" was issued.

At the beginning of this century the course of studies in all the Catholic colleges of the United States was so elementary and weak that the prescriptions of our rules of instruction could be applied but imperfectly. Moreover, the number of novices was so small that what we call the *Juniorate* and *Scholasticate* were often reduced to a few persons who went rapidly through an unsatisfactory curriculum.

But in course of time things changed for the better.

After the foundation of Woodstock College, when the Juniorate in Frederick—that is to say, the school for Jesuit students of the classics and of rhetoric—and the Scholasticate at Woodstock for the study of philosophy and theology—comprised large classes of students, a new era began to dawn, and a great improvement in the instruction of our college students followed.

At the same time the higher classes of our colleges increased considerably. The number of graduates became larger every year; alumni associations were organized, and their members were soon counted by hundreds. This was the time to think of post-graduate classes and to prepare a programme of higher studies. The Catholics might offer to their fellow citizens a new class of men unknown before, i.e., an array of thoroughly educated gentlemen, on a level in culture with the most refined classes of society. On comparing the students who now come out of our institutions with those to whom we gave the degree of bachelor forty years ago, a judge will wonder at the change. Among the few graduates of those days there were always men of talent who did honor to their alma mater. But nothing better qualifies the usual literary work of the majority of those students at Commencements than the word *dulness*. The ideas were commonplace, the style colorless, the expressions meretricious and extravagant. There was no scholarship, no real acquaintance with literature. Still the crowds of people who came to witness and to hear appeared well satisfied with those *exhibitions*, as they were called, and returned home with admiration for the progress made by these young men. These feelings were not

altogether baseless. There was a great advance on the past.

To-day when a Commencement takes place the young men who are graduated show that they have indeed drunk at the true source of taste and truth. Their knowledge of Latin, Greek, and English literature is not an affair of memory only, but has passed into their blood. They are able to discuss and criticise the new works that appear and the old ones that are still read. Philosophical and literary discussions are familiar to them; they are men of education. Of course all have not progressed equally; but all can show by their bearing and language that they belong to the refined classes.

Progress made in our colleges.

All the Catholic colleges in the United States were not so backward in early days as that of St. Mary's in Kentucky. Other colleges in the West were undoubtedly better; particularly those of St. Louis, of St. Mary's at the Barrens, and of Cincinnati. Still even to this day the Western colleges have not progressed so much as those of the East. The institutions now existing at St. Louis, Mo., at Notre Dame, Ind., at Chicago, Ill., and at San Francisco, Cal., find great difficulty in obtaining students for their upper classes; so that the number of their graduates is even now relatively small. Wherever this is the case the studies cannot be called flourishing; the largest number of professors and teachers are employed in giving lessons to little boys or underbred young men unfit for a full academical course; the great object of a classical education—the forming of the mind—is missed; and real mental culture cannot be obtained.

To witness progress in education we must therefore go to the East, along the Atlantic seaboard—to Boston, Worcester, New York, Baltimore, and Washington. A short account has been given of the foundation of Georgetown, of the Sulpitian seminary and college at Baltimore, and of Mount St. Mary's at Emmittsburg. But great obstacles confronted those who directed the new Catholic colleges in the United States. Few competent teachers were to be found, because there were no academic traditions among American Catholics. In France, after 1789, the interruption of academic traditions had lasted only fifteen years, yet this had sufficed to make a blank of past traditions, so that the new teachers had to create them anew.

At the beginning of this century the faculties, as they were called, of all our colleges were in a painful position. Men taught there who did not and in fact could not know how to teach, because the Catholics had not been allowed for two centuries to open a school or occupy a chair in the English colonies.

Hence the lessons given at that time in our colleges were similar to those given to me in France: very poor grammar; slovenly translations from the Latin; worse *themes* or translations from English into Latin; incompetent professors on account of the breaking down of old traditions and methods; the study of history, geography, and mathematics either entirely neglected or reduced to the mere elements; the teachers themselves divided in their pursuits, giving part of their time to teaching, part to philosophy or theology. Such was the dearth of instructors that at the beginning the

Sulpitian college at Baltimore often lent to Georgetown College some of its best teachers.*

The dearth of teachers could be supplied only from abroad. The Jesuits, Sulpitians, Lazarists, Christian Brothers, and other religious who had opened colleges and academies had come from various nations, and consequently had no uniformity in their methods. The books used in Protestant institutions, misrepresenting more or less Catholic views and doctrines, could not be put into the hands of their pupils. New elements of history, geography, natural science, etc., had to be written. The first attempts in this line were far from satisfactory. The results of Catholic educational institutions appeared puny and—let us say the word—mean, compared with the work of the Protestant colleges.

In truth, in the United States the Church encountered obstacles far greater than those she met in France. I refer to the class of pupils she was given to educate.

Class of students.

Though the course of studies, as we have seen, had been organized on a most humble scale, the material means at hand for the conduct of the college were so scanty that comparatively heavy debts were inevitably

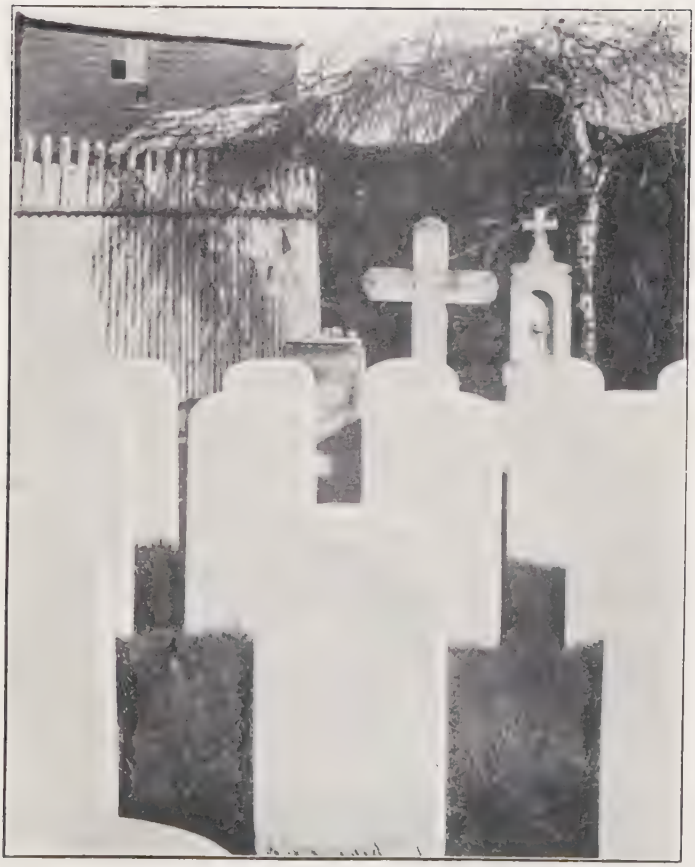
* It is but fair to remark that these colleges, while undoubtedly far inferior to those of to-day, did noble work. Many of the instructors, while by no means learned specialists, were men of great ability, with attainments sufficient to meet all the wants of the classrooms, and natural teachers. Men like Archbishops Spalding and Hughes, like Bishops Dubois and Bruté, were powerful stays of the colleges where they taught. Nor were these institutions wanting in initiative and the spirit of progress. The modern languages, especially French, were made a regular part of their curriculum, when the best non-Catholic colleges were without modern language courses.

incurred. The payment of the interest and the current expenses could not be provided without a large number of students. The number of Catholics in the country being small, almost all applicants were admitted. The collegiate classes were very small. The fees of their students could not support the college; the number of graduates at the end of the course seldom exceeded *four*. Accordingly the *grammar* classes were embraced in the college programme, besides an altogether anomalous course—the commercial course—which was a mere pretence and did not deserve the name of intellectual culture. With all these excrescences, the Catholic colleges could hardly live without calling to their aid the non-Catholic element of the population. Most Catholic colleges announced that non-Catholic boys would be admitted, and that though, for the sake of good order, they would assist at the religious exercises of the institution, no attempt would be made to interfere with their religious convictions.

Protestant boys in Catholic colleges.

A strange result followed these announcements. A comparatively large number of applications came from Protestant families. At least this was often the case in the South and West. In our poor college of St. Mary's in Kentucky we never had less than one-half of our pupils belonging, as was said, to the Protestant faith. The same was true in the college of St. Joseph's at Bardstown, nay, even in Emmittsburg and Baltimore. I have it from the Rev. Father Jeremiah O'Connor that, being professor of Rhetoric in Loyola College, Baltimore, all his boys—ten in number—were Protestants; one of them at the end of the year carried the medal for religious instruction.

As to the number of conversions among them, it was everywhere extremely small. During a residence of nine years in St. Mary's College, Kentucky, I witnessed the ceremony of receiving young men into the Church but twice; yet we never had less than fifty or sixty Protestant boys in the house. On inquiry I find that this was also the case in many other Catholic colleges. The non-Catholic young men who, during more than half a century, have received a part of their education in our colleges have no doubt powerfully contributed to the removal of Protestant prejudice. In the East, in the New England States, in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, etc., there are now many converts who form a bright addition to the true Church. But most of them have been added to our ranks by the labors of missionaries, devoted parish priests, and earnest writers on religious subjects. Few have come from our colleges; and there is no likelihood of a change in this regard.



Father Thébaud's Grave in the College Cemetery at Fordham.

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